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SPENSER

# THE FAERIE QUEENE

## BOOK I

*Edited with*

INTRODUCTION, TEXT AND PARAPHRASE, EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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# GENERAL INTRODUCTION

## EDMUND SPENSER

### Life and Works

Edmund Spenser was born in London of humble parents about 1552. There is no evidence for his claim to be connected with the ancient and noble family of the Spensers of Althrop. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, London, and at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. While still a boy he "lisped in numbers", and certain of his translations from the French and Italian were first published in a Miscellany, 1560. At Cambridge, where he graduated, M. A in 1567, he made acquaintance of Gabriel Harvey, a learned poet, who doubtless inspired in him a deeper interest in classical poetry, and later became a valuable friend. After leaving Cambridge Spenser spent some month [illegible]
he studied the dialect, [illegible]
poetic vocabulary, and [illegible]
*Shepheard's Calender*. The latter, his first considerable work, was published in 1579. It consists of twelve pastoral poems, one for each month of the year; they are artificial imitations of Marot in style, but in spirit were entirely new in English literature. The studious archaisms of the language and the polished rhythm and melody of the poem made Spenser immediately famous, and he was greeted with the title of "the new poet". The *Shepheard's Calender* was dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, to whom Spenser had been introduced by their common friend, Harvey, probably in 1578. Sidney and his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, were anxious to help the young poet and having been introduced at court by them, Spenser was given in 1580 the post of Secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton, the new lord deputy of Ireland.

In Ireland Spenser witnessed with approval the ruthless methods of Grey de Wilton in suppressing Desmond's rebellion, and justified them in his only prose work, *View of the*

*State of Ireland* first printed in 1633. As a reward for his services the poet received 3,000 acres in Munster, and Kilcolman Castle in Cork. He remained in Ireland after Grey de Wilton's departure in 1582, devoting his leisure to the composition of *The Faerie Queene*, the idea of which had been long in his mind. He was visited in 1·89 by Sir Walter Releigh, to whom he showed the first three books in manuscript, and who was so impressed with the poem that he persuaded Spenser to return to England immediately. He was received favourably by the Queen, who, flattered by the references to her in the poem, granted him a pension of £ :0, and the publication of the first three books of *The Faerie Queen* in 1590 placed him at once at the head of living poets and made him a favourite in the houses of the great Spenser described his return to England in the allegorical pastoral *Colin Clout's Come Home Againe*, published in 1595, a poem of perfect polish and one of the most popular of his works. The triumph of his works and the honour with which he was received everywhere were little to his taste, and in 1591 he returned to Ireland. In the same year his *Complaints*, a collection of short pieces, of which only *The Tears of the Muses* and *Mother Hubbard's Tale* are well-known, and his pastoral elegy, *Daphnaida*, were published.

In 1594 Spenser married a lady named Elizabeth—a name in which he rejoiced, he says, because it was borne by the Queen, his mother and his wife, and this event was followed by the publication of several volumes of love poetry. They are the *Amoretti*, sonnets which describe his wooing of his wife; the *Epithalamion*, a beautiful marriage hymn and the greatest of his shorter poems; the *Four Hymnes*; and the *Prothalamion*, another marriage song; *Astrophel*, an elegy in pastoral form on the death of Sir Philip Sidney; belongs to the same period, and in 1596 three further books of *The Faerie Queene* were published. From 1596 to 1597 Spenser was in England, but seems in some way to have been disappointed in his subject at the court, and he returned to Ireland an embittered man, to take up the post of Sheriff of Cork. Almost immediately the rebellion of Tyrone broke out: Kilcolman Castle was taken, sacked and burnt, one of Spenser's children, it is said, perishing in the flames. This undoing of all his work as an administrator broke the poet's heart. He returned to London in December, 1597, and died there, possibly in extreme poverty,

on January 16, 1599. He was buried next to Chaucer in Westminster Abbey.

Spenser was called by Lamb the poet's Poet, and it is true that his popularity is mainly limited to those who understand the value of his innovations and his relation to the history of literature. He recovered the old Chaucerian and created the new Spenserian harmonies of English verse, and through his daring experiments in language, and his archaisms and provincialisms, enriched its poetic vocabulary and widened its limited scope of expression. His lack of realism, of drama, of humour; the poverty of his constructive power; and the involved and prolix style make *The Faerie Queene* hard reading. But even to the non-poet his rare gift of verbal music, his supreme mastery of the visionary world of luxuriant fancy, and his mighty invention of the unwieldy; but inexpressibly beautiful Spenserian stanza can compensate for difficulties that strew the path of appreciation; while to the thinkers, his Platonic idealism, by which he sees all human institutions as shadows of eternal truths, is a source of much intellectual stimulation.

**Spenser and his Time**

For one hundred and fifty years after Chaucer's death, poetry worth its name seemed to be almost non-existent in England. From the year 1400, down to the birth of Spenser in 1552 there is no poetical genius of the first, or even of the second rank, in the history of England. Perhaps the two best writers of poetry that fall within this interregnum, are Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey. Surrey especially did [illegible] the forms [illegible] them, worth [illegible] ice and use [illegible] and fourth books of the *Aeneid*; and he was also the first to introduce the sonnet in the purely Italian form. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poesie*, held up these two poets—Surrey and Wyatt—as the "chief lanterns of light" to all subsequent English poets. He adds, "Their conceits were lofty, their style stately, their conveyance cleanly, their terms proper, their metre sweet and well-proportioned; in all imitating very naturally and studiously their master, Francis Petrarch. They greatly polished our rude and homely manners, of vulgar poesie form that it had been before, and for that cause may justly be said the first reformers of our English metre and style."

Dr. Nott, the editor of Surrey's works, maintains that he is the inventor of the present system of versification ; and that it was he who introduced the principle of measuring verse, not by the number of accents, but by the number of syllables. This may be, it is not a question of much importance. But so far as regards poetry in the highest sense, there is nothing to linger for in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, until we come to the name of Edmund Spenser.

As in the case of Chaucer, this great poet had to wait pretty long. The last half of the fifteenth century had been filled with the Wars of the Roses ; England had been in a state of disorder ; and the feeling of tranquility, order, and security, which is necessary to the production of great works of any kind; had been absent from the country. Neither was there a settled confidence in the political condition of England under Henry VIII, Edward VI or Mary ; it was not until Elizabeth had been firmly seated on the throne for some years, that a lasting internal peace reigned. Then "men began to trade, farm and build with renewed vigour ; a great breadth of forest land was reclaimed ; travellers went forth to discover 'islands far away', and to open new outlets for commerce. Wealth, through the multiplied activity, poured into the kingdom, and that general prosperity which was the result, let her subjects to invest the sovereign, under whom all this was done, with a hundred valuable and shining qualities not her own."

Shakespeare says of her :

> She shall be loved and feared ; her own shall bless her ;
> Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn.
> And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her ;
> In her days every man shall eat in safety
> Under her own vine what he plants, and sing
> The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.

England, for the first time for two hundred years, felt herself to be once more a great and a united country. The terrible danger of the Spanish Armada had made England rise and act as one man : great deeds were done every year ; great discoveries made ; and there appeared a host of greatest writers that have ever lived in any country at any period.

In 1590, the year in which Spenser published the first three books of *The Faerie Queene*, there were met in London, Chap-

man, Drayton, Shakespeare, Bacon, Raleigh, Donne, and Ben Jonson, not to mention a crowd of others hardly less great. In the fields of action and of politics there were Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Burleigh, and Sir Francis Drake ; while on the continent this was the time of Charles V and Philip II of Spain, and of Henry IV of France. It was a time of the greatest activity, both of mind and body, and also of fixed and conscious strength. The enemies of England were defeated on the Continent and at home. "Spenser's poems are full of allusions to the young life of England ; to her outburst of national feeling ; her devotion to the Queen ; her resistance to Spain ; her ocean adventures : her great men ; her high artistic and intellectual culture ; her romantic spirit ; her championship of freedom abroad ; and her reverence for law and authority at home."

Spenser does indeed sing of the glory of his Queen and of the greatness of her courtiers, statesmen and soldiers. He defends he policy of the British Government in ruthlessly suppressing the rebellion in Ireland, and ravaging the country far and wide. And he was rewarded with a grant of 3,028 acres of forfeited lands in Ireland, part of the confiscated estates of the Earl of Desmond, and he lived in the Earl's Castle of Kilcolman The question is whether Spenser had the best of it by his unflinching devotion and services to his Queen The Queen was no doubt pleased by the praises heaped upon her by Spenser in *The Faerie Queene* and granted him a pension of £ 50 a year, while Lord Burleigh, the treasurer, objected to it, ' What, all that for a song !" To all appearances he seemed to [illegible] to Grey de [illegible] of forfeit- [illegible] What else [illegible]med to him, he defended his master, Grey de Wilton, in *View of the Present State of Ireland* We may quote the significant comment of a critic on the poet's conduct : [illegible] reflection of British colonial [illegible] having massacred the entire [illegible] which had surrendered 'on discretion', proceeded to depopulate Munster with fire and sword He is quite right, says Spenser, for nothing is so dangerous as mercy at such times. Unfortunately, however, the Irish were not sufficiently grateful for the rule of the 'gentle, affable, loving and temperate.' Lord

Grey, whom some people, says Spenser, go so far as to call a bloody man, so the best thing to do, he writes, is to bring over 10,000 foot soldiers and 1,000 horses, give the rebels twenty days in which to surrender, and if they refuse, proceed to exterminate them. He could not see why the Government hesitated. But, on second thought, it might be just as well to let the famine have its course. It was already having the most gratifying results : 'Out of every corner of the woods and glens they came creeping forth on their hands and knees, for their legs could not bear them ; they looked anatomies of death, they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves ; and did eat of the carrions, happy where they could find them......the very carcases they spared not to scrape out of their graves'...........It is indeed this complete divorce between the idealism of his poetry, which he cultivated ostensibly as a 'pure' art, and the extreme brutality that he advocated in practice, that, for all the fineness of its aesthetic sensibility prevents his work from ever achieving that reality and depth which makes Shakespeare the greatest literary mind in the language." The picture that Spenser draws of the famine that worn out the people of Ireland is a grim one, marked as it is, by the poet's singular callousness. In *The Faerie Queene* he can well fable about virtues that he evidently desires to be cultivated by the courtiers and statesmen of his Gloriana (the Queen) whose power, mercy and wisdom he sings to a hundred varied tunes. His poetry is a romantic world of kinghts and maidens, of monsters of evil who assail their virtues, and of innocent shepherds and their sweethearts. It is on an ideal that he wants to build up the world in his poetry—and he can well afford to moralize with little connection with the realities of things. And he revels in the sight of the starving Irish people creeping about on their hands and feeding on carcases, and little dreams of the retribution that is to come. It is the very Justice that he preaches and advocates, and embodies in one of his knights ; and Justice is duly visited upon Spenser in the very castle of Kilcolman.

We should give the description of it in the vivid words of William Freeman : "And though Kilcolman Castle, once the home of the Desmonds, was still the home of Edmund Spenser, much had happened since Elizabeth had smiled approval upon the first book of '*The Faerie Queene*'. He was recognised as England's greatest living poet, her 'sweetest singer'. But there

...oted, intolerant and who, like ...e Irish he ruled. ...were barbarians without rights, cattle to be controlled and driven by their English masters

"There were other changes. Spenser was now a married man ... A country maiden named Elizabeth, who in the beginning was unkind, but later changed her mind, became Mistress Spenser in 1594......Four children had been born to them, the youngest only a month or so before its cries came faintly to Spenser as he stood on the threshold of his house staring into the darkness. Though long past sunset, the heavy clouds on the horizon were growing redly. The Ireland whose green and beautiful landscapes he loved as deeply as he detested her people, had suddenly risen in a rebellion which was sweeping the land with savage violence

"Spenser had been warned that the storm was about to break. But until that night he had been sceptical and contemptuous. Now he was faced with two alternatives, a siege or flight. But for the first he had no adequate defences, either in men or material; for the second, he was hopelessly handicapped by his wife and children. The risks of taking them through a wild and enemy-infested country were enormous. It was not through fear that he hesitated, but through sheer indecision.

"The hour grew later; the glow in the sky brighter. A reek of burning homesteads tainted the air. Through the thick wood land behind the house a servant from the neighbouring estate of a fellow Englishman named Piers crept with a last urgent warning The rebels, exasperated by a hundred stories of injustice and oppression, had sworn that if a Desmond might not rule in his castle, no one should .....Spenser, with heavy steps, went back to make the final plans for flight.

"The night on, a night filled with scenes of horror and agony Scenes of a sudden maddened rush by the Irish-hordes, of the house surrounded and in flames before the trapped inmates could assemble the barest necessaries. Of Elizabeth Spenser, still weak from childbirth, being carried in a swoon down the crackling stairs and out to where a wagon and horse were waiting. Of the little nursemaid who heroically brought three screaming children from their beds, discovered tha the

est was not with its mother, went back for it......and did turn.

There were merciful blanks, else the end would have been ness. Of the journey itself he had no clear Memories. The ls, overwhelmed, shocked, perhaps, by the frightful com- eness of their revenge, had allowed the forlorn little party escape unmolested. Cork, in the person of Sir Thomas rris, received the stricken family kindly......

"In Cork, Spenser and his family remained while Norris, ill vacillating, still trying to discover excuses for the inexcus- ble, drew up a long report of the progress of the rebellion. This, on the ninth of December, he gave to Spenser, with ins- truction to seek out the Queen personally and add his own views on the situation. Did he think that the grief-ravaged man would add life and colour to the cold official document? Perhaps.

"Burghley's note at the foot of that futile document shows that it reached his hands on Christmas Eve. But Spenser him- self did not see the Queen. Gloriana was never again to hear honeyed compliments from the dapper little man with the soul of a great poet. He was ill, too ill even to ask an audience. And in a shabby upper room in King Street, Westminster, his arrival in the city almost unknown, he died on Saturday the 16th of January, 1599—not for lack of bread, as picturesque tradition afterwards averred, nor from the physical sufferings of those ghastly days, but from a broken heart.

"He died—and abruptly all England knew of this tragedy. Elizabeth herself, shocked out of her royal callousness towards those who could no longer be of service to her, declared buria in the Abbey, a few yards from the grave of Chaucer an ordered that a monument should be erected at her expens (That an avaricious courtier should intercept the order, an that Spenser's monument should be erected twenty years lat by another donor, is one of the minor ironies of death). Esse with typical generosity, bore the cost of the funeral ; Shak peare and Jonson, with a company of other poets, followed body to its resting-place."

This was the fate that awaited him after he had be poet, favoured by the court of Elizabeth, and after all faithful services he had rendered his Queen and the cou It has been a sad miscalculation with Spenser. Richly

as he was with imagination, with the melody of verse, with the inventive power, and with the luxuriance of diction, he might have done well, if he had kept by himself and sought no court favour and Public office. He seems to have tied himself down to the courtly tradition of poetry, at least so far as *The Faerie Queene* is concerned, and exalted and glorified the Queen on the throne and even signalized for honour some of her courtiers ; for example, he had Leicester in view in creating King Arthur, who stands for Magnificence, and Artegal who stands for Justice cannot but be Grey de Wilton. Who knows that he might not have made a better thing of *The Faerie Queene* if he had discarded the allegory, centring round the Queen and her courtiers. Nor can we assume that Spenser nourished any illusions about a royal court. We may take his *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, a satire written in the form of a fable, in which he lashes out at the intrigue, corruption, strife and jealousy, all venality that were rife in the court of his Gloriana. In *Mother Hubbard's Tale* the Fox is a study of Lord Burleigh, and the Ape is a study of the Duke of Anjou, brother of Henry III of France, who was sometime a candidate for the Queen's hand. Emile Legouis writes, "Throughout his life Spenser was a morose judge of the society of his time, viewing it pessimistically. Dithyrambic eulogies of the incomparable Elizabeth are a screen for continuous denunciation of the mean intrigues of the court, the debased morals, the political corruption, the simony and inertia of the clergy, the decadence of the spirit of chivalry, and above all, the neglect of leters and art. Spenser has a sort of artless faith in the [illegible] abolished past. [illegible] vous and irritable [illegible] blackness of his outlook. He was convinced that a poet has a right to one of the first places in a well-ordered society, that no sort of Prytaneum in which he would dwell remote from all material cares ought to exist for him, but he did not find great men and ministers disposed to satisfy his ambitions. His rancour gathered against Lord Burleigh, the great treasurer, the counsellor who more than any other had the Queen's ear and who economically dispensed her favours and the powers she delegated." The point is that, however Spenser might have been intoxicated by the glory of the Queen he could not draw an idealized picture of the times. And that was because he had

personally bitter experiences. We may quote Oliver Elton here : "Deep in Spenser is the strain of irony and ethical disgust, which often in the *The Faerie Queene* goes near to shattering the dream. In that poem, as in *Colin Clout's Came Home Againe* (1595), there is a streak of dark and violent colour ; and behind it is Spenser's experience in Ireland with the scenes of 'wailing wretchedness' and 'grisly famine' engraved upon his mind......In *The Faerie Queene* are found at one time or another, all these moods and thoughts of Spenser, his melancholy, his Platonic doctrine, his indignation, and his polemical Anglicanism." The reign of Queen Elizabeth, it is true, ushered in a spell of peace and prosperity while troubles were continuing in Irelend, and yet it is the surface impression that might well be conveyed by *The Faerie Queene*. But if the poem is studied with minute care and analysis of the different trends, the storm and stress may be discovered. Spenser did not in fact idealize the times in which he lived, however, he might have illusions about the Queen herself and one or two of her courtiers. Spenser is a poet not without powers of acute observation and discernment and insight. Milton might rightly, call him "our sage and serious Spenser." Here we are mainly concerned with his personal reactions to his times, and if he is a poet of moral earnestness with a desire to re-establish the chivalric ideal of courtesy, honour, great-mindedness and justice, he has but little illusions left in his mind about his times—and Gloriana becomes a handy allegorical figure in *The Faerie Queene* Perhaps this will be a right approach to the poem. All that some critics see in the allegory of the poem is his homage to the Queen and Leicester—and it can do nothing but dishonour to the poet.

**The Renaissance and the Reformation (*How they interact in Spenser*).**

There seems to have been a literary set-back, following upon the death of Chaucer. There were political causes for it. The dispute as to the rival claims to the throne of England, culminating in the Wars of the Roses, distracted the country, wasted its energy, and as the strife continued, a great part of the nobilities on whose patronage early literature and art depended so much, perished to a large extent. With the accession of Henry VII, there began a period of quiet and recovery. As things began to settle down, and letters and art began to revive,

the influence of the movement, called the Renaissance, that first began in Italy, spread to England too.

The Renaissance, or the Revival of Learning as it is called, may be said to have started from the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453 and the dispersal of the scholars throughout Europe, who sought asylum in Italy. Constantinople had been till then the capital of the East Roman Empire, and was a centre of art and culture in Europe. Italy practically became the home of the Renaissance—and it meant the revived study, in the new secular as contrasted with the old monkish spirit, of the literature of classical antiquity. It resulted in the emancipation of the mind of man from the shackles of effete dogmatism, and in the creation of a fresh intellectual atmosphere and of fresh ideals of life. Petrarch and Boccacio caught the new spirit, and a new conception and outlook manifested themselves in their writings. The movement spread to other countries, especially to France and Germany, at last reached the shores of England.

The Renaissance marked the total break-away from the medieval conception of life from medieval dogmatism, and from the medieval spirit of other-worldliness. It was indeed a liberation of the human intellect. Men began to feel more interested in this world than in the world to come, the latter being *almost an obsession with the people of the Middle Ages.* Walter Pater defines the new spirit as "liberty of heart with the free play of human intelligence around all subjects presented to it with the liberty of the intellect." Pater traces it back to the Troubadours of Provence—and in their poetry we find earthly passion with its intimacy, its freedom, its variety; together with it we discover a spirit of rebellion, a subtle skill in analysing human passion and sentiment, a care for physical beauty, so long despised and the very worship of the body. So the Renaissance was a revolt against the monasticism of the Middle Ages.

[illegible]

more and more to the present world, to the problem of gaining

mastery in it through wealth or statecraft, to discovering its secrets through exploration and scientific experiment of heightening its enjoyments through art and literature.

The study of Greek and Latin fostered the desire to use the best of means for individual development and enjoyment. And it came to be termed as Humanism—and it is decidely the outcome of the Renaissance. And the taste for the beautiful that the Renaissance seemed to have developed, was fed on the examples of perfection of form, given by *classical poets*, orators, sculptors, and architects. The Renaissance was, in fact, a wine-ranging movement ; it changed the human outlook fundamentally, it gave men newer perception and judgment and insight which enabled them to revalue art and literature ; it gave a new meaning to life and its purpose ; it was a re-orientation of life in short.

The Reformation was another movement that changed the face of Europe too. It came in the sixteenth century. Luther began it in Wittenburg (in Germany) in 1517, by publicly protesting against the sale of indulgences. It was a revolt against [illegible] control of conscience by the priest. In England it had [illegible] two centuries earlier with Wycliffe and in spite of [illegible]tion the spirit of the Wycliffe's had survived until the [illegible]gn of Henry VIII. In the meantime the Reformation made great progress in Germany and Switzerland. Thanks to the inborn spirit of revolt against the Catholic Church, Henry VII could take the bold step of breaking-away from the Papacy on the issue of his first division in 1534. It was the starting-point of the Reformation in England. We need not go into the controversies, religious and political, that sprang out of the movement. The translation of the Bible into English by William Tynadale and Miles Coverdale (1526-1538) marked also an important development, but the literary monument of the Reformation was the book of the Common Prayer, prepared under the direction of Cranmer. the Archbishop of Canterbury under Henry VII and Edward VI. The Reformation seemed to be well in the swing in England, but there came a set-back in the reign of Mary, and the noted Reformers of the day—Latimer, Ridley and Cranmer were brought to the stake, and Mary was known as "Bloody Mary". Elizabeth was definitely Protestant, for she had been brought on the principles of the reformed religion. Mary had brought England again under the rule of the Papacy, and Pope Paul

IV denied Elizabeth's right to the throne of England since Henry VIII's marriage with Anne Boleyn (Elizabeth's mother) was not recognised by Rome. The result was that the breakaway from Rome was now completed. The Anglican Church with its Thirty-nine Articles, the Book of Common Prayer, and its acceptance of the sovereign of England as the head of the Church was now formally instituted. Protestantism and patriotism became identical at this state. And it is understandable why *The Faerie Queene* is inspired by the unfaltering loyalty and devotion of the poet to the Queen. Elizabeth started secretly helping the Protestants in Scotland, France and the Low Countries. There were plots by the Catholics of England against Elizabeth, for they wanted to put Mary, Queen of Scots, on the throne in place of Elizabeth. Troubles did not end with the execution of Mary in 1587, but rather increased. Philip II of Spain had the avowed purpose of restoring the Catholic faith in England and avenging the death of the Catholic Queen, Mary. In 1588, the "Invincible Armada" sailed against England, and attack was partly repelled, but the great part of the fleet was destroyed in a storm. It was saved in England.

Now the question is what position Spenser took up in respect of the issues of the Renaissance and Reformation. He seemed to have chosen a via media between the too. We cannot believe that he had the stern Puritanic mind of Milton. One critic writes, "He was perhaps a Puritan; but, more fortunate than Milton, he came before Puritanism had narrowed its view of life to the single issue of salvation. There is, indeed, in Spenser, as in many of his contemporaries, a note of melancholy, which suggests that the eternal contradictions of the joy of the present life by the threat of its hereafter, was not unheard. The flowers are already touched by the forest. But this reminder that the time of free delight in the world of sense was so short, its sunshine so threatened by the clouds of Puritanism, makes its most signal product the more precious. "The point is that sensuous and moral blend together in Spenser. We say, if we like, that the former is drawn from the Renaissance and the latter from the Reformation. Spenser, if anything, sought to reconcile the issues, often contradictory, of the Renaissance and the Reformation. In this connection it should be noted that Puritanism, the extreme form of Protestantism, taking on later a fanatical form, as in the days

of Milton, was not a growing power at the time when Spenser lived. Spenser has the 'sweet reasonableness' that we can hardly expect in a stern Puritan. With all his morality, Spenser shared in the rich sensuous life which the Renaissance had thrown open to men. *The Faerie Queene* is a poem that could not have been produced except under the impact of the Renaissance. In it he creates a world of magic, in which the imagination and the senses run riot, and while we read it, we seem to forget the moral allegory. This immediate reliance upon the senses is one of the elements of reality which give greatness to his poem. *The Faerie Queene* is a long procession of figures, brilliant, fantastic, or terrible, which singly or in groups pass across an ever-varying, ever-wonderful landscape. And almost as marked as his feeling for form and colour is his use of sound. His sensitiveness of ear is shown by the melody of his verse, so constant yet so varied. Everywhere there is the potent and poignant sensuous appeal in *The Faerie Queene*. Altogether, Spenser has the whole world of sensation at command, and he never fails to heighten them with the illusions of his art. Of the colour, the savour, the music of life, his poem is full— the colour is brighter, the taste sweeter, the music grander, than any which it is given to moral senses to know. And this world of imagined splendour is presented as the background of a steadily growing idea of righteousness, of heroic goodness. It is a mingling of moral and sensuous, but the latter dominates over the former. The plain truth then is that the Renaissance has a greater sway upon him than the Reformation. In *The faerie Queene* Spenser draws freely upon classical myths and legends, and makes use of the ideas of Plato and Aristotle as the basic concept of his poem. Spenser may be called a Puritan in his persuasion, but as we see, he leaned more to the Renaissance than to the Reformation. Perhaps he was more concerned with the defence of the Reformed Church of England against the Papacy in *The Faerie Queene*.

We may sum up in the words of H. M. Percival : "Spenser's Christianity did not destroy his paganism ; neither did his paganism destroy his Christianity. Milton's Puritanism saw no beauty in paganism ; the Epicureanism of the neo-pagan sees no truth in religion : in Spenser the beauty of paganism exists side by side with, but distinct from, the truth of religion. Having drawn this sharp line in essentials, Spenser leaves his fancy to range without restraint, but always on the right side

of the line. To him, therefore, as to Dante, the confusion of heathen mythology with the mere names of imagery of Christianity, gives no shock."

**Platonism in Spenser**

The influence of Aristotle was dominant and almost exclusive in the scholastic philosophy of the Middle Ages. Aristotelian logic and metaphysics were diligently cultivated, and began to be applied to the discussion of the questions of religion. This was the doing of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages. The first schoolmen were Aristotelians ; they drew their logic and metaphysics originally from the Latin translations of the works of Aristotle made from the Arabic. It would appear, therefore, that they owed some of their views to the commentaries of the Arab scholars. "But whether they took their method of philosophy entirely from the ancient heathen sage, or in part from his modern Mahomedan interpreters and illustrators, it could in neither case have had at first any necessary or natural alliance with Christianity." Christian theology was thus rightly or wrongly systematized on the basis of Aristotelian logic and metaphysics in the Middle Ages. G. L. Craik writes, "Although, however, religious speculation was the field of thought upon which the spirit of Aristotelian philosophy chiefly expended itself, there was scarcely any one of the arts or sciences upon which it did not in some degree seize. The scholastic logic became the universal instrument of thought and study ; every branch of human learning was attempted to be pursued by its assistance ; and most branches were more or less affected by its influence in regard to the forms which they assumed."

With the liberation of thought, effected by the Renaissance, the influence of Aristotle, whose logic and metaphysics, rigidly and almost blindly applied by the schoolmen of the Middle Ages, could but check the freedom and elasticity of thinking, definitely declined, and more and more attention came to be paid to Plato in the new age. Plato, too, like the study of the classics, led to the emancipation of human intellect, and opened new visions and speculations to the Renaissance humanists. Spenser, so deeply imbued with the spirit of the Renaissance, naturally turned to Plato, with his moral earnestness. Through the Neo-Platonist, Plotinus, Plato's disciple, the ethical ideas of Plato came to be absorbed by the European

of Milton, was not a growing power at the time when Spenser lived. Spenser has the 'sweet reasonableness' that we can hardly expect in a stern Puritan. With all his morality, Spenser shared in the rich sensuous life which the Renaissance had thrown open to men. *The Faerie Queene* is a poem that could not have been produced except under the impact of the Renaissance. In it he creates a world of magic, in which the imagination and the senses run riot, and while we read it, we seem to forget the moral allegory. This immediate reliance upon the senses is one of the elements of reality which give greatness to his poem. *The Faerie Queene* is a long procession of figures, brilliant, fantastic, or terrible, which singly or in groups pass across an ever-varying, ever-wonderful landscape. And almost as marked as his feeling for form and colour is his use of sound. His sensitiveness of ear is shown by the melody of his verse, so constant yet so varied. Everywhere there is the potent and poignant sensuous appeal in *The Faerie Queene*. Altogether, Spenser has the whole world of sensation at command, and he never fails to heighten them with the illusions of his art. Of the colour, the savour, the music of life, his poem is full—only the colour is brighter, the taste sweeter, the music grander, than any which it is given to moral senses to know. And this world of imagined splendour is presented as the background of a steadily growing idea of righteousness, of heroic goodness. It is a mingling of moral and sensuous, but the latter dominates over the former. The plain truth then is that the Renaissance has a greater sway upon him than the Reformation. In *The faerie Queene* Spenser draws freely upon classical myths and legends, and makes use of the ideas of Plato and Aristotle as the basic concept of his poem. Spenser may be called a Puritan in his persuasion, but as we see, he leaned more to the Renaissance than to the Reformation. Perhaps he was more concerned with the defence of the Reformed Church of England against the Papacy in *The Faerie Queene*.

We may sum up in the words of H. M. Percival : "Spenser's Christianity did not destroy his paganism ; neither did his paganism destroy his Christianity. Milton's Puritanism saw no beauty in paganism ; the Epicureanism of the neo-pagan sees no truth in religion : in Spenser the beauty of paganism exists side by side with, but distinct from, the truth of religion. Having drawn this sharp line in essentials, Spenser leaves his fancy to range without restraint, but always on the right side

of the line. To him, therefore, as to Dante, the confusion of heathen mythology with the mere names of imagery of Christianity, gives no shock."

Platonism in Spenser

The influence of Aristotle was dominant and almost exclusive in the scholastic philosophy of the Middle Ages. Aristotelian logic and metaphysics were diligently cultivated, and began to be applied to the discussion of the questions of religion. This was the doing of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages. The first schoolmen were Aristotelians ; they drew their logic and metaphysics originally from the Latin translations of the works of Aristotle made from the Arabic. It would appear, therefore, that they owed some of their views to the commentaries of the Arab scholars. "But whether they took their method of philosophy entirely from the ancient heathen sage, or in part from his modern Mahomedan interpreters and illustrators, it could in neither case have had at first any necessary or natural alliance with Christianity." Christian theology was thus rightly or wrongly systematized on the basis of Aristotelian logic and metaphysics in the Middle Ages. G. L. Craik writes, "Although, however, religious speculation was the field of thought upon which the spirit of Aristotelian philosophy chiefly expended itself, there was scarcely any one of the arts or sciences upon which it did not in some degree seize. The scholastic logic became the universal instrument of thought and study ; every branch of human learning was attempted to be pursued by its assistance ; and most branches were more or less affected by its influence in regard to the forms which they assumed."

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ars of the day. Plotinus (A. D. 204-270) was an Egyptian irth, and lived and studied under Ammonius Sakkas in xandria at a time when it was the centre of the intellectual rld, seething with speculation and schools, teachers and ilosophers of all kinds, Platonic and Oriental, Egyptian and ristian. Latter he taught in Rome, and round him, gathered any eager students. Plotinus developed Plato's line of ought, but imported into it a trend of mysticism. Spenser, owever, has nothing to do with mysticism, as C.F.E. Spurgeon notes, "Spenser's *Hymnes* embody a Platonism reached largely through the intellect and not a mystic experience"

By the way, the fundamental difference between Eastern and Western mysticism, if carefully analysed, will lead to a better understanding of Spenser's attitude. And it is a difference that seems to be foreshadowed in Plato. The Greek delight in material beauty marks all the change. The Eastern mind pursues as its aim pure soul-consciousness which can be achieved by annihilating the flesh and denying its reality. By looking within only we can get illumination—that is the idea. Christianity centred in the doctrine of the Incarnation, in the mystery of God, the Father revealing Himself in human form, gives sanctity to the human body, human love and relationship, which are indeed a means of revelation of the divine. In the West has ever been recognised the deep symbolism and sacredness of all that is human and natural, of human love, of the human intellect, and of the natural world. These are the very means of spiritual ascent, while they are regarded in the East as the very obstacle to the emancipation of the spirit.

We should now quote here a passage from Plato's *Symposium*, in which we may discover the key-note to Spenser's basic conception :

"He who under the influence of true love rising upwar from these begins to see that beauty is not far from the end And the true order or going or being led by another to the thin of love, is to use the beauties of earth as steps along which h mounts upwards for the sake of that other beauty, going fro one to two, and from two to all fair forms, and from fair for to fair practices, and from fair practices to fair nations, u from fair nations he arrives at the notion of absolute bea and at last knows what essence of beauty is. This......is life above all others which man should live, in the contem tion of beauty absolute."

This is the fundamental Platonic idea with which Spenser starts, and which he develops and expands as he begins to expound his conception of moral virtues which he makes the subject-matter of *The Faerie Queene*. As Emile Legouis says, 'Spenser's aim was to reconcile his senses and his conscience by following Plato, and it was made possible for him to do so because, Plato indentified beauty with good.' As we have pointed out befere, Spenser would have nothing to do with the mysticism that Plotinus imported into Platonism; he found Marsilion Ficino's interpretation of Plato more congenial to his spirit Ficino's (1433-1499), appointed President of the Platonic Academy at Florence, discovered in the Platonic doctrines the very basis of confirmation of Christianity; in fact he gave a Christian colouring and import to the teaching of Plato. Plato, as interpreted by Ficino, sways the mind of Spenser. Ficino's commentaries on the [illegible]
with all the material h[illegible]
ced too by Giordan[illegible]
analysed the Neo-Platonist philosophy, and who was finally brought to the stake, for his opposition to religious dogmas and his advocacy of scientific conception. The Refo·mers studied Plato, and made use of him in defending the doctrinal changes they introduced just as the Catholics made use of Aristotle in support of their creed. Cambridge where Spenser was educated, notably combined the spirit of the Reformation with the study of Plato, and it may be assumed that Spenser was drawn into Platonism here both by his natural temperament and by the atmospheric influence. Protestantism and Platonism began to interact in Spenser thence forward L. Wistanley writes, "Spenser, keenly intellectual and deeply religious, felt fully the influence of both movements; the combined influence of Puritanism (we prefer Protestanism, as we have shown above that Spenser had very little to do with the prudery, sternness and fanaticism of the Puritans, and then again though they were Puritnas, they did not have their own way in the reign of [illegible] t work to
[illegible] *Calender,*
[illegible]*le Queene,*
and throughout the minor poems; indeed they may be said to mutually help and illustrate each other; Spenser's Puritanism saved him from seizing upon those pagan and sensuous elements in classical literature which proved a pitfall to so many of his

emporaries ; it made him blind to the more dangerous cts of Platonism and help to concentrate his attention on which is noblest and most characteristic in Plato—his cal genuis ; on the other hand, Spenser's Platonism preser- him from the, artistically at any rate, no less dangerous falls of Puritanism ; it helped to preserve him from mental rrowness by showing him the best possible examples of eedom and flexibility of mind and taught him what, as a poet, was most essential he should know · that beauty is not only onsistent with moral earnestness but may be made to contri- oute to it in the most powerful way. There is, as Mr. Pater has remarked, "a certain ascetism amid all the varied opulence of sense, of speech and fancy natural to Plato's genuis ; it is recisely in this union of opulence, and of sense and fancy with n inward asceticism that the resemblance to Spenser is most lose." Let it be pointed out that there is some contra- diction in the above statement. If Spenser possesses opulence of sense and fancy (which no one will deny), and if he combines it with inward austerity, why should Platonism guard him against the pagan and sensuous elements, and why should Platonism guard him against the narrowness so peculiar to a Puritan ? The truth is that Spenser had the balancing power within himself ; he did not let himself be carried away by his moral earnestness or Puritanic zeal, nor did he surrender to paganism under the influence of Plato. He is first an artist, and then a Puritan or a very serious Protestant who is up in arms against the Papacy. To his moral bias, or to his Protes- tant zeal he did not sacrifice art.

We may quote here a verse from his *Hymne in Honour of Beautie* :

> For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make,
> Therefore wherever that thou goest behold
> A comely corpse, with beautie faire endewed,
> Know this for certaine that the same doth hold
> A beauteous soule, with faire conditions thewed,
> Fit to receive the seeds of vertue strewed ;
> *For all that faire is, is by nature good.*

"It is the Platonic idea of beauty being identical with goo Beauty in the physical world, whether beauty in human for or beauty of nature, points to what is beyond, that is, Divine. The beauty that is manifested to ous senses, res bles its heavenly prototype, and........therefore the sight o

kindles love, which is the excitement and rapture aroused in the soul by the remembrance of that divine beauty which once it knew." This is how Plato put the matter. The union of the soul with One (the Supreme Good) is often wrought through the ecstatic delight or rapture, awakened by beauty. Spenser describes it in the last stanza of his *Hymne of Heavenly Beautie:*

> [illegible]
> Even the love of God; which loathing brings
> Of this vile world and these gay-seeming thing;
> With whose sweete pleasures being so possest,
> The straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

The soul cannot then rest in earthly beauty: it is but a step by which the soul is to ascend to truth, goodness, justice, etc. Earthly beauty is the reflection and index of the Divine Beauty attracts the soul, and it is by the medium of love. It is on the interrelation of love, beauty and love that Spenser builds his ethical system in *The Faerie Queene*

The Platonic ideas that lie embedded in *The Faerie Queene* are thus analysed by Percival, "The Beautiful, with Plato, is the Good (*Timaeus, 87*); Love is the emotion that draws us to the Beautiful and becomes purer as it rises from the mortal to the immortal, from the earthly to the divine; Happiness results when Love has come to possess the Beautiful, *i. e.* the Good; as Misery results from the possession of the Ugly, *i e.*, the [illegible] ngeon; the betrothal of Una [illegible] f that perfect Happiness which has not yet dawned when the action closes; for such Happiness is only attainable in the presence of Perfect Goodness itself"

It will be better if we close this section with a brief sketch of Plato's philosophy and ethics. Plato divides philosophy into dialectic, ethics and physics. The theory of ideas is the basis of his philosophy. It combines the Eleatic doctrine of the One with the Heraclitus's theory of perpetual flux and the

So when I saw he was extravagant,
Unto the obscure vulgar consonant,
I bad him vanish most promiscuously,
and not contaminate my company.

It should also be kept in mind that the Court at this time was a learned Court. "The queen understood Greek better than the canons of Windsor;" and classical learning became and was for a long time the fashion. This is evident from the existence of the singular affectation of *euphuism* for many years at the Court of Elizabeth. John Lyly, a dramatist and a poet of high ability, published in 1578 a romance which he called *Euphues* (the second part was published in 1580). One of the chief aims of the book was to introduce a "pure and reformed English," but this contained an enormous, disproportion of Latin words. So fashionable did the style of Lyly become, that Sir Edward Blunt, writing in 1632, says: "Over nations are in his debt for a new English which he taught them. All our ladies were then his scholars; and that beauty in Court which could not parley euphuism—that is to say, who was unable to converse in that pure and reformed English, which he had formed his work to be the standard of,—was as little regarded as she who now there speaks not French." We can get a fair idea of the extravagance to which this fashion of *euphuism* was carried in the language which Sir W. Scott puts into the mouth of Sir Piercie Shafton in the *Monastery*.

What, then, with the universal study of Latin, and what with this special and fashionable pursuit of *euphuism* at Court, we can quite well appreciate and understand Sir Thomas Browne when he says, "We shall, within a few years, be fain to learn Latin to understand English, and a work will prove of equal facility in either." Thomas Wilson, who published in 1553 a *System of Rhetoric and of Logic, says*: "Soms seek so far for outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother's language. And I dare swear this, if some of their mothers were alive, they would not be able to tell what they say: and yet these fine English clerks will say, they speak in their mother-tongue, if a man should charge them with counterfeiting the King's English. And Dr. Heylin remarks, in 1658, that "more French and Latin words have gained ground upon us since the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign than were admitted by our ancestors not only since the Norman, but since the Roman

conquest." This use, then, of Latin words had got not only into written but into spoken language, it made its way into the Court, into the bar, and into the pulpit. It was practised and was understood by everyone who had the slightest claim to education. Spenser lived in the midst of all this; and, himself a learned man and a courtier, he could not have resisted its influence And thus Spenser could not help using Latin expressions where English could have done equally well.

But there was in Spenser's case a special influence not less important. And that is—his subject. Had he been describing the everyday subject of England, as Chaucer did, he would no doubt have used language more near the common level and high road of that everyday life; or, had his stories related to a past time and a foreign country, has own good taste would have prompted him to employ a style that suited these stories But his subject lay entirely out of time and out of space. There was no necessity for a local colouring; there was as little necessity for a style that would suit a particular age. Ben Jonson said that "Spenser writ no language" If Jonson meant by this that Spenser did not use the language of ordinary men in ordinary circumstances, or that he did not use the stirring and living language that a dramatist would have been compelled to use, he was perfectly right Or, if he meant that Spenser's vocabulary was not the vocabulary of the England then existing, or of any England previously existing, then he was right again But, if he meant that Spenser did not write in a self-conscious and homogenous English style, then he was wrong, and entirely wrong The colouring of Spenser's style comes from his own mind; and he did not limit himself to any special age in drawing for himself from the "well of English undefiled", or from the private springs of other poets' fancy, the phrases and words that suited his subject best. The truth is, as Kitchin well remarks, "without any intention of writing in Old English, he always looked backwards, never forwards in his choice of words and phrases". He was influenced by the euphuism of his time; but he was not subdued. The most ridiculous and opposite accusations have been made against him Dryden accuses him of using too many Latin words; a "Person of Quality" in the last century finds it necessary, on the contrary, to rid him of his 'Sexon dialect'; just as Milton was turned into prose by a clergyman for the benefit of "country readers."

Spenser uses words—(a) in their old from, (b) in their old or

ary meaning, and (c) he also uses inflections that had ped out of the language long before his own time. Thus he —(a) *been for are*, *mote for might*, *gossib for gossip*, *ydle* for , *and lad* for *led*. Then (b) he uses *affront* in the sense of *ace* or *oppose*, *bewale* for *to choose*, *to bid* for *to pray*, l *to blare* for *to proclaim*. Then (c) among old and obsolete lection, he employs, such as, *fone* for *foes*, *ydrad dreaded*, *itterand* for *glittering*, and *eyne* for *eyes*. But the reader may on become accustomed to these and other peculiarities—comes like them—and comes to feel that they are the fitting dress f Spenser's beautiful thoughts and imagery.

**Marked Characteristics of His Poetry (Spenser "*The Poets' Poet*")**

Spenser is the first writer of Elizabethan age. He marks the dawn and the early morning, but he did not live to see the ull meridian of the day. One year after publication of the six ooks of *The Faerie Queene*, and two years before his death, ne could have read Shakespeare's early comedies ; but these give a very week idea of the fulness of power which Shakespeare afterwards displayed. Becon's *Essays* were published in the same year ; and Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* had appeared three years before. Spenser's command over language is simply marvellous ; and there seems to be no limit to his power of description. The most remarkable quality of his style, however, is its music. Hazlitt says : "His versification is at once the most smooth and the most sounding in the language. It is a labyrinth of sweet sounds.........Spenser is the poet of our waking dreams ; and he has invented not only a language, but music of his own for them. The undulations are infinite, like those of the waves of the sea ; but the effect is still the same, lulling the senses into a deep oblivion of the jarring noises of the world, from which we have no wish to be ever recalled." The purpose of his great poem was "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline". "There is some thing," says Pope, "in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's vouth. I read *The Faerie Queene* when I was about twelve with a vast deal of delight ; and I think it gave me as muc when I read it over about a year or two ago." He has bee called *The poet's poet*, not only because he is the most poetic of poets, but because he has trained more poets in their art th

any other writer of verse in England. Milton, Pope, Keats, and many others, have been profoundly influenced by him.

It is Spenser's poetry that alone matters, not his ethical purpose, not the allegory which he weaves into his *Faerie Queene*, nor his learning, nor his immense narrative or descriptive power, nor his vision. He gives us the quintessence of poetry—poetry that is most poetical ; so he has been called the Poets' Poet. G. L. Craik writes, "Without calling Spenser the greatest of potes, we may still say that his poetry is the most poetical of all poetry. Other poets are all of them something else as well as poets, and deal in reflection, or reasoning, or humour, or wit, almost as largely as in the proper conduct of the imaginative faculty ; his strains alone, in *The Faerie Queene*, are poetry, all poetry, and nothing but poetry. It is vision unrolled after vision, to the end of endlessly varying music. The '*shaping* spririt of imagination', considered apart from moral sensibility, from intensity of passion on the one hand, and grandeur of conception on the other,—certainly never was possessed in the like degree by any other writer ; nor has any other evinced a deeper feeling of all forms of the beautiful ; nor have words ever been made by any other to embody thought with more wonderful art. On the one hand invention and fancy in the creation or conception of his thoughts ; on the other, the most exquisite sense of beauty, united with a command over all the resources of Language, in their vivid and musical expression—these are the great distinguishing characteristics of Spenser's poetry. What of passion there is in it lies [illegible]

If Spenser is the Poets' Poet, he must have exercised considerable influence upon other poets, upon his contemporaries as well as later poets. His allegorical method caught on. We may mention here Phineas Fletcher who essayed in his *Purple Island* an elaborate allegorical description of the human body. He was certainly stimulated by *The Faerie Queene*, and was able to catch something of its music. Cowley, not a poet of remarkable gifts, confesses that he was thrilled by the story as well as the poetry of *The Faerie Queene* : "I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there ; for I

remember, when I began to read and take some pleasure in it, there was want to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion) ; but there was wont to lie Spenser's Works ; this I happened to fall upon, and, was infinitely delighted with the stories of knights and giants, and monsters, and brave horses which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this) ; and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I had read him all before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet." It is indeed a significant confession. Milton was profoundly impressed by his moral earnestness ; and so he calls him "our sage and serious poet". Bunyan seemed to have been attracted by his allegorical vein. Dryden paid homage to him as his master in poetic speech, while he too highly estimated his learning His influence did not seem to wane even in the eighteenth century when there was a death of true poetry. We may mention here James Thomson and Robert Burns, of the eighteenth century, and later Shelly and Keats, Byron and Campbell, working with varying skill in the Spenserian stanza, and by their adaptability to this resourceful material instrument, enriched English poetry. The poems, penned in the stanza of *The Faerie Queene*, include the *Cattor's Saturday*, Night by Burns, the *Eve of St. Agnes* by Keets, *Childe Harlod* by Byron, reflect the glory of Spenser. Spenser's verse is an inexhaustible fountain of poetic inspiration, and it is hard to define the limits of its influence. He will ever appeal to a poetical mind by his love of sensuous beauty by his infinitely varied melody, by his poetical vision, by his artistic skill in verse, by his pictorial fancy, by his vignette-like sketches of natural scenes. and lastly by his idealism, revealing an inner spiritual beauty in material or physical type which intoxicates him as it should a poet. He is a poet of beauty and it is beauty, both sensuous and moral or spiritual, and so he writes :

> For of the soul the body form doth take
> For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Spenser will have his strongest appeal too as a poet of beauty.

**The Spenserian Stanza**

The Spenserian stanza is a stanza of nine lines. It is generally said to have been borrowed from the Italian stanza of eight lines, called *ottava rima* It was the favourite stanza in

Italy for narrative poetry. Tasso, Ariosto and others used it. Spenser added a line to it and made it a nine-lined stanza. This looks, at first sight, not much to have done. It is known that if a new element is added to a chemical compound, the properties and qualities of all the previously existing elements are entirely changed. Something like this happened to Spenser's modification of the *ottava rima* by introducing an extra line. By the addition of this one line, the whole music of the stanza is changed, its power is increased; the rhythm and caesura of all the other lines have been altered; and the stanza itself is quite a new whole. It is true, then, that Spenser borrowed the *ottava rima*; but it is as true that he made it, by his new use of it, entirely his own. Therefore, it is rightly called the *Spenserian Stanza*. Spenser invented it, and he has used it best of all the poets who have employed it to express the music of their thoughts.

The *line is iambic pentameter. That is, it consists of five* iambs or five sets of two syllables, the last of which is accented.

Alexander. Pope, who did not understand their use or power, calls them "needless".

> A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
> That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Let us examine the metre of one stanza, and we may take the the first one:

It is evident, in the first place, that the caesura or pause in Spenser's lines is valuable. For example, the caesura occurs after the second *foot in the first line, after the first foot in the* second line, and after the third foot in the last two lines This

remember, when I began to read and take some pleasure in it, there was want to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion); but there was wont to lie Spenser's Works; this I happened to fall upon, and, was infinitely delighted with the stories of knights and giants, and monsters, and brave horses which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I had read him all before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet." It is indeed a significant confession. Milton was profoundly impressed by his moral earnestness; and so he calls him "our sage and serious poet". Bunyan seemed to have been attracted by his allegorical vein. Dryden paid homage to him as his master in poetic speech, while he too highly estimated his learning His influence did not seem to wane even in the eighteenth century when there was a death of true poetry. We may mention here James Thomson and Robert Burns, of the eighteenth century, and later Shelly and Keats, Byron and Campbell, working with varying skill in the Spenserian stanza, and by their adaptability to this resourceful material instrument, enriched English poetry. The poems, penned in the stanza of *The Faerie Queene*, include the *Cattor's Saturday*, Night by Burns, the *Eve of St. Agnes* by Keets, *Childe Harlod* by Byron, reflect the glory of Spenser. Spenser's verse is an inexhaustible fountain of poetic inspiration, and it is hard to define the limits of its influence. He will ever appeal to a poetical mind by his love of sensuous beauty by his infinitely varied melody, by his poetical vision, by his artistic skill in verse, by his pictorial fancy, by his vignette-like sketches of natural scenes. and lastly by his idea.ism, revealing an inner spiritual beauty in material or physical type which intoxicates him as it should a poet. He is a poet of beauty and it is beauty, both sensuous and moral or spiritual, and so he writes:

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The line is iambic pentameter. That is, it consists of five iambs or five sets of two syllables, the last of which is accented. [illegible] calls them "needless".

> A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
> That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Let us examine the metre of one stanza, and we may take the the first one:

[illegible]

It is evident, in the first place, that the caesura or pause in Spenser's lines is valuable. For example, the caesura occurs after the second foot in the first line, after the first foot in the second line, and after the third foot in the last two lines This

variation of the caesura is a necessity with a poet who possesses so perfect an ear, and so highly trained a sense of melody. The only other poet who equals him in this, the essential requisite of all melodious verse, is Milton. Pope's caesura and Dryden's caesura, on the other hand are always, or almost always, in the middle; hence the monotony of their verse. In Drayton, indeed, the monotony rises to be intolerable. The caesura of Spenser and Milton can be represented by the line of beauty—a curved line; that the Pope and Drayton by a hard straight line running down the middle of their pages.

In the next place, we can see that the middle line has no caesura at all, and reads like prose. Just as a great composer of music will often introduce a discord or a movement in a minor key, as a kind of rest, so Spenser sometimes introduces a piece of the merest prose as a relief from the elaborate melody and labyrinthine sweetness of his verse.

The following verse will be sufficient evidence that Spenser's music is unsurpassed by any poet:

> Eft soone they heard a most melodious sound,
> Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
> Such as at once might not on living ground,
> Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
> Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
> To rede what manner music that mote be;
> For all that pleasing is to living ear,
> Was there consorted in one harmony;
> Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The spenserian stanza certainly possesses greater riches and elaboration that the original *ottava rima* out of which it evolved. The eight lines of *ottava rima* rhyme *a*, *b*, *a*,*b*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *c*, Spenser alters the rhyme-scheme thus—*a*, *b*, *a*,*b*, *b*, *c*, *b*, *c*, *c*, the last line, as we have stated above, being an Alexandrine, consisting of six feet. The brilliancy of the invention is his own by the fact that it adapts itself readily to the different demands of narrative, descriptive, and moral poetry; and that the poem sustains itself throughout its great length with so little effect of sameness. The Spenserian stanza may look complex in structure, but it has sufficient veriety in its stately swing to render it suitable, either for lengthy or short compositions, and make it a favourite form with many English poets. Besides *The Faerie Queene*, Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, Beattie's

*Minstrel*, Burn's *Cottar's Saturday Night*, Byron's *Childe Harold*, and Shelley's *Revolt of Islam*, are written in the Spenserian stanza.

Dr. Beattie thus writes of the Spenserian stanza :

"I am surprised to find the structure of Spenser's complicated stanza so little troublesome. I think it most harmonious that ever was contrived It admits of more variety of pauses than either the couplet or the alternate rhyme (i e, the stanza of four), and it concludes with a pomp and majesty of sound which to my ear is wonderfully delightful. It seems also very well adapted to the genius of our language, which from its irregularity of inflexion and number of monosyllables, abounds in diversified terminations and consequently renders our poetry susceptible of an endless variety of legitimate rhymes."

**Spenser, Tasso, Ariosto and Others**

"It is [illegible]
the most [illegible]
of their [illegible]
the fruit [illegible]
Cicero, [illegible]
romance. [illegible]
to *The Faerie Queene*. Early in life, Spenser came under the spell of Tasso, the monarch of contemporary Italian poetry, and gathered much suggestion from his ample store But *The Faerie Queene* owes most to the epic of *Orlando Furioso* by Tasso's predecessor, Ariosto The chivalric adventures which Spenser's heroes undergo are often directly imitated from the Italian of 'that most famous 'Tuscan pen'. Many an incident, together with the moralising which its details suggest, follows Ariosto in phraseology too closely to admit any doubt of its source. Spenser is never a plagiarist. He invests his borrowings with his own individuality. But very numerous are the passages which owed their birth to Ariosto's preceding invention. The Italian is rich in imagery He drank deep of the Plebeian spring He is indeed superior to Spenser in the conciseness and directness of his narrative power. But Ariosto has little of the warmth of human sympathy or moral elevation which dignifies Spenser's effort. Spenser's tone is far more serious than that of the Italian master, whose main aim was the telling of an exciting tale. Ariosto is far inferior to Spenser in the sustained energy alike of his moral and of his poetic impulse." —(*Sidney Lee*).

We may partly agree with Sidney Lee when he says that Spenser came very much under the influence of Ariosto, and that he did borrow not a little from Ariosto, while he put a new colour and meaning into all that he borrowed. But Sidney seems to exaggerate a little Spenser's indebtedness to Ariosto. The design of chivalric adventures into which his heroes are drawn, might not have necessarily been suggested by Ariosto; the medieval romance of chivalry might very well account for it. Let it be pointed out that the moral seriousness that marks *The Faerie Queene* makes all the difference between *Orlando Furioso* and *The Faerie Queene*. We may briefly sketch the outline of the poem, *Orlando Furioso,* and the difference will be apparent at once. Orlando Furioso is Orlando mad. Now his madness is caused by the faithlessness of Angelica. In Paris, Rinaldo fell in love with her, and to prevent mischief, the king placed Angelica under the charge of Namo. But she contrived to escape the custody of Namo, and fled to the island of Ebuda, were Rogero found her exposed to a sea-monster, and liberated her. In the meantime Orlando went in search of her, and was decoyed into the enchanted castle of Atlantes, but was liberated by Angelica, who again made good her escape to Paris and thus luded Orlando. Here she arrived just after a great battle between the Christians and Pagans; and, finding Medoro, a Moor, wounded, took care of him, fell in love with him and eloped with him to Cathay. When Orlando found himself jilted, he was driven mad with jealousy and rage, or rather his wits were taken from him for three months and deposited in the moon. Astolpho went to the moon in Elijah's chariot, and St. John gave him the lost wits in an urn. On reaching France, Astolpho bound the mad man, held the urn to his nose, and the hero was his himself again. After this, the siege, of Paris by Agrimant was continued, and the Chiristians were wholly successful. The true hero of Ariosto's romance is Rogero, and not Orlando In the Pagan army were two heroes—Rodomont, called the Mars of Africa, and Rogero. The latter became a Christian convert, and the poem ends with a combat between these two, and the overthrow of Rodomont.

It is as a romantic story that *Orlando Furioso* is interesting, and seems to have little or no moral purpose except in the conversion of Rogero to Christianity; it is after all a contest between Christian and Pagan powers, and the story is complicated by the madness of Orlando and the love affair of Angelica and

Medoro, the Moor. Spenser's is a more extensive and intricate plan with more diversified episodes. "The scale on which Spenser planned his epic allegory has indeed no parallel in ancient or modern literature." It may be true that Spenser chose as the model for his great work Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. But there is a great difference in scope and purpose. Both Ariosto and Spenser deal with chivalry or rather adopt the convention, *material and machinery of the romance of chivalry ; but while* Ariosto had merely the delight of the artist in the brilliant colour which chivalry gave to life with the easy contempt of the cynic for its moral pretensions, Spenser found in its persons and ideals a means of making goodness attractive. Ariosto pictures chivalric action because it is dramatic and exciting, not because he believes in it. Spenser deals with action because he must. His world is one which, according to the Platonic conception, is capable of being brought into harmony with an ideal. Naturally to him the virtues which make for the effectiveness of the individual and the progress of the race are of supreme importance ; and the opposing vices, idleness, gluttony, lechery, and above all despair, are the objects of his fiercest attack. In details Spenser might have learned much from Ariosto ; many passages he wrote in avowed imitation. His prevailing difference is in the greater richness and elaboration of his style. The romance of chivalry to which Ariosto seems to stick, is elevated to a higher plane by Spenser with his moral allegory. The allegorized adventures in which his knights engage, are cast in the true epic mould. Episode after episode reads like chapters of chivalric romance of adventurerescues of innocent ladies by knights and encounters with monsters of *hateful mien recur frequently Spenser. in fact, too frequently* employs this machinery of chivalric conflict. But *The Faerie Queene* is not designed, like Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, as a mere piece of art. It is above everything else a moral treatise Spenser is not merely content to tell a story. He sought to represent all the moral virtues, Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, and the like, assigning to every virtue a knight to be the pattern and defender of the same ; in whose actions and feats of arms and chivalry, the operations of that virtue, whereof he is the protector, are to be expressed, and the vices and unruly appetites that oppose themselves against the same to be beaten down and overcome.

Tasso seems to be nearer in spirit to Spenser in his *Geru-*

*salemme Liberata.* It is the story of the first crusade and the capture of Jerusalem by Godfrey of Bouillon. The opening lines of the poem are revealing of the serious tone and purpose of the poem, unlike those of *Orlando Furioso* :

> To pious arms I sing, and captain who,
> The hallowed sepulchre of jesus freed ;
> Much did he both in field and council do,
> And much he suffered in the glorious deed ;
> And hell in vain opposed him, and in vain,
> Africa, allied with Asia, drew the sword ;
> Since Heaven its favour gave him, and again,
> His errant comrades to the cross restored.

When the Christian army reached Jerusalem, the King of Damascus sent Armida to beguile the Christians ; she told an artful tale by which she drew off several of the leaders. Jerusalem could not be taken without the aid of Rinaldo, but Rinaldo was dallying with Armida in the enchanted island. Godfrey sent for him, and he took Jerusalem in a night attack. Armida now fled to Egypt, and Rinaldo pursued her who at first offered to marry any knight who would slay Rinaldo; later she relented. The poem concludes with the triumphant entry of the Christian army into Jerusalem. There are two more love episodes of Olindo and Sophronia and of Tancred and Clorinda. It may be noted here that Duessa in *The Faerie Queene* might have been suggested by Armida, while her role is still subtler and more complicated than Armida's. Then again *Gerusalemme Liberata* has a unity which *Orlando Furioso* lacks. Some critics maintain that Spenser seemed to have rather followed Ariosto than Tasso in having no plan in *The Faerie Queene.* But Spenser has unity of purpose and this is manifested in the struggle of virtue with vice and its final triumph. H. M. Percival writes, "Unity of action the *Orlando Furioso* certainly has not. The plan of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, on the other hand, is modelled on the classical unity of action. *The Faerie Queene* has no unity in this sense, such as Upton finds in it, but it has a 'Gothic' unity, as Hurd named it. The action of each book is complete in itself, but they are all made to diverge from a centre ; namely the occasion of *The Faerie Queene* holding her court for twelve days as set forth in the letter to Raleigh : and to converge back to it : namely, when they bring Prince Arthur, in fulfilment of his search for Gloriana, to this same court. More widely on a

second point does Spenser differ from Ariosto, and agree with Tasso. The ingenuity of commentators has succeeded in discovering an allegory in Ariosto, but Spenser himself saw one in it. But the scoffing and bantering tone of the *Orlando Furioso* [illegible]
of the grave and melancholy Tasso ; and the opening lines of his poem reveal the spiritual character of the chivalry it is about to celebrate".

We have shown above that Plato's ethical teaching lies at the core of all his poetry. We have shown how he developed the interrelation of beauty, love and goodness—it is beauty that draws the soul to beauty, and beauty lifts it to truth, goodness and justice. Then again, as he says, his idea was to embody in Arthur the twelve private moral virtues, as devised by Aristotle. Prince Arthur presents Aristotle's philosophical idea of magnanimity, that is, the human realization of moral perfectibility.

**Opinions of Critics**

"Edmund Spenser stood at the literary parting of the ways, for he lived at a time when the culture of the Renaissance and [illegible]
Seven Deadly Sins, the Blatant Beast, all are the stock characters of medieval fiction, but the poem is so filled with the new ideas of the Renaissance, with the ideals and national spirit of the English Reformation, that had Spenser not stressed the underlying meaning of the allegory in his canto-headings and dedication, it might well have been overlooked. For the road which he took was one of progress, and his immense importance in English literature is due to that fact He was the first to apply conscious artistry had hitherto undiscovered wealth of culture to the development to English verse, the first to produce an epic on the plan of national exaltation, and his followers discarded the lingering traces of medievalism and

concentrated on the new and vital qualities inherent in everything that Spenser wrote.

"Spenser was probably more a child of the Renaissance than he knew, and it may be said that if in *The Faerie Queene* he was attempting to combine the medieval and the modern, he failed. His new wine burst the skin of his old bottles, and he produced something which, ignoring the medieval setting, ranks as one of the two great epics in English literature, a poem which expresses perfectly the spirit of the bravest age in English history." (*J. A Hammerton*)

"Undoubtedly Spenser wished to be useful, and in the highest vocation of all, that of a teacher, and Milton calls him "our sage and serious poet, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas." And good Dr. Henry More was of the same mind. I fear he makes his vices so beautiful now and then that we should not be very much afraid of them if we chanced to meet them ; for he could not escape from his genius, which, if it led him as philospher to the abstract contemplation of the beautiful, left him as poet open to every impression of sensuous delight. When he wrote the 'Shepheard's Calender' he was certainly a Puritan, and probably so by conviction rather than from any social influences or thought of personal interests. There is a verse, it is true, in the second of the two detached cantos of *Mutability*.

"Like that ungracious crew which feigns demurest grace, which is supposed to glance at the straiter religionists, and from which it has been inferred that he drew away from them as he grew older. It is very likely that years and widened experience of men may have produced in him their natural result of tolerate wisdom which revolts at the hasty destructiveness of inconsiderate zeal. But with the more generous side of Puritanism I think he sympathised to the last His rebukes of clerical worldliness are in the Puritan tone. and as severe a one as any is in *Mother Hubberd's Tale* published in 1591. There is no inconoclastic relish in his account of Sir Guyon's demolishing the Bower of Bliss that makes us think he would not have regretted the plundered abbeys as perhaps Shakespeare did when he speaks of the winter woods as 'bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang' :

> But all those pleasant bowers and palaces brave
> Guyon broke down with rigour pitiless,

> Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
> Them from the tempest of his wrathfulness,
> But that their bliss he turned to balefulness ;
> [illegible]

"But whatever may have been Spenser's religious opinions (which do not nearly concern us here), the bent of his mind was towards a Platonic mysticism, a supermundane sphere where it could shape universal forms out of the primal elements [illegible] nearer to the real world than under some subterfuge of pastoral or allegory, expatiates joyously in this untramelled ether :

> Lifting himself out of the lowly dust
> On golden plumes up to the purest sky.

Nowhere does his genius soar and sing with such continuous aspiration, nowhere is his phrase so decorously stately, though rising to an ethusiasm which reaches intensity while it stops short of vehemence, in his 'Hymnes to Love and Beauty', especially the latter. There is an exulting spurn of the earth in it, as of a soul just loosed from its cage...... . He is, of all our poets, the most truly sensuous, using the word as Milton probably meant it when he said that poetry should be 'simple, [illegible] of Spenser's senses was so exquisitely alive to the impressions of material, as every organ of his soul was to those of spiritual beauty........ .....Spenser's gamut, indeed, is a wide one, ranging from a purely corporeal delight in 'precious odours fetched from far away' upward to such refinement as :

> Upon her eye-lids many graces sate
> Under the shadow of her even brows,

[illegible] they half believe themselves the innocent shepherdesses into which he travesties them." —(*J. R. Lowell*).

"No poet has ever held a more exalted view of the dignity of his vocation. He proved it by his constant tendency to lift his subject, whatever it might be, from the dust to the stars. His poems, one and all, testify to a vast expenditure of care and thought. They require as much from their readers, and affection also. In truth it is sheer waste of mental effort to get him up for the purposes of polite conversation, or even as if to satisfy a Civil Service Examiner. He must—in any of his work—be read for delight in the harmony of diction and spirit; in *The Faerie Queene* also for that enjoyment, if possible, of the romance, which a child might still take, apart from the archaisms I used, when a boy, to be told that Sir Frederick Thesiger, a powerful advocate, and afterwards Lord Chancellor, would every morning attune his mind to forensic oratory by committing to memory one or two of Spenser's stanzas. That is the proper temper; and the poet will reward it.

"Every poem he penned is a treasure-house of imagery and of language. To understand the flexibility of English, its aptness for expression of myriad turns of thoughts and feeling, all but especially poets, should study him. Another distinctive feature of his Muse is the eveness, the pervading sweetness. Take your chance anywhere in the labyrinth of dulcet verse, redolent of more than Italian daintiness; and you will light upon none false. Not that, for sympathetic readers, there is a sense of stagnation. They are plodding through a thick undergrowth of strange deeds; suddenly a lark mounts through the stages of air, and is trilling overhead. Now and again an exquisite idea, scene, phrase, stands out; a gust of melody; oftener in the shorter poems than in *The Faerie Queene*, though occasionally there too. For instance, we pluck a flower like this in the garden of Acrasia:

> Thy joyous birdes shrouded in chearfull shade,
> Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet;
> Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
> To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
> The silver-sounding instruments did meet
> With the base murmurs of the waters fall;
> The waters fall with difference discreet,
> Now soft, now loud, upto the wind did call;
> The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

"Absolute music! And it is not as if here and there some solitary islet of beauty emerged. A numerous company like to

it are rising everywhere just above a flood of all but equal mellifluousness. Coral rocks with palm trees on them are seen for a moment, then disappear in the haze of an ever-rolling ocean, to be succeeded by others as lovely." —(*W. Stebbing*).

"The language of Spenser is full, and copious, to overflowing; it is less pure and idiomatic than Chaucer's, and is enriched and adorned with phrases borrowed from the different languages of Europe, both ancient and modern. He was, probably, seduced into a certain licence of expression by the difficulty of filling up the models of his complicated rhymed stanza, from the limited resources of his native language. This stanza, with alternate and repeatedly recurring rhymes, is borrowed from the Italians. It was peculiarly fitted to their language, which abounds in similar vowel terminations, and is as little adapted to ours, from the stubborn, unaccommodating resistance which the consonant [illegible] endless [illegible] with the [illegible] necessity of finding out new forms of expression, and to the occasional faults to which it led, for a poetical language rich and varied and magnificent beyond all former, and almost all latter examples. His versification is, at once, the most smooth and the most sounding in the language. It is a labyrinth of sweet sounds, 'in many a winding bout of linked sweetness long drawn out'—that would cloy by their very sweetness, but that the ear is constantly relieved and enchanted by their continued variety of modulation —dwelling on the pauses of the action or flowing on in a fuller tide af harmony with the movement of the sentiment. It has not the bold dramatic terminations of Shakespeare's blank verse, nor the high-raised tone of Milton's; but it is the perfection of melting harmony, dissolving the soul in pleasure, or holding it captive in the chains of suspense. Spenser was the poet of our waking dreams; and he has invented not only a language, but a music of his own for them. The undulations are infinite, like those of the waves of the sea; but the effect is still the same, lulling the senses into a deep oblivion of the jarring noises of the world, from which we have no wish to be recalled.

—(*W. Hazlitt*).

# INTRODUCTION TO THE 'FAERIE QUEENE'

## (BOOK I)

### Origin and Date of Publication

At the time when Spenser was writing *The Shepheard's Calender*, published in 1579, he might have conceived the idea of attempting an epic chivalry, for he seems to allude to it in the tenth eclogue of *The Shepheard's Calender* :

> Abandon then the base and viler clowne,
> And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts,

The first three books of *The Faerie Queene* were published in 1590. He commenced writing the poem in London, completed the first book, and showed it to Gabriel Harvey who, with his craze for classical metres and pedantry of scholarship, discouraged him. Then Spenser came over to Ireland, and while he had to attend to his duties as Secretary to Lord Grey, he could but go on with the composition of the poem at irregular intervals to which his friend, Ludowick Bryskett bears witness in his treatise, *A Discourse of Civil Life.* In 1589 Sir Walter Raleigh visited him in Ireland, when the three books of the poem had been completed, and Spenser was persuaded to read out the poem to him, and Raleigh was delighted with it—and it was at his instance that Spenser went with him to London, and visited the Queen, and had the poem published—the first three books.

William Freeman gives a fanciful, but realistic account of the visit of Raleigh to Spenser—and it is worth quoting :

"Two men were seated in a raftered room overlooking a straggling garden. The gentle Irish sunlight fell in warm splashes on the turf and on the crumbling walls of the house. Behind were thick woods dark against the lower slopes of the Galtee Mountains ; in front a little lake, a wilderness of late-flowering shrubs—the month was October—and beyond, the highway running between Mallow and Limerick.

In physical appearance the two were not unlike. Both had narrow faces, with the pointed Elizabethan beard; both were obviously men of quality, and dressed in the elaborate silks and velvets proper to aristocrats of the time. Both were thirty-seven years of age. Both were men of vision, dreamers of dreams, as well as practical workers, typical products of England's Renaissance.

[illegible] concilia- [illegible] a poor [illegible] tenant of [illegible] th—with [illegible] pon Her [illegible]

first suggested the colonization of America He hated and baited Spain with Elizabethan rigour and unscrupulousness (Not until a later reign was the much-tormented Philip able to enjoy his revenge, and see Raleigh go to the scaffold under a grotesque charge, ten years old) But recently he had removed himself from the court to his Irish manor-house at Youghal, at the mouth of the Blackwater From there it was but a few miles to the pleasant room in Kilcolman Castle, where he now sat chuckling with amusement at the Castle's owner

Edmund Spenser, slight, dark and dapper, was not chuckling. He looked pale and unhappy. His unhappiness was recent; for an hour they had been talking of politics and war; cautiously and in undertones, of the Queen's swift changing moods; of Burleigh's fox-like counsels, of the reckless and [illegible] to power; of King Philip [illegible] e Pope. Then, more boldly, [illegible] oth by land and by sea; more [illegible] a year ago had threatened England, and, threatening, perished by the Grace of God and the fact that the Spaniards sent soldiers to win a sea-battle while the English sent fishermen At which point Raleigh, smiling, had produced his gift—and Spenser had accepted it—a long tube of wood ending in a silver bowl Into this bowl Raleigh has packed not more than thimbleful of a dried herb

of strong odour, fired it, and bid his friend inhale, with the result that within five minutes the unhappy Spenser's eyes were red-rimmed and full of tears and his voice husky with coughing.

The pitying exponent of the art of smoking produced and lit a pipe of his own.

..................................................................................................

Spenser put aside the pipe and leaned forward, his small, almost effeminate, hands gripping the table-edge.

"It is one which hath been in my mind, Walter, for a long time past. Indeed, 'tis nine years since I spoke of it to Master Gabriel Harvey."

"So long ?"

"Ay, And three years—nay, four, since 't was discussed at the house of master Ludowick Bryskett, who held office before me in the service of the Council of Munster. There was with a company of others concerned in the governance of this in hospitable and savage island..............."

"... ........Let us hope that this over-hatched egg of thine be not addled !

"Jest not." Spenser spoke fiercely.

"Beseech you pardon my unmannerliness. Read on."

The poet crossed to a bureau on the far side of the room, and extracted a thick volume. The covers were plain boards, secured by a clasp. Between them were many quires of manuscript He unlocked the clasp, opened the covers, and hesitated.

"I wait," said Raleigh.

"Swear, then, thou'lt not fill the room with thine accursed smoke."

"See, my pipe hath nought in it but ash."

Spenser took up the first sheet, and began to read.

The short autumn afternoon grew mellower. It passed into twilight, and from twilight into dusk. A fiery sunset died down into cool greys and blues. The birds in the garden ceased their twittering. From somewhere overhead came the sound of a woman crooning an Irish lullaby to herself. Darkness fell, Spenser would have ended the reading, but Raleigh impatiently demurred. Lights were brought ; the gentle cultured voice resumed......There were still many pages unturned when at last ti died away.

"Wilt return with me to England," said Raleigh, breaking a long silence. "This masterpiece of thine shall be laid at the feet of Her Highness—'twere treason otherwise. God hath given thee genius, Edmund, and when that genius be manifest, thy fellow-countrymen shall honour both him and thee."

So London engulfed them—Raleigh, the Adventurer, and Spenser, the Poet. The two travelled there from Southampton, with Raleigh's servants in attendance as an escort and for protection.

The Queen was at the Manor House of St. James......With her was the Court, that strange firmament in which she blazed, sunlike, while about her satellites flashed and wheeled for a few short years of brilliance and power, until her displeasure brought extinction—imprisonment, exile or the grave. Lord Treasurer Burleigh ; Hatton, the Chancellor ; Walsingham, perhaps the most honest among them, now very near his death ; Oxford, Northumberland, Howard of Effingham warriors, diplomats, and peace seekers, all cynically aware that neither wisdom nor cunning, simplicity nor honour, learning nor wealth would avail them when their hour had come ; when Elizabeth, the Queen, had no more work for them to do or Elizabeth, the Woman, was awearied.

At present the newest, brightest star was Essex, whose dizzy rise was to end in futility and eclipse a few years later under the cold eyes of Raleigh himself. Raleigh had left for Ireland because his rival's insolence and the Queen's growing coldness had made any further lingering at the Court as dangerous as it was humiliating. Now, he explained to Spenser, as dismoun - ing, they passed through the gateway with its halberded sentries, there was a chance—nay, more than a chance—that this new and magnificent tribute the poet was laying at her feet might bring both of them into royal favour again. The Queen craved flattery ; here it was none the less gross because of his rainbow loveliness of the language ; Gloriana, Belphoebe, Briotmart—as such she was depicted, while her enemies were monsters, as evil as their fates. Spenser listened uneasily ; perhaps, the poet predominating over the courtier, a little shamefaced. He was less sanguin. He could afford to be. He had less to lose.

Their names were taken to the Queen. Presently the messenger returned. Her Highness would deign to see Sir Walter and Mr. Spenser.

They followed him, plumed hats in hand. Under Spenser's left arm he carried the book. Their footsteps seemed to echo the beating of his own heart. The two passed beneath velvet curtains into the presence. Elizabeth was seated on a dais at the far end of the room. Her narrow face was puckered and pale. (Did not that same pallor impel her to order that her maids should rub their cheeks with tallow, that the too-attractive pink-and-whiteness of their complexions should not emphasise the ravages of old age upon her own ?) She had ruled England inflexibly for more than thirty years. Though she did not know it, and even Burleigh himself would never have dared to hint it, her life's work was done Those thirty years were to become forty-five before the sceptre slipped from her tired old hands—but already Philip and all that he stood for was broken and impotent. Her kingdom was sound and safe ; if the plotting brain that had saved it had let her she might have rested. But Elizabeth could not rest. She was to plan and scheme, lie and manoeuvre, to the end.

The men, closely watched by the little group of courtiers, made their obeisances.

"Your business, Sir Walter ?" demanded the harsh but not unkindly voice. Raleigh explained. Spenser needed no introduction ; apart from his reputation as a poet, he had already had contact with the Court as a Crown employee. But, in the very presence of Glorina, with her bodyguard of jealousy, backbiting, and perpetual intrigue, he was tongue-tied.

Her Highness listened, a frown wrinkling her high forehead, the thin lips peevish She was, in truth, suffering from a surfeit of over-honeyed phrases, elaborate and fantastic compliments, homage passing all bounds of adultation. Her fan tapped the arm of her seat impatiently ; now and again the dark eyes shot a fierce challenge at her courtiers, as though seeking to catch them of their guard, sneering... Her Highness continued to listen. The frown faded the twitching hands were still. Master Spenser might leave this strage poem of his. Perchance she might persue further. He should be instructed concerning the hour at which he might present himself at St James' again.

That second visit was paid two days later. It ended in splendid unequivocal triumph. Elizabeth had surrounded utterly to the splendour of the '*Faerie Queene*'. She had recognised as a woman so intellectual and cultured was bound to recog-

nise, genuis which had no affinity with talent. The poem—or more exactly, so much of it as was written—should be dedicated to her. A pension, whittled down by the frugal-minded Lord Treasurer to fifty pounds a year, but a pension, nevertheless, was conferred upon the author. And Raleigh himself was in favour again.

**Scheme and Purpose of 'The Faerie Queene'**

First, the story of *The Faerie Queene*, as conceived by Spenser, may be briefly stated. In his letter, addressed to Sir Walter Raleigh, in which Spenser sets forth 'the general meaning and intention' of the poem, he refers the reader to the twelfth [illegible]
Spenser desires to exemplify in *The Faerie Queene*. The story is planned thus: Gloriano, the Queene of the Faeries, hold her annual court and feast for twelve days. On each day, a new wrong is complained of, and a new adventure proposed; and on each day a knight volunteers, and is chosen to right the wrong:

[illegible]

Each wrong represents a vice; and each knight represents one of the chief, or cardinal virtues. The adventures of each were to fill one book; and the whole poem was to have consisted of twelve books. Only six exist. The other six are said to have been lost by a servant on the flight from Ireland; but that is only a rumour, and there is no evidence in its favour. The first book gives the adventures of the Knight of the Red-cross, who represents Holiness; the second, the deeds of Sir Guyon, or Temperance; the third of Britomartis (who typifies Chastity), a lady knight; the fourth of Friendship; and it contains, among other stories, the interesting tale of Sir Scudamore—how he won the *Shield of Love*, from which he has his name: Arthur does not appear in the beginning; he has been kept rather in the background, and is made to appear when there is a crisis.

For details of exposition of the plan we shall have to refer

Spenser's letter to Raleigh. He chooses Arthur for the super-
cellence of his character, who has been dealt with by previous
rites, and who will be acceptable to his own age too. Arthur
as been a hero of a cycle of romances—and it is a romance
f chivalry. And he is to embody the perfection of virtues. So
we see here, Spenser combines chivalric romance with allegory.
He defends his choice of Arthur to represent the perfect type
of mankind by citing the examples of Homer, Virgil, Ariosto
and Tasso. Homer portrays his ideal of a good governor and
virtuous man in Agamemnon and Ulysses; Virgil. in Aeneas;
Ariosto, in Orlando; Tasso separates private and public virtues;
while his predecessors have combined them in one person Tasso
selects Rinaldo for private virtues and Godfrey for public
virtues. Spenser says that by following their example he por-
trays in Arthur the image of a brave knight, perfected in the
welve private moral virtues, as devised by Aristotle. This is
he idea he is going to develop in the twelve books.

Then he explains why he chose the method of allegory,
which might not command itself to many. The moral discourse
might have been delivered by way of precepts or sermons instead
" being wrapt up in allegories. But in his days when vivid
resentiment of things and ideas was valued highly and nothing
was esteemed that was not delightful and pleasing to the sense,
he preferred the allegorical method. The choice was either to
treat virtues as mere abstractions which could not have the
desired effect, or to personify them as he could do in an allegory
(as he personifies magnificence in Arthur)—and he believed that
it would be more profitable and gracious—"doctrine by example
than by rule." Arthur was the hero of a great cycle of medie-
val romance. Geoffrey of Mommouth (1100-1154) in his
*Historia Regum Brittanniae* shaped out the story of King Arthu
by Henry ransacking Welsh or Celtic legends, and thus at th
instance of Henry I provided the English nation with a nation
hero. Additions were made to Geoffrey's story by Wace,
French poet of the twelfth century, who first mentioned t
Round Table, by Layamon, a Worscestershire priest of
thirteenth century The whole body of ballads, romances a
Welsh and Breton songs about Arthur was collected and m
or less worked into a state of homogeneity by Sir Thomas
lory in *Le Morte Darthur*, printed by Caxton in 1485. T
sources were all available to Spenser. And this is what Spe
held of arthur: when he was born of Lady Igraine, he

delivered by Merlin to be brought up by Timon, and then Arthur was in a vision of the Fairy Queen whom he set out to seek, armed by Merlin and properly instructed by Timon. As Spenser works it out, the Fairy Queen stands for glory in general, and also figures Gloriana Elizabeth. Elizabeth is also portrayed as 'a most virtuous and beautiful Lady' in Belphoebe. In Arthur is set forth magnificence, which is the perfection of all [illegible] es to the help of other knights in their contest with vices and temptations, and is thus a symbolic representation of Divine Grace. Spenser does not introduce him in the beginning. He considered it inartistic to commence with a description of the court of Gloriana, reserving it for the twelfth book. He writes, "The beginning, therefore, of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth book, which is the last; where I devise that the Faerie Queene kept her Annual feaste for XII days; upon which XII several days, the occasions of the XII several adventures happned, which, being undertaken by XII several knights, are in these XII books severally handled and discoursed." And so we find that Artur is to be the link between these other knights and the Fairy Queen In the twelfth book, which would have explained and harmonized the teaching of the whole allegory, Spenser had intended to bring all his twelve knights with King Arthur back to the court of Gloriana after the completion of their adventures As it is, the allegory was left unfinished, and the elucidation must be looked for, not in the poem itself but in the poet's prefatory letter. If the poem had been completed, there would have been little ground for complaining that it lacks unity of plan Though unfinished it has unity of purpose. Despite the multitude of incidents, varied in character, but not unconnected, each book is complete in itself, and as a story it does not lose its interest, and we do not seem to be aware of any lack of unity.

*The Faerie Queene* was designed as an epic of romance. Apart from the question of unity which is debatable, has Spenser succeeded in his purpose of writing an epic? The adventures of the knights, as they are described in one book after another, are correlated, as we have shown above, by the connection of Arthur with these knights and [illegible] G[illegible] There we have all t[illegible] romance. So Sidney [illegible]

iled to satisfy the primary laws of epic had he allowed it to
nge alone on isolated adventures of virtuous knights who
ursued their career independently of one another. From the
pic point of view there was urgent need of wielding together
the episodes. Great as is the place they fill in the story, the
chivalric types of the moral virtues are, consequently, not its
only protagonists. With a view to investing the whole theme
with homogeneity and unity the poet introduced to supreme
beings, a heroine and a hero, to whom the other characters are
always subsidiary. Each knight is the subject of a female
monarch, the Faerie Queene, in whose person flourish all
human excellences. She is the worthy object of every manner
of chivalric adoration, and in her name all chivalric deeds are
wrought. In this royal quintessence of virtue, Spenser, with
courtier-like complacency, idealised his own sovereign, Queen
Elizabeth. But the queen of the poem is not quite isolated in
her pre-eminence. The knights own allegiance to another great
prince—to Prince Arthur, in whom the twelve private virtues are
all combined. Prince Arthur presents Aristotle's philosophical
idea of magnamity, the human realisation of perfectibility.
The perfect type of mankind was, according to Spenser's design,
to intervene actively in the development of the plot He was
to meet with each of the twelve knights when they were hard-
pressed by their vicious foes, and by his superior powers to
rescue each in turn from destruction. Nor were these labour
to exhaust the prince's function in the machinery of the poem
He was not merely to act as the providence of the knights. H
was in quest of a fated bride, and she was no other than t
Faerie Queene" It may be maintained that *The Faerie Quee*
has a unity, if it is rather loose or inorganic. Sidney Lee ev
admits it : "The ground-plan of the great poem pro
unwieldy The singleness of scheme at which Spenser aimed
subordinating his virtuous knights to two higher powers
Faerie Queene and Prince Arthur, was hardly attained.
links which were invented to bind the books together pr
hardly strong enough to bear the strain. The poet's 'e
vours after variety' conquer his efforts at unity. Each
extant books might, despite all the author's efforts, be
mistaken for an independent poem. The whole worl
fairly be described as a series of epic poems very loosely
one to another. It is scarcely an organic whole. The am
of scale on which the work was planned, the munifi

detail which burdens each component part, destroys in the reader the sense of epic unity."

Now if Spenser had completed the poem down to the twelfth [illegible] giving a [illegible] haracters, [illegible] completed [illegible] ses in his *letter to Raleigh*, the nucleus of the whole story which is worked out in [illegible] book. [illegible] complete [illegible] properly studied. As it is now, we may take each of the six [illegible] the [illegible] We [illegible] the poem, but unfortunately it is left incomplete. When the poem is only half completed, we cannot expect the emergence of unity. The question of the unity of the poem is out of order. As a story it reads well, however diversified the incidents, and as we read each book, we seem to be little bothered with the question of unity—the story appears to be well-knit, at least to an unsophisticated reader.

**'The Faerie Queene' as an Allegory**

*The Faerie Queene* is in fact a double allegory, as we shall show here. What does *allegory* mean? According to the etymology of the world, allegory means the expressing of one thing by means of another. As such, it will embrace not only the personification of human qualities, which is the ordinary [illegible] the City of Destruction and the Town of Apostasy. But, in addition to the general notion of medieval representation above stated, the word allegory involves also by usage the idea of a narrative. There may be allegories proper and fables. The proper allegory has usually a didactic, but sometimes a sati[illegible]

purpose ; sometimes again, it blends satire with instruction. The author of the famous allegorical satire of *Reynard the Fox* thus describes at the conclusion the didactic intention of his satire : "Let everyone quickly turn himself to wisdom ; shun vice and honour virtue This is the sense of the poem ; in which the poet has mingled fable and truth, that you may be able to discern good from evil, and to value wisdom......for so are things constituted : so will they continue : and thus ends our poem of Reynard's nature and actions." The great majority of the allegorical poems of early English writers have didactic aims, more or less definite. The allegory of the *Flower and Leaf* has the following symbolical meaning, as Speight in his argument expresses it : "They which honour the Flower, a thing fading with every blast, are such as look after beauty and worldly pleasure ; but they that honour the Leaf, abideth with the root notwithstanding the frosts and winter storms, are they which follow virtue and enduring qualities, without regard to worldly respects." Lydgate and Hawes, Dunbar, and Lyndsay wrote allegorical poems, and they just followed the tradition of the day. The great allegorical masterpiece of the Elizabethan period is certainly *The Faerie Queene* of Spenser.

In an allegory the events and persons described are made t have a double meaning—one in relation to real persons, an the other, to vices or virtues. Allegory was the fashion Spenser's time ; and Spenser carried it to a greater extreme th any other poet. In *The Faerie Queene*, that "continued allego or darke conceit," as he calls it, Spenser has what he calls, the philosophical language of his time, a *general intention* meaning) and a *particular intention* Thus *Gloriana* is the Fa Queene in his general intention, and Queen Elizabeth in particular intention ; *Una* is *Truth* on the one hand, an Church of England on the other ; *Duessa* is *Religious Err* the Church of Rome) in general, and Mary Queen of Sc particular ; and *Prince Arthur* is Great-mindedness, or Ma imity (or, as he calls it, *Magnificence*), and also his p Lord Leicester.

We have but briefly indicated the allegorical chara the poem. The best thing to do with the allegory is alone : to read the poem simply as a poem, and the simply as stories. Hazlitt says rightly, "If reader meddle with the allegory, the allegory will not med them. Without minding it at all, the whole is as p

pike-staff." It is true that a reader can better enjoy *The Faerie Queene* without minding its allegorical import. But we have to study the allegory in *The Faerie Queene* because it has both an ethical and political interest. Allegory is a mingling of fable and truth, as we have pointed out above, and as a rule the fable is neglected and the truth emphasised. As Spenser states in his prefatory letter, his purpose is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline. The contest between virtues and vices in which the characters [illegible] directed to the [illegible] in virtuous and [illegible] the virtues which [illegible] to be developed and perfected in their struggles with vices and temptations; it means that the tradition, custom and practice of chivalry, which, in Spenser's age, is falling into decay, are being utilized for allegory.

Before going into a detailed study of the allegory of the poem, we may begin with Oliver Elton's analysis and interpretation:

"Each knight is to go upon his quest, against the corresponding vice; and Arthur or Magnificence, who comprehends all the virtues, is to be ready to strike in at need. These virtues, in the poem, are of very mixed parentage The first, Holiness, is militant Anglican protestant Holiness, and the enemy is Rome, in scarlet unrelieved. A political and ecclesiastical allegor[illegible] pure figure of Una [illegible] Tempe-rance, is Greek. [illegible] firm steelwork of construction, and the different shapes of Anger and Incontinence are symbolised with much nicety It is the most shapely of all Spenser's moral fables. The third, Christian, mediaeval and chivalrous, with the conventional reference to the Queen. The fourth, Friendship, is not a virtue but a relationship in which the virtues flourish; the book is full of beauties, but is not clearly planned. In the fifth, Justice, Aristotle's virtue, is exhibited by Lord Grey's merciless executive in Ireland. In the sixth, [illegible] plified in Sidney; and [illegible] Beast, is the vice of cour[illegible] and Shakespeare, too, in his later plays, seems to have been thus preoccupied; for Harmione and Imogen are the victims"

of calumny. Constancy, in the fragment on Mutability, signifies the divine of fated rule of law, or recurrence, in the universe, typified in the coming round of the seasons. Once more, we are not to look for any harmonising of all these conceptions. The poet is engrossed with each as it comes and with his desire to clothe it beautifully.

"The pattern for a long motley story with many threads crossing and recrossing without confusion, he found in that masterpiece of plastic skill, Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* ; and from Ariosto he also takes many a hint and detail. But the *Furioso* was a romantic epic of adventure ; the ideal aim was wanting, and this it was Spenser's purpose to convey. He had before him a far more symmetrical work than Ariosto's, and one severer in spirit, namely, the *Gerusalemme Liberata* of Tasso ; afterwards translated, as *Godfery Bulloigne* (1600), by his own disciple, Edward Fairfax. Here was the conception of the spiritual quest, and of knightly virtue, which Spenser adapted to his own aim of 'fashioning a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline'. Taking all risks, he uses the machinery of romance to enforce his teaching."

Here it is to be noted how different elements are commingled in shaping the design of *The Faerie Queene*—moral, political and ecclesiastical, then chivalric and Aristotelian. If we take Una, Duessa, and Arthur, we find that Una is both Truth and the reformed Church of England, that Duessa is the Church of Rome and Mary Queen of Scots, and that Arthur is Magnificence and Lord Leicester. Spenser proposes to follow Aristotle's classification of virtues into ethical and political—the ethical virtues being those of an individual or private man, the political being those of a man in his public capacity. In his prefatory letter he says that Tasso made a separation of the two ; now his purpose is to bring them together again. He speaks of Aristotle's private moral virtues, while he deals with seven—Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, Courtesy, and Constancy ; then again, Aristotle's list of virtues differs from his own. Aristotle makes Justice the very perfection of all virtues, while Spenser puts Magnificence in its place. Courtesy is a chivalrous virtue, and with it is associated Detraction or Calumny, which is a vice of the court. Now all these virtues seem to be divergent and unconnected—but it is not so, as will appear from the correlation between them established by H. M. Percival ; "The private

virtues of the individual have regard, first, to God, and next to Man. That virtue by which we love God with all our heart and all our soul and all our mind, is Reverence or Holiness and the struggle consists in resisting the vices typified in the Devil and all his works ; this is the subject of Book I. That by which we keep our minds and bodies undefiled, so as to be a pure and fitting temple of the Holy Ghost, is Temperance, which means the duty we owe to ourselves in order to fit us to discharge our duty to God ; and the struggle here is against the temptation of the world and the flesh ; this is the subject of Book II. The virtues that regard Man are summed up in the commandment to love our neighbour as ourselves ; and when this love [illegible] one of th [illegible] our own [illegible] neighbour, so where love is not, there ill may be and the all-sufficient virtue of the new dispensation has to assume the severer aspect of that of the old, so that when our love for our neigh-[illegible] by the sterner [illegible] eighbour loves [illegible] the fountain of love in us dries not up, but flows in the gentler and more diffused current of Courtesy (Book VI). The progress of the Soul's love for God, thus standing first in the order of the virtues, shows a method more easily traceable, but not therefore more probable, than that order itself just traced ; for allegory is a 'dark conciet', and hides itself from those who do not care to take pains to bring her to light."

We have indicated the general as well as the divergent purpose of the allegory ; now we can study the unfolding of it in Book I.

Canto I : The Knight of the Red-cross typifies Holiness. Holiness is the love of God Una is Truth or the knowledge of God. And they go together. But their union is soon dissevered by evils that come in their way. The point is that holiness is to be tested. First comes the monster, Error, but Error is easily detected by Truth, and is overcome, and retires. Then comes Archimago who typifies Hypocrisy, and Hypocrisy proves a more formidable enemy than Error.

Canto II : *Hypocrisy puts an attractive appearance, and* escapes the sharp eye of Truth, and easily deludes Holiness. So is effected the separation between the Red-cross knight and Una.

And there appear now Sansfoy and Duessa ; Sansfoy is Infidelity and Duessa is Falsehood. The Red-cross Knight falls a victim to them. Infidelity means want of belief in God. The Red-cross Knight is soon able to conquer it. Duessa finally captures the Red-cross Knight, and gives her name as Fidessa.

Canto III : Una (Truth) now meets a Lion, and the Lion stands for *Reason.* Accompanied by the lion, Una follows Abessa (who typifies Superstition) and enters the cottage where Corceca, a blind woman who is Abessa's mother, lives, and Corceca, represents *Devotion.* Then comes Kirkrapine who plunders the Church, and sustains Abessa on the spoils. He is killed by the Lion. Then Archimago reappears, disguised as the Red-cross Knight, and deludes Una. There is an encounter between Archimago and Sansloy (who typifies, *Lawlessness*), and Archimago is disposed of for the time being. Una is now captured by Sansloy. "Such, then, is the fate of divine Truth on earth ; its natural alliance with Holiness, which alone could ensure the performance of the right by right means, being severed, it finds a temporary ally in Reason, which does not scruple to resort to violent means for the compassing of a right end ; is deceived into an alliance with Hypocrisy, impotent of all right action ; and at last, forced into unnatural alliance with Lawlessness that, with a violence greater than that of Reason, seeks to undo it, and all else bearing the stamp of order and rightness."

Canto IV : The Red-cross Knight and Duessa arrive at the Palace of Pride. The Queen of the palace is Pride ; and she has six counsellors, and they are Idleness, Gluttony, Lechery, Avarice, Envy, and Wrath. So here are the Seven Deadly Sins. Sansjoy arrives at the palace, and finds the Red-cross Knight, and discovers the shield of his brother, Sansjoy, borne in a reversed position by the page of the Red-cross Knight, a Dwarf, and challenges the Red-cross Knight. Duessa now goes over to Sansjoy ; that is, there is, an alliance between Falsehood and Joylessness.

Canto V : The Red-cross Knight defeats Sansjoy, but is sorely wounded. The Dwarf still follows him, and the Dwarf typifies Prudence. So cautioned by the Dwarf, the Red-cross Knight escapes from the Palace of Pride.

Canto VI : Una is rescued from Sansloy by fauns and satyrs under Sylvanus. The fauns and satyrs may represent the primitive condition of life with its simplicity and ignorance, and

by reporting the death of the Red-cross Knight in a fight with a pagan. Now Satyrane (typifying Heroism) who accompanies Una, seeks out the pagan (*i. e.*, Sansloy) and has a long fight with him.

**Canto VII :** Duessa pursues the Red-cross Knight, and finds him by the side of a fountain. He Drinks of the stream, and loses all his manly strength. It means the total surrender of the Red-cross Knight to the wiles of Duessa. He is defeated by the giant Orgoglio (who typifies Pride and Tyranny of false religion) ...nd Falsehood go ... are all exemp- ... association with ... is Magnificence

**Canto VIII :** There is the final overthrow of Orgoglio, that is, Carnal Pride by Prince Arthur, who is Magnificence Magnificence means in sense, honour and noble-mindedness, and as such it is an opponent of the mean-spiritedness and vulgarity of Carnal Pride. Then again as Magnificence is the essence of all virtues, Prince Arthur is the one to rescue the Red-cross Knight from the dark dungeon. Duessa (Falsehood) who allied herself with Orgoglio now stands exposed and is expelled.

**Canto IX :** Prince Arthur tells Una his story, as she desires to hear it. It might be instructive to both Una and the Red-cross Knight. Prince Arthur then parts from them. The Red-cross Knight, his purity once impaired, is weak and dispirited, though he is now united again to Una (Truth). Now Despair seizes upon him The Red-cross Knight meets a knight, Sir Trevisan, who leads him to the Cave of Despair. The Red-cross Knight is tempted by speech of Despair to kill himself, and Una withholds him.

**Canto X :** U... of Caelia, and ... Fidelia (Faith) ... training of the Red-cross Knight is now undertaken Fidelia works out the last trace of the influence of Duessa from him ;

and Speranza eliminates all despair from his heart. But he passes through a phase of acute Repentance, which gives him new strength, and then Patience comes to his aid. His conscience is now cured. Una next brings him to Charissa (Charity) for further training, and Charissa entrusts him to the care of Mercy. They bring him to the Holy Hospital. It means that he is initiated into the practice of all Christian virtues. The last stage is Contemplation. Contemplation reveals to him the new Jerusalem ; it is but the prospect of Heaven. He beholds the New Jerusalem, and it is fairer far than Cleapolis, the city of Gloriana, with which he has been so long familiar. Self-knowledge comes to him, and he realizes what his mission in life is going to be.

**Canto XI** : Una now conducts the Red-cross Knight to the tower where her parents lie imprisoned. The Red-cross Knight fight with the dragon (Satan) who keeps Una's parents imprisoned. It is a very tough fight ; his repeated strokes have little effect upon the dragon, while the Red-cross Knight is scorched and signed by the flames that the dragon summons, and is at last flung back into a well. The Red-cross Knight lies all night in the well. It is the fountain of life, lately defiled by the dragon. Next morning the Red-cross Knight wakes up fresh and revived. There is again an encounter between the Red-cross Knight and the dragon. The dragon calls up again raging flames, and the Red-cross Knight is forced to retire. He is saved now by a stream of balm flowing from the Tree of Life. He returns to the fight again, healed of all his smarts and wounds ; and it is the third day of fighting. At last he kills the dragon by driving his sword through his jaws.

**Canto XII** : Now the parents of Una are released. We may read in it the release of the human race from bondage to the Devil. And this, as we see, can be effected by the union of Holiness and Truth. It is at the moment when the Red-cross Knight and Una are going to be betrothed that a messenger (Archimago in disguise) bursts into the hall, and delivers a note to Una's father ; in this note Fidessa claims the Red-cross Knight as her betrothed who has deserted her. Now the Red-cross Knight tells him the whole story of his having been beguiled by Fidessa or Duessa. And Una comfirms it. By the King's order the messenger is seized and thrown into a dungeon. Then the wedlock of the Red-cross Knight and Una takes place. He spends a long time with Una in a perfect happiness, and then

leaves Una to return to the court of the Faerie Queene, as he did promise.

The running allegory, so far as the First Book is concerned, has been expounded above. It reads primarily as a story, and we have to look beneath to get hold of the allegory ; the allegory is suggested by some of the characters or by their names, Spenser has in the background of his mind the reformed Church of England set against the Papacy. Magnificence is conceived as the supreme virtue, and it is typified in Prince Arthur ; and all other virtues are related to it. These are all Christian virtues, such as, faith, hope, charity in which the Red-cross Knight is finally trained, and so his holiness or love of God is confirmed, The long process of struggle with sin and temptation through which the Red-cross Knight has to go through is also a part of the allegory, and through it the story is developed. The blending together of allegory and romance for the fabric of the story has its basis in knighthood, and the First Book tells us of the adventures of the Red-cross Knight who is, as we find, dispatched from the court of Gloriana, to rescue the parents of Una from their bondage, and so Una is the lady-love to whom the Red-cross Knight dedicates himself. It is thus a romance of chivalry.

### 'The Faerie Queene' as a Romance of Chivalry

There are three cycles of romance, and we shall have to go into them after we have looked at the social organisation from which they sprang. These romances deal with the adventures of

find the spirit of adventure in the Scandinavians before they were Christians ; it found its outlet in roving the seas Among the Teutons first developed reverence for women, and this reverence was as much the essence of chivalry as the love of adventure. Disorder and lawlessness broke out on the dissolution of the Roman Empire, and then the necessity arose for reorganisa-

of the weak by the strong—the bond of the vassal and the lord,

later bringing in serfdom, the worst evil of feudalism, as the very basis of feudal organisation. The spirit to adventure and reverence for women were cherished and continued in the feudal ages. Knighthood seemed to have been better organised now. The institution seemed to have been called into existence in lawless times. These were the days when fighting and alarms were a chronic feature, and the common people could not protect themselves against an invading foe. In times of peril they fled to the castles or strongholds, owned by the nobles. To obtain protection the poorer folk became the serfs or villains of their powerful neighbours, and those in turn were the vassals of others still more powerful,—and closely connected with the feudal system was the institution of knighthood.

If the Teutons, Goths, Vandals and Franks brought with them the nebulous form of the knighthood when they overran the Roman Empire, and finally settled in Europe, they soon became Christians, and under the impact of Christianity they were better able to define, extend and develop the institution of knighthood. It will not do to overlook this fact, for while Spenser uses in *The Faerie Queene* the technique of the romance of chivalry, he is interested in the defence of the reformed Church of England and the propagation of the reformed doctrines and precepts in terms of the tradition of chivalry. We should note here that a knight had to go through several stages of training. The education of the knight began at the age of seven, when he was sent to the castle of a nobleman to serve as a page. He received religious instruction from the chaplain, training in arms from the squires, and was taught by his mistress and her ladies to honour and protect all women. He also learned to sing and play on the lute, to hunt and hawk. But, above all else, he learned to ride a horse. At the age of fourteen he became a squire. He now learned to handle sword and lance, and to bear the weight of heavy armour. In addition to other duties, he had now to carve at table, and to accompany his knight to war. He assisted him in putting on the heavy armour. He saw to it that the knightly sword and other arms were polished until they shone. He stood by to give aid in conflict should his lord be overmatched ; to lend his horse should the master lose his own. At the age of twenty-one (as page and squire he had well-acquitted himself) the young man was made a knight. This was an occasion of elaborate-ceremony and solemn vows. After the bath of purification, the candidate for knighthood knelt or stood

all night in prayer before the altar on which lay the precious armour which he would don on the morrow. In the morning there was a religious ceremony, with, perhaps, a sermon on the

accolade. This was a blow upon the neck or shoulder, given by the officiating lord or knight with his first or with the flat of a sword. As he gave it, he said, "In the name of God and St. Michael and St. George, I dub thee knight; be brave and loyal." The ceremony was followed by the exhibition of the young knight's skill in arms The knights were at first pledged to defend the weak and innocent, to honour women, and to fight evils and wrongs. But they were later drafted to the service of the Christian church in the time of Crusades. The order of knight's Templars was founded in the twelfth century. They declared themselves defenders of the Christian faith, and fought against the Saracens to recover the holy places in Pelestine. Now this very idea of the knight fighting against the Saracens and pagans is taken up by Spenser. The Red-cross Knight is made to fight with the Saracens in the First Book of the poem.

Let it be noted that Spenser turned to the institution of knighthood as the framework of his story when it was already decadent, and could naturally draw upon the existing romances of chivalry The Wars of the Roses and of the Holy League in France killed the institution. Spenser must have yearned for the days of chivalry that were no more, and sought to revive the tradition in his poem, centred round the throne of Elizabeth Elizabeth's court was a Protestant court; to Spenser's imagination it
moned to war
court to honour
bethan chivalry

bethan White Horse, with their lemans, and with giants as their allies: Philip II of Spain (Archimago), Queen Mary (Duessa), the Papal power (Orgoglio).

Now we briefly trace the history of the romances. There

were three sources for them—the matter of Britain, the matter of France, and the matter of Rome. From Britain came the tales of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table; from France the tales of Charlemagne and his twelve peers; from Rome came the tales of classical times and of more mysterious places—the story of Troy, the conquests of Alexander, and the marvels of the Orient. Of all these storehouses, the richest by far was the matter of Britain—Wales and Brittany—where for generations, perhaps for centuries, there had been growing up a mass of legend connected with King Arthur. A number of these Arthurian legends were gathered up before the middle of the twelfth century, in a great Latin work, called the *Historia Regum Britannie*, by Geoffrey of Monmouth a Welsh writer who, pretending to write a sober narrative of historical fact, was roundly denounced by many of his own contemporaries for filling his chronicle with the products of his own imagination. The book was immediately translated into French verse by Wace of Jersey, and through this channel came, about the year 1200, into the hands of Laymon, the first writer who treated this material in the English tongue. In his *Brut* Layamon starts with the coming of Aeneas to Italy after the destruction of Troy, and much later comes to the story of King Arthur, to which he makes additions of much importance. The most notable of these are his story of the founding of the Round Table, and the account of the fays who are present at Arthur's birth and who carry him after his last battle to the mystic isle of Avalon. Arthur and his train of great knights, Gawain, Lancelot, Percival, Tristram, and many others soon kindled the imagination of writers and audiences, and appeared as leading figures in scores of courtly or popular romances in England, France, and Germany. Arthur became the incarnation of chivalry. Most of the romances received their first literary treatment in France, the centre of medieval internationalism in culture and literature Almost all the English romances of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are free renderings from French originals. This is true not only of those which deal with continental heroes, like Charlemagne and Alexander, or which tell a tale of continental origin, like *Amis and Amiloun* (a tale of sworn brothers-in-arms) and *Flores and Blancheflour* (a romantic love-story); but also of the Arthur stories, whose source was British, and of the stories of purely English heroes, Bevis of Hampton, and Guy of Warwick.

It is pointed out that love and war as principal motives in romances are taken over by Spenser. In a knight the war-like spirit and love are exhibited on a higher level. It is in the defence of wronged innocence and oppressed weakness that his many daring is used. His love again is devoted to the service of a lady, and is the mainspring of all his adventures, namely, the rescuing of the wronged and oppressed. His noble endeavours are inspired by love, and it is love that radiates from one to many. In the two *Hymnes of Love* Spenser traces the rise of earthly love to heavenly love. In the First Book of [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Sansjoy ; the animal passion of Duessa is contrasted with the purer love of Una. Then there is Prince Arthur, the ideal knight as he is intended to be, and he is guided and controlled by his love for Gloriana. It should be pointed out here that the quest of the Holy Grail (the cup or chalice traditionally used by Christ at the last Supper, and said to have been brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea, and to have mysteriously disappeared) which gave rise to a large body of medieval legends, romance, and allegory might be largely resposible for the elevation of the sentiments of chivalry. We may refer here to such romances—the *Peredur* (Welsh, given in the *Mabinogion*), which is the most archaic form of the Quest story : Wolfram's *Parzifal* (about 1210), the best example of the story as transformed by ecclesiastical influence ; the 13th century French *Percival le gallois* (founded on earlier English and Celtic legends which had no connection with the Grail), showing Percival in his later role as an ascetic hero ; and the *Quete du St. Graal*, which, in its English dress, forms books 13-18 of Malory's *Morte d' Arthur*. It was, however, the French poet, Robert le Boron (who flourished about 1215) who, in his *Joseph d' Arimathie* or *Le Saint Graal*, first definitely attached the history of the Grail to the Arthurain cycle. Percival writes, "They (Arthur romances) depict the daring courage and rude love of the northern type, found in the *Eddas* and the *Nibelungen Lied* ; with a strange admixture of cunning and treachery, no doubt, a real feature of life in those times. This animal chivalry has influenced *The Faerie Queene* in its lower and evil types of

character, marked by reckless daring, unholy love, and insolent pride. The influence exerted by the Grail legends was of a nobler character. Through them the animalism of the earlier legends is elevated into a spiritual atmosphere, and a new type of knights and ladies created, whose deeds of war are endowed with a mystic significance recieve the seal of the Church. Such is the spiritualized Arthur of Spenser—a very different creation from the Arthur of Malory. Spenser's aim was to purify the name of the national hero from the stain that the vices of his court had cast upon him, and present him as the perfect type of the Elizabethan gentleman ; even as his greatest successor has presented him as the 'modern gentleman of stateliest port,' at his second coming."

In the Charlemagne romances the motive of love is dropped; it is all war—war by the Christaians against the Saracens. Spenser might have been influenced by the *Chanson de Roland*, which tells the story of the heroic performance of Roland at the pass of Roncesvalles where he fell after having slain 1,00,000 Saracens. In *The Faerie Queene* there is the issue of the reformed religion *versus* the false religion (the papacy), but there is nothing of the militancy of the Christian warriors that we find in the *Chanson de Roland*. The oriental colour and glamour which are imported into *The Faerie Queene*, might have a Spanish source—and the source is *Amadis of Gaul*. It was a prose romance, supposed to have been written by Vasco de Loberia, with additions by Mantalvo, and by many subsequent romancers, who added exploits and adventures of other knights, swelling the romance to fourteen books. The romance was first printed in 1508, and became immensely popular. The story of Amadis is worth recalling, because it has some parallel to the story of the Red-cross Knight. Amadis, called the "Lion-Knight," from the device on his shield, and "Beltenebros" (*darkly beautiful*), from his personal appearance, was a love-child of Perion, king of Gaula (which is Wales), and Elizena, princess of Britanny. He was cast away at birth and became known as the *Child of the Sea*, and after many adventures, including wars with the race of Giants, a war for the hand of his lady-love, Oriana, daughter of the king of Greece, the Ordeal of the Forbidden Chamber, etc., he and the heroine, Oriana, are wedded Amadis is represented as the very model of chivalry. Here love is motive again, and Amadis is purified by his trials, just as the Red-cross Knight is, and at last as a

reward Amadis is united with Oriana, and the Red-cross Knight, with Una. The oriental colouring and phantasy which mark the Spanish romance, must have been due to the influence of Arabian literature, and partly influenced Spenser too W. J. Courthope regards Spenser's portrayal of a chivalry as a *tour de force* and rather as a fight against the time : "His design was at once ethical and practical, namely, 'to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline' ; and this he proposed to do by portraying 'in Arthur before he was King, the image of a brave Knight, perfected in the twelve private Morall Vertues, as Aristotle hath devised.' But the knight, as such, no longer, in any real sense, formed part of the social organism He had been rapidly vanishing from it [illegible] Christendom in Prussia and Lithuania. So long as it was possible to believe in his existence, men pleased their imagination with reading of the knight's ideal deeds in the romances ; but the time was close at hand when the romances themselves were, necessarily, to be made the subject of just satire. Absolutism had everywhere crushed the energies of feudalism ; the knight had been transformed into the courtier ; and the 'vertuous and gentle discipline', deemed requisite for him in his new spheres was, for the most part, to be found in such regulations for external behaviour as are laid down in Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano*. Courthope quotes from Spenser to show that he himself was aware of dealing with a vinished state of things :

> So oft as I with state of present time
> The image of the antique world compare,
> When as man's age was in his freshest prime,
> And the first blossome of faire vertue bare ;
> Such oddes I finde twixt these and these which are,
> As that, through long continuance of his course,
> Meseems the world is runne quite out of square
> From the first point of his appointed sourse ;
> And being once amisse grows daily wourse and wourse.

*"The 'Faerie Queene' is essentially a Picture Gallery"*

*—Emile Legouis.*

While we consider *The Faerie Queene* mainly as an allegory

it is apt to be forgotten that the poem is immensely rich in pictorial elements. The title—*Pageants*—with which the poet toyed for some time—would have suited the poem better, if he had kept out all allegory. We shall not, however, be justified in saying that Spenser made a wrong choice in giving prominence to the allegory of the poem. He must have followed his own taste and disposition in the matter after all. But he has been able to reconcile his sensuousness and his love of the picturesque and pictorial details to his moral seriousness, and predominantly ethical purpose. Often he is lured away by his love of the beautiful and picturesque, and it is all the worse for his ethical purpose. He could have served a purely poetical purpose if he had been true to the impulse within—the passionate love of boauty (which he must have inherited from the Renaissance) and his rich sharing and fully sensuous imagination. He became involved in the issue of the reformed Church of England against the Papacy and in the cult of chivalrous loyalty and homage to the Queen, as manifested in some of her courtiers, and also in the court intrigue. And he seemed to have done a disservice to his Muse. He follows the general outline of the romance of chivalry, and injects into it allegory—and this makes the matter so complicated. He has the gift of story-telling, and the poem will, no doubt, interest a reader as an entertaining story if his attention is not often distracted by the allegory. He has not been able to maintain a unity of design, as none could have done in such a case. If he had been satisfied merely to emulate Ariosto, he would have done better, for he would have certainly surpassed him in turning out a romance, more poetical, more human, richer in scenes and characters, and in pictorial details. To moralize the song was evidently a misdirection of his energies The technique of Ariosto, which he adopted and which he might have carried to a still higher level with his remarkble gifts, lay bogged in his ethical purpose. His allegory in which morals and politics are harnessed together, is not clearly demonstrated ; nor is the romance of chivalry which he accepts as the framework of his poem logically and continuously developed. For example, King Arthur, who is to be an example of Magnificence, the supreme virtue, is a picture of Leicester ; Artegall who is the personification of justice, stands also for Grey de Wilton, whom Spenser served as secretary. He could keep his allegory free of political

affiliations, and this led to blurring and confusion, unavoidable in such a case, and especially in relation to his stupendous scheme of illustrating each of the twelve private moral virtues in a knight with the necessary complement of adventures. In fact he compromised both the allegory and the romance.

He theorizes about Beauty and Love in his hymns, but as a poet—and he cannot renounce his real avocation—he is fettered by his sense-impressions, out of which a poet can make things of beauty. Spenser might have solely been poet of love and beauty, if he had let alone allegory. While he seems to be obsessed with an ethical purpose, he is dominated by sense-impression, and he can also make the best use of his sense-impressions, translating them into poetry. To his imagination and shaping faculty he adds a narrative and descriptive gift. Any piece of description will confirm the truth We may take the description of Duessa :

> Hee had a faire companion of his way,
> A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
> Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay ;
> And like a Persian miter on her hed
> Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
> The which her lavish lovers to her gave.
> Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
> With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
> Whose bridle rung with golden bels and bosses brave.

We may analyse the technique of the above verse, and then we shall see what accomplishments Spenser brings to his verse. We may first note the harmonic melody—a melody which is long drawn out, and sometimes languorous and enervating. In the first line he uses liquid sounds—*r*, *m*, *n*, ; in the second line *d* has almost an alliterative effe[illegible]t ; the third line has a marvellous effect in combination of labials (*p*, *f*,), guttural (*g*) labials (*l*,*r*,) dentals (*d*, *t*) sibilants (*s*, *h*), and so on And he goes on varying and enriching the melody of verse, and at the same time adds concrete and sensuous details. The sensuous qualities of his verse, including varied melody and concrete details, are most prominent, and that is why he has been called a poets' poet. A poetically-minded person will have a rich feast in his poetry. Spenser [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

eminently the gift of word-painting. Any scene or cha[illegible]ter

he sketches, will dwell indelibly, in the memory. So Emile Legouis writes, "Had he been born in Italy, he might have been another Titian, a second Veronese; born in Flanders, he would have forestalled Rubens and Rembrandt. Fortune made him a painter in verse, perhaps the most wonderful who has ever lived." But Percival who is anxious to defend Spenser's ethical purpose and allegory, writes, "The visions of sensuous beauty and deformity that Spenser's magic power as Poet makes to pass before the eye of the imagination, do not exhaust his purpose until interpreted into the moral ideas of right and wrong, under his guidance as Teacher. Upon this conception of a distinct ethical purpose he builds the plan of his poem, and upon it rests its claim to unity, not of action, it is true, but of design. The ethics is the end and essential form, while the fiction is merely the means and incidental colouring. The richness of this colouring, the daring fight of his fancy, to which the moral purpose seems only to lend greater brilliance and stronger wings, led Campbell to compare Spenser to the most sensuous of allegoric painters, when he called him 'the Rubens of the Poets'; but Spenser himself sinks colour and fancy in the allegory, and ranks his work with those of Homer and Virgil, Ariosto and Tasso, not because their fiction is beautiful, but because their moral purpose is lofty." Here we cannot fully agree with Percival. What Percival says, would have been true if Spenser had been able to subordinate the romance to the allegory. On the other hand, they seem to be at a clash. The story by itself has fascinated some readers, and it does so legitimately for it is arresting in its vividness of description, in its varied character of scenes, incidents and personages and in the continuitry of development, but the allegory will crop up here and again,—and it seems to have disconcerting effect on a reader. It is the richness of his colouring and the winged flight of his fancy that will engross the attention and sensibility of a reader, even an ordinary reader but his allegory comes as an unpleasant interruption We must value Spenser by his poetical qualities, and not by his moral allegorizing. The less attention we pay to his allegory, the better we can enjoy his poetry,—and it is the poetry of a poets' poet.

*The Faerie Queene* is indeed a picture gallery. Spenser's invention and imagination never seem to flag; nor the melody of his verse ever grows monotonous. He is both a painter and musician at the same time, and as such he has been rarely

excelled by any. With his word-painting he marvellously combines the varied word-music This is the supreme excellence of Spenser as a poet. He is an adept at visioning of things and picturing of scenes and characters—and these at once get hold of our mind. *The Cave of Despair* is an allegory, but we are interested in the graphic and elaborate description of it. No trees are there, but withered stocks on the ragge d [illegible] side the cave [illegible] half-hidden [illegible] and staring [illegible] thes patched [illegible] a dead body with a knife sticking in it, and blood gushing from it. It is a sight that may well strike one with shudder. The Red-cr oss Knight is, however, more affected by the speech of the wretched man than by his surroundings. The Red-cross Knight's mind, already shaken by what he has gone through and his mission still unfulfilled, is easily wrought upon by the speech, and he is seized with paralysing despair. It is a framed-up speech, and it might have left a free and innocent mind unscathed. But for the scene and atmosphere evoked, the allegory would seem rather a little strained. It is the succession of scenes, so varied in character and rich in concrete details, that take a grip of the mind ; than again when he describes a person, male or female, he or she is clothed in flesh and blood. It is always as a painter that he sketches a scene or a character. Therefore, Emile Legouis writes, "Many stanzas of *The Faerie Queene* are descriptions of tapestries and pictures, and the line and colour of words competes in them with that on the convases of the mas ters. When Spenser purports to draw a person or a scene from nature, he is still inspired by the painter's method. He is unedingly enthralled by the human body, especially woman's body ; no one of its details wearies his patience or escapes his observa- [illegible] the Red-cross Knight is as much a masterpiece of painting as the nymph Belphoebe." Spenser must have a remarkable gift of visualisation and all the spectacular shows of his time such as [illegible]

he describes, turns into a picture. We shall take one more instance only—and it is the description of Prince Arthur :

> Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
> A bunch of heares discolourd diversly,
> With sprincled pearle, and gold full richly drest,
> Did shake, and seemd to dance for jollity,
> Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
> On top of greene Selinis all alone,
> With blossoms brave bedecke daintily ;
> Whose tender locks do tremble every one
> At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.

**Influence of his Age**

Spenser's interests in current life and his aesthetic temperament were, in fact, too alert to allow him to confine his efforts to the search after moral analogies. Strong as was his moral sense, he was also thrall to his passion for beauty. Few manifestations of beauty either in nature or in art, which fell within his cognisance, could he pass by in silence. He had drunk deep, too, of the ideals peculiar to his own epoch. He was a close observer of the leading events and personages of Elizabethan history, and in defiance of the laws of allegory he wove into the web of his poetry many personal impressions of contemporary personages and movements, which had no just home in a moral or philosophical design of professedly universal application. Duessa, the hateful witch of Falsehood, who endeavours to mislead the Red-cross Knight of Holiness (Bk. I), and seeks another victim in another knight, Sir Scudamore (Bk. IV), is no universal pattern of vice ; she *is* Spenser's interpretation of Mary, Queen of Scots. Sir Artegall, the Knight of Justice is obviously a portrait of Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Deputy of Ireland, whom Spenser served as secretary. Elsewhere there are undisguised references to the poet's painful personal relation with Lord Treasurer Burghley :

> The rugged forehead, that with grave foresight,
> Welds kingdom's causes and affair of state.

Spenser laments that he had incurred this "mighty peer's displeasure" by applying himself too exclusively to tales of love (Bk. VI, Canto xii, stanza 41). Queen Elizabeth herself constantly appears on the scene, and no halo of allegory is suffered

to encircle her. Spenser addresses her in the key of adulation which is a conventional note of the panegyric or princes, but is altogether out of harmony with a broad philosophic tone. The Queen is apostrophised as the main source of the poet's inspiration:

> And thou, O fairest Princess under the sky!
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible] try.

In another passage of [illegible]
Knight of Temperance, [illegible]
books called respectiv[illegible]
*Antiquity of Fairy*, from which the poet pretends to draw a chronicle of the old British kings. He justifies the digression by a rapturous panegyric of 'my sovereign queene, thy realm and race', who is descended:

> From mighty kings and conquerors in war,
> Thy fathers and great grandfathers of old,
> Whose noble deeds above the Northern Star
> Immortal fame for ever hath enrolled.

Nowhere does the fervid loyalty of the Elizabethan find more literal utterance than in Spenser's poem.

However, zealous a worshipper at the shrine of 'divine philosophy', Spenser was deeply moved by the peculiar aspirations [illegible]

woman in the First Book, counting her beads and mumbling her nine-hundred *'Pater nosters'* and nine-hundred *'ave Marias'*, is a caricature of papastry. It is the fruit of the contemporary Protestant zeal which infected Spenser and his circle of friends. The current passion for exploring the New World moves the poet to note how every day:

> Through hardy enterprise
> Many great Regions are discovered,
> [illegible]
>
> The Amazon huge river, now found true;
> Or fruitfullest Virginia who did ever view?

Identifying himself with a popular sentiment of the day, the poet lays stress on the enlightened argument that no limits can be set to the area over which man's energy and enterprise may yet gain sway :

> Yet all these were, when no man did them know
> Yet have from wisest ages hidden been ;
> And later times things more unknown shall show,
> Why then should witless man so much misween,
> That nothing is but that which he hath seen ?

Such digressions and interpolations add greatly to the poem's charm and variety, but they interrupt the flow of the allegorical narrative and frankly ignore the allegorical design.

—*Sidney Lee.*

**Critical Estimates of the 'Faerie Queene'**

In his great poem he had two objects in view—first, the ephemeral one of pleasing the court, and then that of recommending himself to the permanent approval of his own and following ages as a poet, and especially as a moral poet. To meet the first demand, he lays the scene of his poem in contemporary England, and brings in all the leading personages of the day under the thin disguise of their knights and their squires and lady-loves. He says this expressly in the prologue to the Second Book :

> Of Faery Land yet if he more inquire,
> By certain signs, here set in sundry place,
> He may if........................
> And thou, O fairest princess under the sky,
> In this fair mirror mayst behold thy face,
> And thine own realms in land of Faery.

Many of his personages we can still identify, and all of them were once as easily recognisable as those of Mademoiselle de Scudery. This, no doubt, added gently to the immediate piquancy of the allusions. The interest they would excite may be inferred from the fact that King James, in 1596, wished to have the author prosecuted and punished for his indecent handling of his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, under the name of Duessa. To suit the wider application of his plan's other and more important half, Spenser made all his characters double their parts, and appear in his allegory as the impersonations of abstract moral qualities......there is something fairly ludicrous in such a quality as that of Prince Arthur and the Earl

of Leicester, Artegall and Lord Grey, and Belphoebe and Elizabeth.........The reality seems to heighten the improbability, already heard enough to manage. But Spenser had fortunately almost as little sense of humour as Wordsworth, or he could never have carried the poem on with enthusiastic good faith so far as he did. It is evident that to him the Land of Faery was an unreal world of picture and illusion.

"The world's sweet inn from inn and wearisome turmoil," in which he could shut himself up from the actual, with its shortcomings and failures :

> The ways through which my weary steps I guide
> In this delightful land of Faery
> Are so exceeding spacious and wide,
> And sprinkled with such sweet variety
> Of all that pleasant is to ear and eye,
> That I, nigh ravish with rare thought's delight,
> My tedious travail do forget thereby
> And, when I 'gin to feel decay of might,
> It strength to me supplies, and cheers my dulled spright.

Spenser seems here to confess a little weariness ; but the alacrity of his mind is so great that, even where his invention fails a little, we do not share his feeling nor suspect it, charmed as we are by the variety and sweep of his measure, the beauty or vigour of his similes, the musical felicity of his diction, and the mellow versatility of his pictures. In this last quality Ariosto, whose emulous pupil he was, is as Bologna to Venice in the comparison. That, when the personal allusions have lost their meaning and the allegory has become a burden, the book should continue to be read with delight, is proof enough, were any wanting, how full of life and light and the other-worldliness of poetry it must be As a narrative it has, I think, every fault of which that kind of writing is capable. The characters are vague, and even were they not, they drop out of the story so often and remain out of it so long, that we have forgotten who they are when we meet them again ; the episodes hinder the advance of the action instead of relieving it with variety of incident, or novelty of situation ; the plot, if plot it may be called,

> That shape has none
> Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb

recalls drearily our ancient enemy, the Metrical Romance ; while the fighting which, in those old poems, was tediously

sincere, is between shadow and shadow, where he knows that neither can harm the other, though we are tempted to wish he might. Hazlitt bids us not mind the allegory, and says that it won't bite us nor meddle with us if we do not meddle with it. But how if it bore us, which after all is the fatal question? The truth is that it is too often forced upon us against our will, as people were formerly driven to church till they began to look on a day of rest as penal institution, and to transfer to the Scriptures that suspicion of defective inspiration which was awakened in them by the preaching. The true type of the allegory is the *Odyssey* which we read without suspicion as pure poem, and then find a new pleasure in divining its double meaning, as if we somehow got a better bargain of our author than he meant to give us......The moral of a poem should be suggested, as when in some medieval church we cast down our eyes to muse over a fresco of Grotto, and are reminded of the transitoriness of life by the mortuary tablets under our feet. The vast superiority of Bunyan over Spenser lies in the fact that we help to make his allegory out of our own experience. Instead of striving to embody abstract passions and temptations, he has given us his own is all their pathetic simplicity. He is the Ulysses of his own prose epic. This is the secret of his power and his charm that, while the representation of what *may* happen to all men comes home to none of us in particular, the story of any one man's real experience finds its startling parallel in that of every one of us. The very homeliness of Bunyan's name and the everydayness of his scenery, too, put us off our guard, and we soon find ourselves on an easy a footing with his allegorical beings as we might be with Adam or Socrates in a dream. But Spenser's are too often mere names, with no bodies to back them, entered on the Muses' muster-roll by the specious trick of personificatoin. There is, likewise, in Bunyan, a childlike simplicity and taking-for-granted which win our confidence. His Giant Despair, for example, is by no means the Ossianic figure into which artists who mistake the vague for the sublime have misconceived it. He is the ogre of the fairy-tales, with his malicious wife ; and he comes forth to us from those regions of early faith and wonder as something beforehand accepted by the imagination..........Spenser's giants are those of the later romances, except that grand figure with the balances in the second Canto of Book V, the most original of his concep-

tions, yet no real giant, but a pure eidolon of the mind............
"The general end of the book," he tells us in his Dedication to Sir Walter Raleigh, "is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." But a little further on, he
hinks how generously he had
"To some I know this method
I rather have good discipline
delivered plainly in way of precepts or sermoned at large, as

> And whatso else, *of virtue good or ill,*
> Grey in that garden, fetcht from far away,
> Of every one he takes and tests at will,
> And on their pleasures greedily doth pray!

we "can almost say his body thought". This subtle interfusion of sense with spirit is that it gives his poetry a crystalline purity without lack of warmth...... .......... ......

Charles Lamb made the most pithy criticism of Spenser when he called him the poets' poet. We may fairly leave the allegory on one side, for perhaps, after all, he adopted it only for the reason that it was in fashion, and put it on as he did his ruff, not because it was becoming, but because it was the only wear. The true use of him is as a gallery of pictures which we visit as the mood takes us, and where we spend an hour or two at a time, long enough to sweeten our perceptions, not so long as to cloy them He makes one think always of Venice; for not only is his style Venetian, but as the gallery there it housed in the shell of an abandoned convent, so is his in that of a deserted allegory. And again, as at Venice you swim in a
Tintoret,
of his
oats you
lullingly along from picture to picture:

> If all the pens that ever poet held
> Had fed the feeling of their master's thoughts,
> And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
> Their minds and muses on admired themes,

If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness;
Yet should these hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the best
Which into words no virtue can digest.

nser, at his best, has come as near to expressing this un-
inable something as any other poet. He is so purely a poet
t with him the meaning does not so often modulate the music
the verse as the music makes great part of the meaning and
ads the thought along its pleasant paths. No poet is so splen-
idly superfluous as he; none knows so well that in poetry
nough is not only not so good as a feast, but is a beggarly
parsimony. He spends himself in a careless abundance only to
be justified by incomes of immortal youth.........................

In the world into which Spenser carries us there is neither
time nor space, or rather it is outside of hand independent of
them both, and so is purely ideal, or, more truly. imaginary,
yet it is full of form, colour, and all earthly luxury, and so far,
if real, yet apprehensible by the senses. There are no men and
women in it, yet it throngs with airy and immortal shapes that
have the likeness of men and women, and hint at some kind of
foregone reality. Now this place, somewhere between mind and
matter, between soul and sense, between the actual and the
possible, is precisely the region which Spenser assigns (if I have
rightly divined him) to the poetic susceptibility of impression;

To reign in the air from earth to highest sky.

Underneath every one of the senses lies the soul and spirit of
it, dormant till they are magnetised by some powerful emotion.
Then whatever is imperishable in us recognises for an instant
and claims kindred with something outside and distinct from it,
yet in some inconceivable way a part of it, that flashes back on
it an ideal beauty which impoverishes all other companion-
ship.....................

The very greatest poets (and is there, after all, more than
one of them ?) have a way, I admit of getting within our in-
most consciousness and in a manner betraying us to ourselves
There is in Spenser a remoteness very different from this, but i
is also a seclusion, and as agreeable, perhaps quite as whole
some in certain moods when we are glad to get away from ou

selves and those importunate trifles which we gravely call the realities of life. In the warm Mediterranean of his mind everything,

> Suffers a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange. —*J. R. Lowell.*

Few of his admirers can deny that his immortal work would have been the better for less copiousness in language, for less facility in versification. His heavenly gift of fancy, as onward it

> far'd as dauncing in delight,

might have been yet diviner had it known an occasional pause. Frequently it is hard to see the wood for the trees. In his Irish solitude his pure mind was haunted by visions more voluptous than tempted the hermit of the Thebaid. He piled up Ossas on Pilions of gorgeous palaces only fit to be tenanted by fairest damsels,

> rich attir'd
> With golden hands and silver feete beside.

Perilous adventure, joustles adventure, carcasses, generally to be raised to life, are heaped on carcasses, horror on horror, heroism on heroism, until the brain reels bewildered. Moreover, the suspicion of allegory troubles the interest of the story; the archaic language also; besides that, borrowing archaism, he is never frankly archaic. Worst of all, or withal, we miss in the professed disciple of Chaucer the open-air, the nature, the directness of Master.

There the root is of the explanation of the present coldness towards perhaps the most poetical of British poets. While the same cause existed always, for sufficient reasons it did not operate equally of old. For his own, and several generations to follow, which never learnt to read Shakespeare, he was the fountain of romance Every deed of terror, self-sacrifice, conceived by minstrels, forged by monkish chroniclers, he idealized and embalmed in honeyed verse. Imagination, the reader's as well as the writer's wandered about a limitless, enchanted forest-Paradise, or beckoned and wandered through vistas, hardly less lovely of Hell. [illegible] work splendidly fantastic in the [illegible] contemporaries, as to himsel[illegible] were ever prepared to scour the Spanish Main for spoil. Hundreds of glorious failures were pining, writhing in dungeons of the Inquisition. A legion was fighting for the pure Faith in

ie netherlands. Spaniards were raiding Galway. Wild Irishry
irnished a permanent background. We see in his 'View of
ie Present State of Ireland' how he would have dealt with it,
ave clenched a mail hand, and in no velvet glove. Actual dan-
gers and guerdons were not altogether unlike, outside the
Christain symbolism to those encountered and won by the Red-
cross knight, by Sir Guyon, Britomart, Cambel, Artegall, Sir
Calidore. Gloriana's champions were as fierce in spirit, pillaged
and massacred giants and Paynim as ruthlessly, as Elizabeth's
buccaneers despoiled and butchered Dons and Desmonds.
Creatures of Spenser's brain and his royal Mistress's favour held
identical commissions to enter in and possess the gate of
Antichrist.

The great poem satisfied other instincts and cravings in the
century of civil discord which succeeded. It inspired the twelve-
year-old genius of Cowley. In hundreds of manor houses and
personages, its many pages must have afforded a blissful asylum
from the babel of opposing creeds and party strifes. It was a
welcome relief, during the commonwelth, to sour Puritanism
and the Blatant Beast, and the Restoration, to the sensual
allurements of Archimago. During the interregnum for poetry,
of the Georgian Era, the long Dunciad, it was still heard pro-
testing, and not in vain. The deadliest blow against popular
favour for Spenser was struck, less by national insensibility, than
by the growing fiction of life. His poetry would not have been
born amid prosaic modern turmoil, competition of ambition,
topics and interests. For appreciation it wants mental leisure,
and some approach to a monopoly of it. When now, by acci-
dent, or in shame, a volume is opened, it is galloped through,
prodigy of knight-errantry after prodigy. The varying lights,
and shades are all confused and blurred. Work like Spenser's
ought to be read lovingly, as Raleigh or as Wordsworth, faith-
ful to him in age as in youth, would have read him. Such
minutes of a day are, if any, given to him now or can be stolen
from a month's supply of new literature which would have
sufficed once for a reign. —*W. Stebbing.*

Even without *The Faerie Queene*, the beauty and the bulk of Spenser's work would have secured him the first place among Elizabethans other than playwrights. Yet it was *The Faerie Queene* which was his masterpiece. He worked at it for twenty years and left it unfinished at his death. It was his own supreme ambition and supreme pride of England, which confi-

dently fitted this poem, as soon as its First Book appeared, against the most famous epics of ancient and modern times.

It is true that it has not been wholly translated into any language. The insularity of its renown cannot be explained by the fact that it is consecrated to the enhancement of the glory of England and her sovereign, for epics are strictly national by custom. It is the external complexity and the allegorical dress of the poem which have turned readers away from it, even English readers, who give it a formal admiration but hardly glance at it. Its real beauty is screened by its preface, in which the poet explains his virtuous design to make it at once an edifying treatise and a sort of creed in cipher, intelligible only to the initiate. Spenser himself innocently misled the public. [illegible] tion, except to a few unexacting souls, among those who seek doctrine in a book, and he has alienated those who read verse for pleasure.

He would have escaped this neglect had he kept to the first title he had in mind, one much better fitted to indicate the character of his work—*Pageants*, that is decorative pictures, such rhythmic processions and spectacles as the Elizabethans [illegible] this, [illegible] But [illegible] ing a moral lesson to the forefront. Already this tendency was more marked in the English than in continental nations. The English were beginning to take a national pride in their seriousness, as a quality that distinguished them from the southern peoples whom they considered more frivolous and dissolute than themselves. Spenser was the more inclined to this attitude because he wished to emulate Ariosto and counted on superior virtue to enable him to surpass *Orlando Furioso*. He, therefore, abandoned his *Pageants* and wrote a vast allegory in order "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline". Like Ariosto, he created a fairylike chivalry, but he intended each of his knights to represent one of "the XII private moral virtues as Aristotle hath devised". The poet does indeed admit that it would have been better if his message

had been "delivered plainly in way of precepts" but he makes the concession to "the use of these days, seeing all things accounted by their shows, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightful and pleasing to commune sense".

It must be acknowledged that in his first two books his aim of edification is sufficiently fulfilled. The allegory is continuous and the moral constantly to the fore. But in the later books both are obscured and the romance is dominant. Spenser is no longer on a high plane than Ariosto, but walks beside him. Neither as an allegorist nor as a writer of romance does he excel but as the showman of pageants he is incomparable.

He lacks, first, the simple restrained line of a good allegorist. He has not the central idea, the ardent passion or the unity of design which are essential conditions of a powerful and effective allegory. Instead of unity he has complication. His characters are created for more than one purpose, are both moral and historical personages. His King Arthur, in love with the Fairy Queen, is Magnificence—the supreme virtue, which, according to Aristotle, includes all others—and he is also the symbol for divine grace ; moreover he suggests Leicester Elizabeth's favourite. Artegall is justice incarnate and stands at the same time for the severe Lord Grey of Wilton to whom Spenser was Secretary in Ireland. The allegorical story is thus both moral and political. In the first book the adventures of the Red-cross Knight represent, in turn or simultaneously, the Christian soul in quest of truth, the alternatives offered by Protestantism and Catholicism and the advances and lapses of faith in the sixteenth century. At times the reader in search of absolute comprehension and interpretation is bewildered and feels lost. He is reassured only when he tells himself that to understand is not necessary, to gaze is enough..... .........

It certainly is not that his mind is weak, but that his energy is usually reserved for pictures. Here and there, inspired by the occasion, his intellectual vigour breaks forth, as though to vindicate itself. He evinces a penetrating sense of the mystery of memory in his picture of the old archivist crouching in a back chamber in the house of Alma (the temperate soul). With poignant force he represents the tragedy of despair leading to suicide in his famous allegory of the Cave of Despair.

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But such passages are exceptional in the poem and cannot be said to give it its character. The same may be said of the romantic element, which charms intermittently and attains to the exquisite only here and there. Spenser, when he wished to create characters, even in a romance, was impeded by his allegory, which asked not for living beings, but for embodied abstractions. To write a romance was not to fulfil his engagements. He is conscious of this fact and weakened and constra-

[illegible]

only a memory of their wondrous beauty. —*Emile Legouis.*

The humanist, Spenser, surpasses the schoolman, Aquinas, in teaching not through dialectic, but through example. His way is the way of poetry, which subordinates argument to representation... .....In common with the rest of his school, Spenser consistently associated poetry with philosophy, though he would doubtless have concurred with Milton in appraising the former as more simple, sensuous and passionate. If the

—*Bernard E. C. Davis.*

# THE FAERIE QUEENE

## BOOK I

## TEXT WITH PARAPHRASE

# THE FAERIE QUEENE

## BOOK I

### CONTAYNING

*The Legend of the Knight of the Red Crosse, or of Holinesse.*

1 Lo ! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shephards weeds,
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten reeds.
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds :
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng :
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

2 Helpe then, O holy virgin ! chiefe of nyne,
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will ;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights, and fayrest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong :
O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong !

3 And thou, most dreaded impe of highest Jove,
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart :
Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother mylde come to mine ayde ;
Come, both ; and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle jollities arraid,
After his murdrous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

## PARAPHRASE

1. *Here I am who lately under the inspiration of the* Muse wrote a pastoral poem (*Shepheard's Calender*) in accordance with the changes of the season, and now have a task laid upon me, for which I am little fit. It is to exchange the rustic pipe of a shepheard for a trumpet. I shall have to sing of knights and ladies, whose praises were left long unsung. The sacred Muse urges me, humble as I am, to narrate their deeds for the learned folk. Fierce battles and faithful love will be used to point a moral.

2. Clio, chief of the Muses, help this unskilled poet to fulfil the task. Spread out of your desk the old roll of scripts that tell of fairy knights and fairest Tanaquill (Fairy Queen, identified with Elizabeth) whom that noble Briton prince (Arthur) so long sought, and in doing so, went through much hardship and suffering—I must pity his unmerited suffering. May you please aid my poor intellect and refine my expression.

3 And may you, son of Jove and fair Venus, whom everybody dreads so much, who with your unmerciful arrow shot the good knight so skilfully and kindled in his heart the passion of love, lay aside your ebony bow and come to my help with your mother. Come, both of you and bring with you victorious Mars, now disposed to love and harmless mirth after his warring instinct laid at rest.

4 And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright!
Mirrour of grace and Majestie divine,
Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phoebus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile:
which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest dread, a-while!

## CANTO I.

*The Patrone of true Holinesse*
*Foule Errour doth defeate:*
*Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,*
*Doth to his home entreate.*

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruell markes of many' a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield.
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yielde:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

2 And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living ever, him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had.
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

4. And let also the divinely lovely being, model of beauty and majesty, the queen of the greatest island, who sheds her rays like the sun in the world, come with them, and reflect her light upon me, and elevate my thoughts, otherwise too low and humble, so that I may meditate her glory, for she is the them of my humble poesy, which may she, the dreaded sovereign, condescend to lend her ear to.

## CANTO I.

1. A gentle knight was riding on across the plain. He wore a heavy armour and a silver shield, which bore the marks of many battles fought. But till now he had not used, with skill, arms. His angry horse chafed and foamed at the bit, impatient of the control he was subject to. He seemed a fair knight and sat in the saddle, as one ready for combats.

2. And he bore a red cross on his bosom in memory of his lord who died. For his sake he bore the cross, and adored him though dead, as if living for ever. In his shield was inscribed the red cross too as a symbol of his great hope, which aided him. He was loyal and faithful in his word and action But he wore a solemn face. Yet he was afraid of nothing, but was ever dreaded.

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3 Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave :
And ever as he rode his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
Jpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

4 A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low ;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw :
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow ;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by er, in a line, a milkewhite lambe she lad.

5 So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and ever vertuous lore ;
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore
The r scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held ;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld ;
Whom to avenge she had this Knight from far compeld.

6 Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they pas
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain ;
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

3. He was out on a great adventure; it was the greatest that Gloriana had assigned to him so that he might win renown and her favour, which he desired most of all. As he rode on, he had a longing to test his prowess in battle against his enemy, and to win skill and experience His enemy was a horrible and ruthless dragon.

4. A lovely lady rode beside him She was mounted upon a lowly ass whiter than snow, but she was still whiter. She wore a veil, plaited into folds. She had put a black stole over her person, and she looked like one in mourning. She was sad, and sat heavily upon the animal she rode. She had a lurking care in her heart She led a milk-white lamb in a string.

5. She seemed as pure and innocent as the lamb well-practised, as she was, in virtues, she had a royal descent born of ancient kings and queens, who in the past ruled an extensive region from east to west until that hellish dragon raised a tumult and laid waste the whole country, and drove them out To avenge this wrong, she had summoned this knight to her aid.

6. Far behind them came a dwarf He seemed lazy, or worn out with the burden of a bag of necessities that he carried on his back As they went on, the sky was suddenly overcast with clouds, and angry Jove raised a furious storm, accompanied by rain, that poured down on the lovers so fast that everyone was compelled to seek refuge, and so the two fair companions were glad to protect themselves from the rain.

7 Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr.
Fair harbour that them seems; so in they entred ar.

8 And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the brides sweete, harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemed in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never dry;
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all;
The Aspine good for staves; the Cypresse funerall;

9 The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still;
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours;
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The Birch for shaftes; the Sallow for the mill;
The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill;
The faithfull Olive; and the Platane round;
The carver Holme; they Maple seeldom inward sound.

10 Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the blustring strome is overblowne;
When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they nearest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne;
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

7. *Driven to seek shelter, they found* a shady grove not far away, offering aid from the rain-storm ; its lofty trees, laden with branches and foliage of summer, hid the light of the sun, nor could the light of the stars penetrate them. There was a network of paths and alleys inside, worn out by footsteps and leading far away to the interior. It seemed to them a good place of shelter, and they entered it.

8-9. Full of pleasure they moved ahead, hearing the song of birds, which sheltered from the tempest, seemed to defy the pitiless sky. They could admire the trees that stood so straight and high—the pine of which the sailing ships are built, the proud and tall cedar, the elms on which creep the ivy; the poplar which is full of sap, and never goes dry, the oak that furnishes timber for construction of houses, and the lord of the forest, the asp that supplies staves, the cypress, that graces the grave-yard, the laurel which yields wreaths for the conquerors and sober poets, the fir that always exudes gum, the willow, haunted by unhappy lovers, the yew which yields the bow, and the birch which yields the shafts, the sallow planted for the protection of the mill, the myrth noted for its gum, so sweet to the smell and pungent to the taste, the beech from which war-chariots were made in ancient times, the ash that serves so many useful purposes, the olive that gives so much fruit, the plane tree with its wide girth, the holm suitable for carving the maple rotten at the core.

10. In their delight they forgot the long way they were going until the storm had spent itself Now they, desiring to return, missed their way, and wandered along unknown paths far and wide, furthest away from the place to which they wished to return, while they thought that it was the nearest. They began to question their intelligence now, there were so many paths and so many turnings, and they did not know which one to take.

11 At last revolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take that beaten seemed most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about ;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a *hollowe cave*
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courses brave,
And to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.

12 'Be well aware,' quoth then that Ladie milde,
'Least suddanie mischiefe ye too rash provoke :
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts. Oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show : therefore your stroke,
Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made.'
'Ah Ladie,' (sayd he) 'shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade :
Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to wade'.

13 'Yea but' (quoth she) the perill of this place
I better wot then you : though nowe too late
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisedome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe. ere forced to retrate.
This is the wandring wood, this *Errours* den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate :
Therefore I read beware.' Fly, fly !' (quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfe) 'this is no place for living men.'

14 But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull Knight could not for ought he staide ;
But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
And looked in : his glistring armor made
A little glooming light, much like a shade ;
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

11. At last with a resolve to go forward till they found some way out, they chose a path that seemed well-trodden, and likely to get them out of the intricate maze. By tracking the pathways all about they arrived at a hollow cave in the densest woods. The knight got down from the horse, and handed his spear to the dwarf.

12. The mild lady then said, "Be careful lest, you are tempted by some sudden mischief. The hidden danger, the unknown and wild place, may well rouse suspicion. Often there is a fire without smoke, and a peril which lurks. Therefore, do not lift your sword, knight, until you know better," "Ah, lady!" he said, "it would be a shame to retrace our steps for a hidden danger. Virtue lends light where darkness conceals the pathway."

13. "Yes, but," she said, "I know the danger of the place better than you do, though now it is too late to wish that you should retreat with disgrace, yet wisdom warns us that when we have run right into peril, we may stop before we are forced to retreat. This is a rambling wood, and it is the den of Error. She is a vile monster, hated alike by God and man. Therefore, I caution you." The fearful dwarf then cried, "Fly, fly: this is no place for living men."

14. But bold and hardy and eager to fight as the knight was, nothing could stop him. He entered the dark cave, and looked in His bright armour cast a gleaming light there, much like a patch of luminous shade, and he could see the ugly monster plainly She looked a serpent stretching out at full length, one-half resembling a woman—most lothsome, filthy, foul, and contemptible.

15 and, as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
A thousand young ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs ; each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored :
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

16 Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head ; whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe ;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

17 Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept
As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay :
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay ;
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst :
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

18 Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd ;
Yet kindling rage her self she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly bodie raized
With doubled forces high above the ground :
Tho, wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine !

15. As she lay on the ground, her long tail overspread the whole cave, while it was coiled in many folds, equipped with a deadly sting. She daily fed a thousand young ones of hers; each one of them differing in shape, was sucked at her poisonous dugs, all misbegotten. As soon as the strange light fell upon them, they crept into her mouth, and disappeared.

16. Their mother started up in fright from her den, and rushed forth casting her horrid tail about her cursed, and it was now stretched forth without a fold. She looked about, and seeing a man, clad in mail, retreated, for she hated light as death, being ever used to lonely darkness, where none could see her, nór she anybody clearly.

17. The bold knight, perceiving her movement, sprang upon her as a fierce lion upon its prey, and held her from turning back with her sharp sword. Then in fury she began to bawl, and lifted her spotted tail with the threat to sting him so that he might be frightened. But not at all afraid his arm, and the stroke descended from her head down into her shoulder.

18. She was confounded by that stroke; yet with doubled rage, she pulled herself together, and lifted at once her grisly body high above the ground, and wreathing the tail round about, hurled herself upon the shield, and enfolded him in her tail, and he could no more move his hand or foot. May God help the man who is caught in the snare of Error!

19 His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, 'Now, now, Sir knight, shew what ye bee;
And faith unto your force, and be not faint;
Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee.'
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high disdaine;
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

20 Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe.
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

21 As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But, when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly femall, of his fruitful seed;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may no man reed.

22 The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That, welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, he can no lenger fight:
Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrinke,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

19. His lady, distressed to see him so hard-pressed, cried out, "Now it is the time for you to show what stuff you are made of; trust in your strength and do not lose heart; strangle her, or she will surely strangle you." When he heard this, he was sore perplexed, and his wrath made him fret in grief and contempt. He applying all his strength, released on hand, and gripped her throat and the pain inflicted was so great that she was forced to relax her bonds.

20 Then she spat out dark and deadly poison and lumps of flesh which emitted such a stinking smell that he relaxed his grip, and turned back from her It was books and papers with loathsome frogs and eyeless toads that she vomited—and the latter crept about in the rank grass. The whole place was stained with her vomit.

21 As when the father Nile rises in flood in season, and runs into the valley of Egypt, his waves, depositing rich slime, flood every plain and valley, but when the waves recede, huge heaps of mud are left behind, in which generate thousands of creatures, male and female, and they have ugly monstrous shapes as nowhere may be met.

22 The monstrous shapes so irritated the knight that, with the stinking smell in his nose, his strength failed him—and he could no longer fight. When the monster perceived it, she let out of her womb her hellish children—and they were mis-begotten creatures, foul and black as ink, and the crawled about his legs, and clogged his movement, but could do no harm to him.

23 As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which does byte their hasty supper best ;
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest ;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

24 Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolved in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin ;
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body, full of filthie sin,
He raft her hateful heade without remorse :
A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her corse.

25 Her scattered brood, soone as their Parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare
Gathred themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth ; but being there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mothers bloud,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

26 That detestable sight him much amazde,
To see th' unkindly Impes, of heaven accurst,
Devoure their dam ; on whom while so he gazd
Having all satisfide their bloudy thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
And bowels gushing forth : well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life the which them nurst !
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should contend.

23 As when a gentle shepherd, in the evening when the sun is setting in the west, stands high on a hill, and watches his flock as they are at their supper, he is pestered by a swarm of gnats, all attacking him which their stings so that he finds rest nowhere except by sweeping them off with his rustic hands and thus stopping their buzzing.

24. Thus hard-pressed and more afraid of shame than of the actual risk he ran, half in rage he came rushing to his enemy, determined to win at any cost, or to lose before he would give over. He struck at her with all his mighty force till at last he severed her head from her body so foul, and a stream of coal black blood gushed forth.

25. Her children, when they saw their dear mother falling, all shaken, to the ground and, dazed with fear, gathered about her hoping that they would be able to get in again through her wide mouth, but since they could not enter her body again, they applied themselves to her bleeding wound, and sucked up her blood, sustaining themselves on her death

26. The knight was amazed by this hateful sight of the unnatural children who were under the curse of heaven, and feasted on their dead mother As he looked on, when they had drunk full, their bellies burst and their bowels ripped open. Thus they died—a fate which they well deserved for having drained off the very life which nursed them. The knight needed taking no more trouble since the enemies had killed themselves.

27 His Lady, seeing all that chaunst from farre,
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie ;
And saide, 'Faire knight, dorne under happie starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye,
Well worthie be you of that Armory,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie,
Your first adventure : many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may !'

28 Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend.
That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,
Ne ever would to any byway bend,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out o' the wood them brought.
So forward on his way(with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought :
Long way he traveiled before he heard of ought.

29 At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray ,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had :
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voide o malice bad ;
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent

30 He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was ;
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
'Ah ! my dear sonne,' (quoth he) 'how should, alas !
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldy trouble tell ?
With holy father sits not with such thinges to mell.

27. His lady watched from a distance all that had happened, and now drew nearer to great the victor, and said, "Fair Knight, born under a lucky star, you have done credit to your armour when you see your foes vanquished at your feet. You have won great glory to-day, and tested your strength on a great enemy. It is your first endeavour. I pray that many such adventures may come your way and you may be crowned with similar success."

28. Then he mounted his horse again, and traced his way backward with the lady, following the well-troddden path, nor would he turn to any by-path, and so at last they were able to come out of the wood. He now pursued his way onward with God to help him, and sought fresh adventures He travelled long before he stumbled on any.

29. At last they happened to meet an old man who was clad in black, his feet all bare, his beard turned white, a book hanging by his belt. He seemed wise and serious, and kept his eyes diligently bent to the ground. He seemed simple in manners and free of malice ; he prayed as he walked on, and often beat his breast as in repentance.

30. He greeted the knight fairly, bending low, and the knight returned the greeting, and then asked him whether he could direct him to any bold adventure. He replied, "Ah, my dear son, how should a stupid old man, who lives in a dark cell, counting his beads all day to expiate his sins, tell anything of battle and strife in the world ? A holy man does not meddle with such things.

31 'But if of daunger, which hereby doth well,
And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrie, farre and neare.'
'Oh such,' (said he,) 'I chiefly doe inquere,
And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare ;
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.'

32 'Far hence' (quoth he) 'in wastfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.'
'Now,' (saide the Ladie,) 'draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be ; for what so strong,
But, wanting rest, will also want of might ?
The Sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the Ocean waves emong.

33 'Then with the Sunne take, Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin :
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best.'
'Right well, Sir knight, ye have advised bin,'
Quoth then that aged man : 'the way to win
Is wisely to advise ; now day is spent ;
Therefore with me ye may take up your In
For this same night.' The knight was well content :
So with that godly father to his home they went.

34 A little lowly Hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people that did pas
In traveill to and froe : a litle wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
His holy thinges each morne and eventyde :
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

31. "If you desire to hear of danger and evil brewing hear, I can tell you of a strange man who lays waste the country here far and wide." The knight said, "I want to know of such things and you will do well to show me the place where this wicked fellow lives, for it is a disgrace to a knight that a fellow like this should be permitted to live so long.

32. He said, "Far away from here he lives in a dreary waste by which no living person can pass except at a great risk." The lady said, "Night is coming on, and I know well that you are worn out by your late fighting, and you cannot do without rest. Even the sun that journeys across the heavens all day long, gives rest to his horses at night in the caves of the ocean.

33. "Like the sun, knight, take your due rest and y .u may begin your new adventure with the new day. Peaceful night will help one to good counsel." The aged man then said, "Knight, you have been well-advised. Good advice is the way to success. Now the day is spent. You may take rest with me for the night." The knight was contented to follow the advice. So he went to his home with the holy man.

34 It was a humble hermitage in a valley, hard by a forest, far removed from people who ravelled to and fro. A chapel had been built a little away, and in it the hermit said his prayers each morning and evening. But it flowed a clear stream, which sprang from a sacred fountain.

35 Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne look for entertainment where none was ;
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas ;
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas
He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before.

36 The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast ;
And the sad humor loading their eyeliddes,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them biddes,
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes :
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes ; and there amiddes
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy minds.

37 Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame ;
With which, and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame ;
And cursed heven ; and spake reprochful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light :
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead night ;
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

38 And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of Sprights, the which, like little flyes
Fluttring about his ever-damned hedd,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friendes, or fray his enemies,
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes :
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by him selfe staide, other worke to doo.

35. They entered the little house, expecting little entertainment, for it could provide but none All they longed for was rest, and just to have their own way. The noblest mind is the best contentment. They passed the evening in good conversation for that old man could talk pleasantly and graciously. He told of Saints and Popes, and threw in an *Ave-Maria* in between.

36. The night stole on them, and their eyes drooped in sleep. Morpheus cast his spell on them It was time for them to retire. The old man led them to their bed-rooms. When they found that they were all deep in sleep, he went to his study, and with his magic books and art of necromancy he resorted to charms to disturb the sleeping minds.

37. He made verses out of a few too horrible words chosen —let none read these words : with such spells he bad Proserpine, Pluto's wife, wake, and blasphemed God. He must be a bold bad man who could summon Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead night, whose name would make the Cocytus shake and put the Styx to flight

38 Soon he summoned from the deep darkness innumerable spirits, which kept fluttering like flies about his bed, and waited to be employed by him either to help his friends or to frighten his enemies. He chose two out of these spirits, and they were the falsest, and most skilled in inventing seemingly true lies. To one of them he gave a message ; the other he kept by himself to do some other work.

39 He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is ; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

40 Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd burnisht Yvory,
The other all with silver overcast ;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly.
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowise fit he findes : of nothing he takes keepe.

41 And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne.
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard ; but carelesse Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimyes.

42 The Messenger approaching to him spake ;
But his waste wordes retournd to him in vaine :
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch ; but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

39. The spirit, making his way through the dispersed air the region of deep and wide water, made for the house of Morpheus. He lived deep down in the earth where the light of the sun could never penetrate ; there Tethys ever washed his wed bed, and Cynthia ever bathed his sunk head in silver dew, while solemn night kept her black mantle spread over him.

40. The spirit found his double gates locked fast—the one made of burnished ivory, and the other encased in silver, and vigilant does ever kept watch, keeping away Care from the abode of Morpheus, for Care often troubles gentle sleep. The spirit passed by them quietly and came unto Morpheus, and found him sunk in deep sleep, for he reckoned of nothing.

41. A stream came trickling down from a high rock to steep him in gentle sleep, and a drizzle of rain, mixed with the murmur of the wind, like the sound of a swarm of bees, put him into languid sleep. No noise nor the shouts of people that trouble the town might be heard there. There lay care free Quiet, locked in eternal silence, far from all enemies.

42. The messenger approached him and spoke, but his words unheard returned to him. He slept soundly that nothing could awake him. Then he rudely shook him till he stretched himself, but he kept shaking him hard till he was compelled to speak like one caught in a dream, whose dull brain seemed to be possessed with uneasy thoughts and languid fancies He muttered, but would not break his silence.

43 The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate : whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lompish head, with blame
Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
'Hether' (quoth he,) 'me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.'

44 The God obayde ; and, calling forth straight way
A diverse Dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of careful carke ;
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
He, backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke ;
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

45 Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight :
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was night beguiled with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

46 Now, when that ydly dreame was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily :
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

* * * *

43. The spirit began to wake him still more rudely, and threatened that he would summon Hecate. Now he began to tremble, and raising his dull and heavy head, asked him half angrily, as if to blame him, why he had come there He said, "Archimago, who rules the self-willed spirits, bids you send him, for his purpose, a false dream that can totally bemuse the sleepers "

44. Morpheus obeyed the command and called forth a fitful dream out of the dark prison, and delivered it to him. He laid down his dull head which no care could trouble, and his senses were steeped in sleep again. The spirit, returning by the ivory door, leapt into the air as light as a lark, and carried the dream, enclosed in his wings, and came straight to his lord.

45. His lord had in the meantime, by his magic spell, made a lady, all composed of light air She was so lively and charming that she could have easily enthralled the sense of a man. The maker himself was enchanted by the sight. She was clothed in white, and a black stole, like that of Una, was cast upon her.

46. When that frivolous dream was brought to him, he sent the dream of the fairy knight who was in sound sleep without an evil thought, and his imagination was tainted by false show according as the dream had been devised to do. And the lady who had been created out of the due course of nature and endowed with all the willingness of her creator, was taught by him to imitate Una, whose semblance she feigned.

* * * *

## CANTO II

*The guilefull great Enchaunter parts*
*The Redcross Knight from Truth :*
*Into whose stead faire falshood steps,*
*And workes him woefull ruth.*

1 By this the Northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre
That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To al that in the wide deepe wandering arre ;
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill,
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill :

2 When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright,
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tel
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night :
Who, all in rage to see his skilful might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine,
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright :
But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes againe.

*　　　*　　　*　　　*

7 Now when the rosy fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hills Titan discovered,
The royall virgin shook off drousy-hed ;
And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each howre :
hen gan she wail and weepe to see that woeful stowre.

## CANTO II

1. By this time the consetellation, Bootes, had set with the seven stars in the tail of the Greater Bear behind the Pole star that never dips in the sea, but sends its light from far to the moriners at sea. And the gay cock with his shrill cry had warned once that the Sun's flaming chariot was climbing up the eastern hill after night had so long usurped his reign.

2. When those damned spirits of hell, the deceitful dream, and the lady who was *created so seeming fair, came to their* wicked master, and reported that their pains had been wasted and that they *had not the desired success, he was filled* with rage that his art had gone wrong, and threatened them with penalty in hell and the wrath of Proserpine in order to frighten them ; but when he saw that they took little notice of his threat, he planned again in his mind, and looked into his magic books.

*   *   *   *

7. Now when the dawn, parting from Tithonus, cast her red reams in the dewy air, and the sun bared to view the hills, the royal maid shook off her sleep, and rising out of her humble room, looked for the knight who had already departed, and was now far away, and looked for the dwarf too who used to attend upon the knight every hour. Then she lamented the distress she found herself in.

8 And after him she rode, with so much speede
As her slowe beast could make ; but all in vaine,
For him so far had borne his light-foot stede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdain,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine :
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest ;
But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whome she loved best.

9 But subtill Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandering in woods and forrests,
Th' end of his drift, he praisd his divelish arts,
That had such might over true meaning harts :
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts ;
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

0 He then devisde himselfe how to disguise ;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make :
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell ;
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O ! who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of Magick spel ?

11 But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest :
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield ; upon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
A bounch of heares discolourd diversly.
Full jolly knight he seemde, and wel addrest ;
And when he sate upon his courser free,
Saint George himself ye would have deemed him to be.

8. She rode after the knight with as much speed as her slow beast could carry her, but it was all in vain for by this time his swift horse had borne the knight far away as he had spurred on to the best speed in his anger and lofty contempt. It would be but wasted labour to pursue him. But Una would not pause in her search for him, however weary she might have grown She made her way through every hill and valley, every wood and plain, looking for the knight. She was deeply hurt that the knight whom she loved best, should have deserted her so unkindly.

9. But crafty Archimago, when he saw his guests parted and Una wandering alone in the woods, which was the purpose he had in view, he admired his magic which could have such an adverse effect on loyal hearts. But he was not going to stop there ; he had other means by which he would persecute her, for he hated Una as a vile snake, and took delight in all her pains

10 Then he planned to disguise himself, for by means of his art he could take as many shapes seemingly real as ever Proteus could take Sometimes he would be a bird, sometimes a fish in the lake ; now he would be a fox, now a cruel dragon, and sometimes he would get a fright of the shape he had assumed, and run away from it. None can tell of the secret power of herbs and the potence of enchantments.

11. Now it seemed best to him to put on the semblance of the knight, his late deluded guest. He dressed himself in strong armour and bore a silver shield on his breast, though he was but a coward, a bloody cross, and on his head he wore a bunch of hair, diverse in colours. He seemed a fairly bold knight, fully armed And when he sat upon his swift-footed horse, he might have considered himself the very St. George.

12 But he, the knight whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare:
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin, all armde to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
*Sans foy*; full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

13 Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold a pearle of rich assay;
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave.
Her wanton pelfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bels and bosses brave.

14 With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce.
She intertainde her lover all the way;
But, when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,
She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray,
His foe was right at hand. He, pricket with pride
And hope to winne his Ladies hearte that day,
Forth spurred fast: adowne his coursers side
The red bloud trickling staind the way, as he did ride.

15 The knight of the Redcrosse, when him he spide
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride.
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That, daunted with theyr forces hideous,
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand:
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebutte, and ech to other yealdeth land.

12. But the knight whose shape he aped, the very champion of St. George, had now travelled a long distance, in order to escape the troubled thoughts and jealous fear. He was directed by his self-will, and distracted by grief. At last he happened to meet on his way a Saracen infidel, fully armed whose shield carried the inscription *Sans foy*. He was of a strong build, and cared neither for God nor for man.

13. He had a fair companion by his side—a lady, dressed in scarlet, wearing gold and pearls of rich value, who had a head-dress on like one the Persians wore, and it was decorated with crowns and ornaments. These were the gift of her spendthrift lovers. Her prancing horse was covered with tinsel trappings with a wave-like texture, and the bridle rang like bells.

14. With amorous sports she delighted her lover all the way. But when she was the knight lift up his spear, she stopped her dallying, and urged her own knight to prepare to fight. His enemy was within approach He spurred on his horse, hoping to win the favour of his lady that day. The blood squirted from the side of his horse, and marked the passage as he spurred on.

15. The Redcross knight, seeing his enemy dash at him with fury, held his spear ready, and advanced to meet him. Their encounter was so impetuous that their horses staggered under them, and stopped bewildered ; and the riders too recoiled from the shock of their strokes, and each yielded place to the other

16 As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meete, that, with the terror of the shocke,
Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

17 The Sarezin, sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who will it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissaunce envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to perce; repining courage yields
No foote to foe: the flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields;
And streams of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

18 'Curse on that Cross,' (quoth then the Sarazin,)
'That keepes thy body from the bitter fitt!
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt:
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
And hide thy head.' Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageously he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing downe his shield from blame him fairly blest.

19 Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive;
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe alive,
With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whither the soules doe fly of men that live amis.

16. As when two rams, full of the spirit of rivalry, fight to have leadership over the flock, and their horns clash so fiercely *that each is brought to a standstill, forgetting* all about the victory each craves for, so each of the knights stood as still as a rock, and each stared fiercely at the other, holding idly the broken spear in hand.

17. The Saracen, shaken deeply with the repulse, snatched at his sword, and ran upon the Redcross knight. The latter averted the stroke, and launched into attack, returning blow for blow. Each envied the might of the other, and aimed at piercing through the mail armour of the enemy. None, however mortified, would yield an inch of ground to the other. Sparks of fire shot from their shields, as from a forge, and blood from them stained the green fields.

18. The Saracen cursed the red cross that kept the knight immune from that harm. He shouted, "You had been dead long ago but the charm that protected you. I bid you sit firm in the saddle, and meet my charge. He smote fast and hard upon the knight's crest, and a part of it was lopped off, and it came sliding down the shield, and saved the knight from any hurt.

19. The knight, now full of indignation, revived his slumbering courage, and aimed his stroke at his helmet, and his sword ripped upon the helmet and pierced his head. He came tumbling down from the horse to the earth with blood gushing out of his mouth ; his spirit, reluctant to part with his flesh, at last departed where the souls of the wicked go.

20 The Lady, when she saw her champion fall
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure.
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay;
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

21 Shee turning backe, with ruefull countenaunce,
Cride, 'Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty wil!' Her humblesse low,
In so ritch weedes and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart;
And said, 'Deare dame, your suddein overthrow
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
And tel both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.'

22 Melting in teares, then gan shee thus lament.
'The wretched woman, whom unhappy hower,
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to thy power,
Was (O! what now availeth that I was!)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pas.

23 'He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the onely haire
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage:
Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was never prince so meeke and debonaire;
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honors staire
Into the hands of hys accursed fone,
And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone.

20. The lady, when she saw her knight fall like the ruins of a broken tower, did not pause to lament his death, but ran away from the knight with all her might and the knight hastily follwed her. Bidding the dwarf bring away the Saracen's shield as a symbol of victory, the knight soon came up to the lady and bade her stop, for the late fighting between the two could be no cause of fear to her.

21. She, turning back with a piteous face, cried, "Sir be *pleased to show mercy to a foolish woman, a victim of unhappy* circumstances, and now subject to your will." Her humility, *as contrasted with her rich garments and fair beauty, made an* impression upon the brave knight. He said, "Dear lady, your *bad luck moves me to pity, but you can dismiss all fear, and tell* me both what you are, and what your champion was."

22. With tears running from her eyes, she thus lamented. "The unhappy woman whom circumstances have placed under your will—before the heavens frowned upon her, and fortune played false with her—was (but what is the use of recalling the past?) born the only daughter of an emperor who ruled all the western dominion and had the seat of his empire in the region through which the Tiber flows.

23. "*He betrothed me when I was in the bloom of youth* to the only heir of a mighty king, very rich and wise. No prince *was more loyal and fair, nor so meek and gracious. But before* the day of wedding arrived, my lord, to his dishonour, was captured by his enemies, and slain. I shall ever mour[illegible]

24 'His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convaid,
And fro me hid : of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid !
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
With love long time did languish, as the striken hind.

25 'At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
To meete me wandring ; who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win ;

* * * *

There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sans foy,
The eldest of three brethren ; all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sans joy ;
And twixt them both was born the bloudy bold Sans loy.

26 'In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
Now miserable I, Fidessa, dwell,
Craving of you, in pitty of my state,
To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well.'
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eies her face to view :
Then his dull eares to heare what shee did tell ;
And said, 'faire lady, hart of flint would rew
The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

27 'Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe that did you molest ;
Better new friend than an old foe is said.'
With chaunge of chear the seeming simple maid
Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,
And yeelding soft, in that she nought gainsaid,
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
And shee coy lookes : so dainty, they say, maketh derth

24. "His body, with the living breath departed, was afterwards, I know not how, concealed from me. When the news of his unrighteous death reached me, an unhappy maid as I was, I was stricken with heavy sorrow. Then I set forth to discover his dead body, and wandered for many years in the world—a virgin widow who long pined with love, not to be hers again.

25. "At last this Saracen happened to meet me wandering about. He captured me, but could not win my will.

* * * *

New he lies there, dying in dishonour, who, while living, was called the proud Sans foy, the eldest of three brothers, all three born of a bad father, the youngest being Sans joy, and Sans loy coming in between.

26. "I, Fidessa, live in this unhappy and friendless state, and beg of you to do no evil to me, if you are pleased to do little good to me." The knight in a state of great emotion, scanned her face, and strained to hear all that she had to say. He said, "Fair lady, a flint heart would feel pity for you in your miseries."

27. "Henceforth you may discard all fear since you have found a new friend to help you, and lost an old enemy who troubled you. It is said that it is better to have a new friend in place of an old foe." With a change of glance she cast her eyes down in modesty to the earth, and made a show of yielding mildly, and said nothing in contradiction So they rode together, he seeming to be merry, and she looking shy and timid. Her very coyness made her all the precious.

28 Long time they thus together traveiled ;
Til, weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast ;
And their greene leaves, trembling with every blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round :
The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast,
Under them never sat, ne wont their sound
His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky ground.

29 But this good knight, soone as he them can spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastly got :
For golden Phoebus, now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide ;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

30 Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purposes, there as they sit ;
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that lived yit ;
Which to expresse he bends his gentle wit :
And, thinking of those braunches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough ; out of whose rifte there came
Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

31 Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
Crying, 'O ! spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard ;
But fly, ah ! fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap that happ'ned to me heare,
And to this wretched Lady, my deare love ;
O, too deare love, love bought with death too deare !'
Astond he stood, and up his heare did hove ;
And with that suddein horror could no member move.

28. They travelled thus for a long time ; at last they arrived at a place where grew two trees with outspreading branches, and overgrown with moss ; their green leaves, moved by the breath of air, made a good shade far around. The fearful shepherds never sat under them, nor would play on their pipe there, but kept away from that cursed ground.

29. But this good knight, as soon as he saw the shady trees, hastened there : the sun was high in the sky, and shed boiling heat that no living creature could stand. His new lady could least endure it. They got down there, hoping to shelter themselves from the burning heat of the sun and rest their weary limbs.

30. Each entertained the other in the most pleasant and decent way. They sat there with no evil purpose in their mind. And he took her to be the fairest creature in his abused fancy, and spent his wit in complimenting her. He plucked a branch from the tree to make a garland for her gracious forehead ; and blood came streaming from the slit made by the breaking of the branch.

31. And then a painful wail was heard, and it cried, "Oh do not rip open my sides, protected by the bark, by laying violent hands upon me. Get away from here lest you meet with the same accident that happened to me and to my beloved : it was love that was paid for in miserable death." The knight was amazed to hear this ; his hair stood on end, and in the grip of sudden horror he could not move his limbs.

32 At last whenas the dreadfull passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake,
Yet *musing* at the straunge occasion,
And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake ;
'What voice of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,
Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltless blood to spare ?'

33 Then, groning deep : 'Nor damned Ghost.' (quoth he,)
'Nor guileful sprite to thee these words both speake ;
But once a man, Fradubio, now a tree ;
Wretched man, wretched tree ! whose nature weake
A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,
Where Boreas both blow full bitter bleake,
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines ;
For though a tree I seme, yet cold and heat me paines.'

34 'Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree.'
Quoth then the Knight ; 'by whose mischievous arts
Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see ?
He oft finds med'cine who his griefe imparts,
But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
As raging flames who striveth to suppresse.'
'The author then,'(said he)'of all my smarts,
Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse,
That many errant knights hath brought to wretchednesse.

35 'In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
The fire of love, and joy of chevalree,
First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
To love this gentle Lady, whome ye see
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree ;
With whome, as once I rode accompanyde,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire Lady by his side,
Lyke a faire Lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde,

32. When the emotion of fear had subsided, and his courage had revived, he still meditated on the event, and doubted his *sense of reality*. He thus spoke, "It must be the voice of a damned spirit from Limbo, or a wily spirit wandering in the air, which often may mislead weak men, that addresses these words to my sceptical ear with piteous complaints, forbidding me from plucking the branch with a guilty hand."

33. Then the voice in a groan replied,"It was no damned spirit or a wily one that addresses these words to you. It was once a man, Fradubio, now changed to tree ; it was a witch, to wreak her wrath upon his weak nature, who thus changed him and put him where the north wind blows with a biting cold, and where the burning sun ever torments me. Though I may seem a tree, I am susceptible to cold and heat."

34. Then the knight said,"Tell me, Fradubio, whether a man or a tree, by whose harmful art you have been thus transformed, as I now see. There may be a remedy for him who makes no secret of his troubles. If one conceals one's trouble, he is doubly afflicted as in suppressing a flame that rages all the more." He then replied, "The cause of all my trouble is one Duessa, a false enchantress, who has brought many travelling knights to woe."

35. "*In my early youth, when manly courage inspired in* me love and delight in knighthood, I happend to love this gentle lady, whom now you see transformed into a tree. Once when I happened to ride with her, I met a knight *who had a fair lady* as his companion ; she looked a fair lady, but she was Duessa in disguise."

36 'Whose forged beauty he did take in hand
All other Dames to have exceeded farre;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the Morning starre,
So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre,
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare: such is the dye of warre.
His Lady, left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

37 'So doubly lov'd of ladies, unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede:
A Rosy girlond was the victors meede:
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Fraelissa was as faire as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

38 'The wicked witch, now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right she cast to win by guile;
And by her hellish science raisd streight way
A foggy mist that overcast the day,
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:
Then was she fayre alone, when none was faire in place.

39 'Then cride she out, "Fye, fye! deformed wight,
'Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
'To have before bewitched all mens sight:
'O! leave her soone, or let her soone be slain.e"
Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,
Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
And would have kild her; but with faigned paine
The false witch did my wrathfull hand withhold:
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

36. "The knight encountered claimed to defend the beauty of his lady above all other fair ladies, and I had to take cause of my lady too, who then shone as a morning star. So both of us rushed into battle, he fell under my spear, as it happened to be his bad luck. Such is the accident of battle. His lady, as a prize to the victor, yielded herself gracefully to me.

37. "So loved by two ladies, one fictitiously fair and the other really so, one day in doubt I planned a test. A garland of roses was offered as the prize of beauty. Each seemed to be fitted to win the prize, and each seemed again to excel the other. It was hard to decide the matter. Both Fraelissa and Duessa seemed to be equally fair."

38. "The wicked witch, now seeing that their beauty seemed to be equally matched, sought to win the prize by craft, if she could not by fair means. By her dammed art she raised a fog that overspread the earth, and then a blast of wind came that dimmed the beauty of Frealissa and deformed her figure ; and now Duessa alone was fair."

39. "She then cried out, 'It is shame that a deformed creature, with a false show of beauty, should have captured the hearts of men. Get rid of her, or let her be killed.' I thought her to be such as I viewed her loathsome features, and would have killed her ; but the witch with a show of feeling for the victim restrained me. So I left her where she was turned into a tree."

40 'Then forth I tooke Duessa for my Dame,
And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
Ne ever wist but that she was the same;
Till on a day (that day is everie Prime,
When Witches wont do penance for their crime,)
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That ever to haue toucht her I did deadly rew.

* * * *

42 'The divelish hag by chaunges of my cheare
Perceiv'd my thought; and, drownd in sleepie night,
With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare
My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
That all my senses were bereaved quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight;
Where now, enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we waste.'

43 'But how long time,' said then the Elfin knight,
'Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?'
'We may not chaunge,' (quoth he,) 'this evill plight,
Till we be bathed in a living well:
That is the terme prescribed by the spell.'
'O! how,' sayd he, 'mote I that well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well?'
'Time and suffised fates to former kynd
Shall us restore; none else from hence may us unbynd.'

44 The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight,
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
When all this speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound.
Then, turning to his Lady, dead with feare her fownd.

40. "Henceforth I took Duessa as my companion, and for a long time delighted in her company, never suspecting that she was other than what she seemed to be. At last on a day (the day on which witches must expiate their crimes) I happened to see her in her true shape, bathing in marjoram and thyme. I discovered her a foul, old woman ; I now repent that I ever touched her."

* * * *

42. "The damned hag sensed my thought by noting the change of my expression, and when I was deep in sleep, she besmeared me all over with magic ointments, and my senses were benumbed ; then she brought me to this wilderness, and put me by the side of my lady, and now ringed round by trees, and cut off from human contact, we spend our weary days."

43. Then the fairy knight said, "How long are you to dwell in the body of trees ?" He replied. "We cannot be released from this imprisonment in trees until we are bathed in a living fountain. This is the condition set down to the enchantment to which we are subject" The Knight asked, "How might we discover this living fountain, which would restore you to your original shape." He replied, "We cannot be released until we have served the full term and satisfied fate."

44. The false Duessa, now going by the name of Fidessa, heard how all in vain Fradubio lamented his fate, and knew that it was all true. But the good knight, depressed and unhappy after he heard the story of the tree, thrust the bleeding branch into the ground so that he might be free of the guilt of shedding blood, and covered the wooden wound up with fresh clay. Next he found his lady like one dead out of fear.

45 Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew ;
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew,
And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew,
At last she up gan lift : with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)
And oft her kist. At length, all passed feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

45. She seemed as if dying of fear which was all pretence, and he was ignorant that she knew everything, and took all pains to revive her from her swoon. She looked blue; her eyesight was dim, and her face was deathly pale. With trembling joy he took her up, too simple and too true as he was, and often kissed her. At last, all fear being passed, he set her on her horse, and they proceeded on their way.

## CANTO III

*Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,*
*And makes the Lyon mylde;*
*Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals*
*In hand of leachour vylde.*

1 NOUGHT is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
Or through alleageance, and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.

2 And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eis these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though not in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches shayre.

3 Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who, subtily betrayd
Through that late vision which th' Enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydinges none of him unto her brought.

## CANTO III

1. Nothing under heaven incites greater pity than beauty brought to misery, through the trick of envy, or the caprice of fortune. I, whether lately moved by the charm of beauty, or through the loyalty I bear to all women, feel my heart so deeply pained when I see beauty wronged, that I could almost die for yity.

2. And now my heart is so deeply moved to pity for Una of whom I write that tears from my weak eyes, wet these lines, when I think that though she was as true as one could ever be and happened to be the daughter of a king, and though again she was most fair ; and deserved no ill either for her speech or for her action, she was separated from her knight by trick to her despair, and the love due to her went to a witch

3. Yet she, the most loyal lady, now abandoned, full of misery and loneliness, remote from the press of people, as in exile, wandered about in waste lands in search of her knight who, beguiled by dream that the enchanter made up for him, had abandoned her. She, afraid of nothing, sought him daily by roaming through forests and waste places : yet no news of his whereabouts reached her.

4 One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight ;
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all mens sight :
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her stole aside. Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shynen bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place ;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

5 In fortuned, out of the thickest wood
A ramping Lyon rushed suddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood,
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse ;
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

6 In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O, how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !
Whose yieded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion ;
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

7 'The Lyon, Lord of everie beast in field,'
Quoth she, 'his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate :
But he, my Lyon; and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, ond ever most adord
As the God of my life ? why hath he me abhord ?'

4. One day, worn out by her tiresome journey, she got down from her slow-footed beast, and spread her limbs on the grass in a shade that concealed her from men's view, she unloosed the band from her hair, and laid aside the stole. Her angelic face gleamed in the light of heaven, and spread a glow of warmth in the retreat. Never did the eye of man behold such heavenly beauty!

5. *Suddenly out of the densest wood came a lion rushing*, thirsty for blood. When he saw Una, he came with an open mouth to devour her at once. But when the lion drew nearer, his bloodthirstiness was replaced by pity, and pleased at the singht of the lady, he forgot his violence.

6. Instead of *pouncing on her*, he kissed her feet, and lick-her white hands with his fond tongue, as if he were aware of the wrong she had suffered innocently. Oh, how can beauty tame the strong, and simplicity and truth overcome wrong! When she observed his humbled pride and compliance, though she was still frightened of death, her heart melted with pity, and she shed tears all from affection.

7. She said, "The lion, who is the king of beasts, will renounce his kingly power, and though mightily proud, will surrender to the humble weak, forgetting the violence that hunger excites in him in pity for my miserable state. But he who is my lion and lord, can find in his heart to hate her who loved and adored him as a deity, Why has he cast me off?

8 Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softy ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood:
With pittie calmd downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin, borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy Palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed Champion if she might attayne.

9 The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard;
From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

10 Long she thus traveiled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde;
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore:
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzel spyde, slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

11 To whom approching she to her gan call,
To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her answerd nought at all:
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand;
Till, seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
With suddeine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away: for never in that land
Face of fayre Lady she before did vew,
And that dredd Lyons look her cast in deadly hew.

8. Overflowing tears choked her complaint, which was echoed by the neighbouring wood. The lion, seeing the anguish she suffered, stood gazing at her. Subdued by pity, he forgot his violence. At last locking up her pain in her heart, the virgin rose, born of the heavenly race, and mounted her palfrey, and set forth in quest of her knight if she could ever overtake him.

9. The lion would not leave her by herself, and accompanied her as her guard and faithful companion to share all her troubles and misfortunes. When she slept, he kept watch by her ; and when she was awake, he ever waited upon her, ready for service that the might need From her looks he knew what she desired, and ever could guess from her looks what she had in mind.

10. Long thus she travelled through a vast expanse of waste where she expected to come across her knight, but she never met any living creature there. At length she came upon trodden grass where people must have been, at the foot of a grey mountain. She followed this track till she saw a woman who walked slowly ahead of her ; she bore a vessel of water on her shoulders.

11. Drawing nearer to her, she called her, and asked her if there was a lodging nearby. But the rude woman made no answer to her. She could neither hear, nor speak, nor understand. But when she saw the lion standing by her side, she threw down the pitcher in fear, and ran away ; for never in that country she had seen the face of a beautiful lady, and dreaded lion's gaze threw her into a frightful confusion.

12 Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall *night*: *nought* could she say;
But, suddeine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affary,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary Dame, and entrance did requere:

13 Which when none yielded, her unruly Page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where, of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
Shee found them both in darksome corner pent:
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

14 And to augment her painefull penaunce more,
Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt.
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackecloth wore,
And thrise three times did fast from any bitt:
But now, for feare her beads she did forgett:
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fitt;
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

15 The day is spent; and commeth drowsie night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe.
Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,
And at her feete the Lyon watch doth keepe:
In stead of rest she does lament and weepe,
For the late losse of her deare loved knight,
And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night;
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

12. She ran away as fast as she could, never casting a look behind as if her life depended on it. At last she reached home, *where her blind mother sat in perpetual darkness.* She could say nothing, but, suddenly catching hold of her mother with her trembling hands, gave her a fright. Her mother in deadly fear *shut the door.* By this time Una, all tired, arrived there, and sought to be admitted.

13. When none would open the door, her attendant, the rash lion, burst upen the door, and let her in. And there she found them cowering in fear in a corner, at the sight of the fury of the lion. The old woman in her house *told her beads* and prayed day and night ; every day she repeated nine hundred *Pater nosters* and thrice nine hundred *Aves.*

14. She sat thrice every week in ashes to increase the austerity of her penance, and wore sackcloth next her skin, and fasted thrice three times. But now in fear she forgot telling her beads and to allay her unnecessary fear, Una spoke to her fair words with a gracious countenance Before Una ended, she prayed that she might rest in her small cottage for the night

15. The day came to an end, and night came on when every creature must rest in sleep, and sad Una laid herself down, quite exhausted, and the lion kept watch at her feet But instead of sleeping, she pined for the loss of her beloved knight, sighing and groaning and wetting her tender breast with tears. All night she kept thinking, and waited for the light of dawn.

16 Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye
Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare:
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That ready entraunce was not at his call;
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall.

17 He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents:
The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesses slept,
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments;
Whiles none the holy things in sefety kept,
Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

18 And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,

* * * *

And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow:
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings:
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

19 Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bett,
Yet of those fearfull women none dorst rize,
The Lyon frayed them, him in to lett.
He would no lenger stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is, when that disdainfull beast,
Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize;
And, seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Under his Lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

16. When Aldeboran (the star, Bull's Eye, in the constellation of Taurus) had climbed above the constellation, Cassiopeia, and all were in sound sleep, one knocked at the door. He kept knocking and often cursed and swore because he was kept *waiting. He bore a heavy load on his back, he brought* the plunder he had obtained by robbery.

17. He was, in fact, a bold and fearless thief, used to robbing the churches and plundering the poor men's boxes—the relief that the poor folk rightly deserved, and stealing the rich vestments of the saints, for he divested these saints when men were sleeping, and spoiling the priests too when their sacred garments were not guarded. At last he crept round to the window by his cunning trick.

18. Whatever he could obtain by fair or foul means, he brought to this house, and offered to the daughter of this blind woman, Abessa, her mother being Corceca.

* * * *

He fattened her on the rich offerings of his, and gave her also gold and rings; and now he brought the spoils for her.

19. He rapped at the door with anger and threatening words; yet frightened by the lion, none of the women rose to open the door to admit him. He broke open the door in his wrath; and on entering he met the fierce lion, and the lion, with his claws stuck fast in his breast, pressed him under his feet.

20 Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand ;
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath ; the thirsty land
Dronke up his life ; his corse left on the strand,
His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heavie hap which on them is alight ;
Affraid least to themselves the like mishappen might.

21 Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke ;
And on their former journey forward pas,
In waies unknowne, he wandring knight to seeke,
With paines far passing that long wandring Greeke,
That for his love refused deitye.
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did flye ;
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nye.

22 Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twayne,
That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,
Came forth ; and, finding Kirkrapine there slayne,
For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare :
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,
Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,
To follow her that was the causer of their ill.

23 Whome overtaking they gan loudly bray,
With hollow houling, and lamenting cry ;
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity :
And still, amidst her rayling, she did pray
That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endless error she might ever stray.

20. He could offer no resistance, nor call for help. The lion soon rent him to pieces and severed his limbs. His blood was sucked in by the thirsty soil, while his dead body lay there. His fearful friends spent a dismal night ; they did not dare to weep, nor to seem so have a proper understanding of the misfortune that had befallen them, for they were afraid that they might share his fate too.

21. Now when the day broke, Una rose, and the lion rose too, and they resumed their journey along unknown pathways too seek the knight ; what she suffered, exceeded the pain and hardship of Ulysses who rejected the offer of Calypse, a goddess for his own true love, Penelope. This lady submitted to all this hardship in seeking the knight who kept running away from her; in fact he was furthest away from her, when she thought that he was nearest.

22. After she had left the cottage, that blind woman and her daughter, so fear-stricken, came out, and finding Kirkrapine slain, rent the skies with their cries, and beat their breasts in grief and tore at their flesh. After they had exhausted their sorrowing, they ran out like two dazed dear, and began to follow her, half mad to satisfy their revenge for she was the author of all their troubles.

23. When they caught her up, they bawled out curses, reviling her and acusing her of unchastity, while she was the very pattern of loyalty and chastity. While Corceca invoked plagues and untold miseries on Una, she kept praying also as her habit was. She wished that Una might ever stray about without achieving her aim.

24 But, when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,
Shee backe retourned with some labour lost:
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost;
But subtill Archimag, that Una sought
By traynes into new troubles to have toste;
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a Lady shee could tellen ought.

25 Therewith she gan her pession to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying, that women she too lately knew,
That caused her shed so many a bitter teare;
And so forth told the story of her feare.
Much seemed her to mone her haplesse chaunce,
And after for that Lady did inquere;
Which being taught, her forward gan advaunce
His fair enchaunted steed, aed eke his charmed launce.

26 Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,
And that wilde champion wayting her besyde;
Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not show
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hil; from whence when she him spyde,
By his like seeming shield her knight by name
She weend it was, and towards him gan ride;
Approaching nigh she wist it was the same;
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee came:

27 And weeping said, 'Ah, my long lacked Lord,
Where have ye dene thus long out of my sight?
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might,
That should as death unto my deare heart light:
For since mine eie your joyous sight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is;
But welcome now, my light, and shining lampe of blis!'

24. But when she saw that neither her curses nor prayers had an effect upon Una, she returned with all her labour wasted; on her way she met a knight in powerful armour. He was no knight at all, but Archimago who was out to entrap Una. He inquired of that old woman whether she could tell him anything of Una whom he described.

25 She burst out wailing again, and repeated her curses and abuses, and made all demonstration of grief. She said that she knew that woman who was the cause of all her tears, and told the whole story. Pretending to feel for her, he managed to elicit all information about Una, and then he made his way on, he ated on his magic horse, and bearing his magic lance.

26. Soon he came upon Una who travelled slow, and who had the lion as her companion. Afraid of the lion, he did not dare to approach too near, but made his way to a hill nearby. Una saw him there, and the shield being one that her knight bore, she thought that it was the Redcross knight, and made towards him. As she drew nearer, she thought that it was her own knight, and, timid and meek, she came towards him.

27. And she said weeping, "Oh, my lord whom I have missed so long, where have you been ? I was afraid that you hated me or that I had done something to displease you—and it was as bad as death to me. Since I missed you, my cheerful day had been turned into cheerless night : and my night now is but the shadow of death. I welcome you, my light and source of happiness."

28 He thereto meeting said, 'My dearest Dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leave that have me loved stil,
And chose in Faery court, of meere goodwil,
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth.
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skil
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
Then I leave you, my liefe, yborn of hevenly berth.

29 'And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place;
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
But knight he now shall never more deface:
Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas
ave vowd you to defend. Now then, your plaint appease.'

) His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines: one loving howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence;
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of swore.
Shee has forgot how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endurd; she speakes no more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe; his eies be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so sore.

31 Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare;
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With blustring breath of Heaven, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound;
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearfull whistle merily doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups; his mates him pledge around.

28. He replied, "My dearest lady, dispel the thought from *your mind*—and it is furthest from my own will—that I should so disgrace my knighthood as to leave you who have ever loved me, and who chose me as your champion in the court of the *Fairy Queen. It is at her court that the noblest knights are to* be found on earth. I might as soon leave you, my dearest lady, as the earth might ever renounce her natural skill to bring forth fruit, and so cause scarcity in the world.

29. "To tell you the truth, I left you for so long so that I might seek new adventures in unknown places, looking for a wicked fellow who, as Archimago reported, brought many knights to disgrace. I was determined that he should no more bring any knight to disgrace. That was a good excuse which you might accept for leaving you. You question not the faithful service I have rendered you both by land and sea Now please suspend your complaint "

30. His kind words seemed to pay her for all her pains An hour of love might do away with many years of sorrow ; and so a dram of sweet is worth much of a pound of sour. She forgot atonce all the sorrows she had suffered for him. She spoke no more of the past True love does not look back to the unhappy past, but ever looks forward. Now before her stood the knight for whom she had suffered so much.

31. It was an when a sailor, long tossed about on the sea, steeped in the salt water of Tethys, his skin browned in the sun and exposed to the flaming heat of Sirius, at last beheld the *port from a distance*, and sounded his merry whistle, and drank the health of Nereus in gratefulness as did his companions too.

32 Such joy made Una, when her knight she found ;
And eke th' enchaunter joyous seemde no lesse
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
His ship far come from watrie wildernesse ;
He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse.
So forth they past ; and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment ;
Who told her all that fell, in journey as she went.

33 They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat.
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free
That through his fiersnesse fomed all with sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side :
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde ;
And on his shield *Sansloy* in bloody lines was dyde.

34 When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And saw the Red-crosse which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire ; and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to batteill with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele :
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele ;
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

35 But that proud Paynim forward came so ferce
And full of wrath, that, with his sharphead speare,
Through vainly crossed shield he quite did perce ;
And, had his staggering steed not shronke for feare,
Through shield and body eke he should him beare :
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his sadle quite he did him beare.
He, tombling rudely downe, to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

32. Una manifested much joy, when she found her knight. The sorcerer seemed no less pleased than the happy merchant who watched from the shore his ship returning from the void of the sea, and offered his thanksgiving and blessed Neptune. Then they went on their way, talked of the distress in which she lately found herself and she told him the story of the lion, and all her late experience.

33. When they had not proceeded far, they saw a fully armed knight riding fast towards them, his horse foaming with sweat and gnawing at the bit. The knight, as he spurred on his horse, looked stern and meditated cruel revenge which he seemed to cherish in his heart. On his shield he bore the inscription—*Sansloy.*

34. Drawing nearer he saw the Redcross that Una's companion bore, and burned in rage, and held his spear ready for a fight The other was rather unwilling to meet him in encounter, and was overcome with fear, but his lady cheered him, and he felt hope kindling in him; and so he bent his spear, and spurred on his horse.

35. That proud Pagan came forward all in rage, and thrust his spear right through the shield which in vain bore the sign of the red-cross If his horse did not recoil, he might have borne through the body and shield. Yet so impetuous was his thrust that Archimago tumbled down from his horse, and blood gushed from his wound.

36 Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly said; 'Lo! there the worthie meed
Of him that slew Sansfoy with blody knife:
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake;
When mourning altars, purgd with enimies life,
The black infernall Furies doen aslake:
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from thee take.'

37 Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, 'O! hold that heavie hand,
Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withstand;
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquered now he lye on lowly land;
And, whilest him fortune favourd, fayre did thrive
In bloudy field; therefore, of life him not deprive.'

38 Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage,
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slayne him streight; but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
And halfe ashamed wondred at the sight:
For that old man well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magick to have wondrous might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight:

39 And said, 'Why Archimago, lucklesse syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
In stead of foe to wound my friend amis?'
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay,

36. The Pagan at once got down from his horse, and rushed to him to kill him, and proudly said, "Here is the reward of slaying Sansfoy. Now, his spirit released from humiliating anguish, might cross the Lethe in peace, when the sacrifice of the enemy's blood satisfies the wrath of the Furies. You killed Sansfoy, and Sansloy will kill you now."

37. He was removing his helmet, in haste, when Una cried out, "Withhold your hand, dear sir, who ever you may be. You have done enough ; your enemy lies vanquished at your feet Now you may show mercy, for he who lies vanquished, was once the truest knight, and while fortune smiled on him, he acquitted himself well in battle. Therefore, spare his life."

38 Her touching words would not have lessened his anger, and he would have slain him, rudely snatching away his helmet, but when he discovered his old age, and saw that it was none other than aged Archimago, he withheld his hand, and stood amazed, and was half-ashamed, and kept wondering, for he had known the old man well-experienced in magic art, and never taking part in battle.

39. And he said, "Whom do I see here but Archimago, ill-fated old man ? It must be your hard luck that exposes you to my wrath. It must be either your fault or my error, when I hurt a friend instead of a foe." He made no answer, but lay in a swoon, and the shadow of death lay upon his crafty eyes. Whe Archimago returned to his senses, Sansloy did not stay any longer with him. i

40 But to the virgin comes : who all this while
Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee :
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie :
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

41 But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
And high disdaine, whenas his soveraine Dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,
And, ramping on his shield, did weene the same,
Have reft away with his sharp rending clawes :
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his shield redeemd, and forth his swerd he drawes.

42 O ! then, too weake and feedle was the forse
Oh salvage beast his puissance to withstand ;
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wisely understand.
Eft soones he perced through his chaufed chest
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his Lordly hart : with death opprest
He ror'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

43 Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will ?
Her faithfull gard remov'd her hope dismaid,
Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill :
He now, Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
with foule reproches and disdaineful spight
Her vildly entertaines ; and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courser light :
Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of might.

40. He now came to the lady who stood amazed all this while because she had been so beguiled by him who had now received his deserts for playing the role of her true knight with an evil purpose in mind. She was now more perplexed than ever as she was under the power of that Pagan knight from whom she could not run away. He, catching hold of her garment, pulled her down from her palfrey, to have a good look at her face.

41. But her fierce attendant seeing his mistress so roughly handled, dashed, at him with his gaping jaws, and sprang at once upon his shield, and imagined that he had wrenched it away with his sharp claws, but he was quite bold and strong, and with his rage kindled, and courage revived, he released his shield, and drew his sword.

42. The savage beast was too weak to resist his mighty power, for the Pagan was very strong and of good build who ever wielded a spear and was experienced in martial deeds Soon he pushed the sharp point of his sword through the chest of the lion. Overpowered, the lion groaned in death, and soon life ceased to beat in his courageous breast.

43. There was none left to protect the lady from her being a victim to the will of her wild and lawless victor. Her guard being removed, her hope defeated, she was entirely at the mercy of her victor who might save or kill her. The Pagan, now flushed with victory, greeted her with vile reproaches, and showed spiteful malice to her, and bore her away on his horse whether she consented or not. Her prayers little avaled ; his rage was more mighty.

44 And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaintes, she filleth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riven have in twaine ;
And all the way she wetts with flowing teares ;
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
He servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But followes her far off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe ;
More mild in beastly kind then that her beastly foe

44 All the way she lamented and complained to him, and it was in vain. Even a stony hart would have melted at her cries. Tears ran from her eyes all the way, but he, filled with malice, paid no heed. The ass (which she had been riding so long) continued to follow her at a distance, and was little afraid of sharing her misery, and seemed to be more gentle though a beast than her foe who was worse than a beast.

## CANTO IV

*To sinfull house of Pryde Duessa*
*Guydes the faithfull knight ;*
*Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansjoy*
*Doth chaleng him to fight.*

1 YOUNG knight whatever, that dost armes professe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice, and chaunge of thy deare-loved Dame ;
Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove :
Four unto knight there is no greater shame
Then lightness and inconstancie in love :
That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly prove.

2 Who, after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie ;
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
Called Fidess', and so supposed to be,
Long with her traveild ; till at last they see
A goodly building bravely garnished ;
The house of mightie Prince it seemd to be,
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet which thether traveiled.

3 Great troupes of people traveild thetherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place ;
But few returned, having scaped hard,
With balefull beggery, or foule disgrace ;
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace,
For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

## CANTO IV

1. Let a young knight who bears arms, and pursues fame, beware of fraud and fickleness in the matter of the lady to whose service he devotes himself, or he will be credulous of her blame and will be easily alienated from her. There can be no greater shame to a knight than fickleness in love, which is shown in the case of the Redcross knight.

2. He, after he had abandoned Una by misconstruing her loyalty, took up with false Duessa who instead called herself Fidessa—and she was so supposed to be. He travelled with her long till at last they saw a grand building, showily decorated; it seemed to be the house of a great prince; a broad pathway led towards it, and it seemed very much frequented by people who visited the place.

3. Great throngs of people travelled there day and night, and they were both great and small, but few returned, if they could ever escape, either reduced to harmful beggary or shameful disgrace, and they, in most cases, lay like lepers, by the hedges Duessa persuaded the Redcross knight to run his way thither for she was now tired of travelling, and the day was also coming to an end.

4 A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid :
High lifted up were many loftie towers.
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres :
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

5 It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans witt :
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sitt :
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaked itt :
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

6 Arrived there, they passed in forth right ;
For still to all the gates stood open wide :
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight,
Cald Malvenu, who entrance none denide :
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight,
Infinite sortes of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

7 By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount ; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound :
In living princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumpteous shew ;
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride,
Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lords and Ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence fayre the place much beautifide.

4. It was a stately palace, built of square-shaped bricks, skilfully put together without mortar ; its walls were high, but not at all strong or thick, and a golden sheet was laid over them, making them, brighter than the cloudless sky ; there were many lofty towers with extensive galleris, full of windows and delightful bowers ; on the top a dial marked the passing hours.

5. It was no doubt a stately building, bearing witness to the art of the builder, but it was a pity that such a building could have a very weak foundation. It stood on a sandy hill, and the sands were ever shifting when there was a breath of wind, and all the back parts were in ruin, but skilfully disguised.

6. The Redcross knight and Duessa straightway passed in, for the gates stood wide open to all, and they were in charge of a porter, called Malvenu, who admitted all comers. Then they entered the hall, richly decorated, where all sorts of people stood waiting long, to have a sight of the lady of the place.

7. They passed by them, all looked on them, and then they entered the presence chamber. Their weak senses were dazzled by the glorious sight. No court of a living prince presented such splendour ; not even Persia which was the seat of all pomp and pride. On every side there stood a great crowd of lords and ladies, and they added to the glory of the court.

8 High above all a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day:
On which there state, most brave embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene that shone as Titans ray,
In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone;

9 Exceeding shone, like Phoebus fayrest childe,
That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes, unwonted wilde,
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne:
Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
And, rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen.
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to shyne.

10 So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdayne,
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate:
Lo! underneath her scornefull feete was layne
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne;
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

11 Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell;
And thundring Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,
Or if that any else did Jove excell;
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or, if ought higher were than that, did it desyre.

8. High above under a canopy stood a throne, as bright as the sun, and on the throne sat a maiden queen in gorgeous robes, who scintillated with gold and precious stones; her dazzling beauty sought to eclipse the brightness of her throne, which seemed to shine most brilliantly as in jealousy of her.

9. It shone exceedingly like the son of Phoebus (Phaethon), who presumed to drive his father's fiery wagon, and rein in the wild fire-breathing horses across the wide tract of heavens, and while proud of this honour, left the beaten path, his eyes being dazzled by flashing light, and unable to control the wagon, finally set the heavens on fire which could never burn out.

10. So proudly she blazed in her glory, and aspired to heaven, despising the earth. Sitting so high, she cared not to look down. A dreadful dragon waited under her feet, with a tail trailing away, and she held a bright mirror in her hand in which she (the queen) viewed her face, and took delight in her reflection, for she was wonderfully fair, as any living person might be.

11. She was the daughter of the dreaded Pluto and serious Proserpina, the queen of hell, but she thought that her excellence surpassed that of her parents, for she was so inflated with pride; she claimed for her father the thunder-bearing Jove, who ruled heaven and earth, or anybody else who might be superior to Jove. She ever looked to the highest, and desired anything still higher if it were there.

12 And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to be;
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie;
But did usurpe with wrong and tyranie
Upon the scepter which she now did hold;
Ne ruld her Realme with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong advizement of six wisards old,
That, with their counsels bad, her kingdome did uphold.

13 Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
And false Duessa, seeming Lady fayre,
A gentle Husher, Vanitie by name,
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:
So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
Of her high throne; where they, on humble knee
Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,
Why they were come her roiall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great Majestee.

14 With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
She thancked them in her disdainefull wise;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to showe
Of Princesse worthy; scarse them bad arise.
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise;
Some prancke their ruffes; and others trimly dight
Their gay attyre; each others greater pride does spight.

15 Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew;
But to Duess' each one himselfe did payne
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew,
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Feary mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great Princesse too exceeding prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

12. Men called her proud Lucifera who appointed herself a queen and got herself crowned, though she had no kingdom, nor inherited title of a sovereign. She wrongly usurped the sceptre which she held; she ruled her state, not according to law, but according to policy. She took the advice of six old wizards, and so maintained her authority.

13. When the fairy knight and Duessa, who seemed a fair lady, came into her presence, a gentle usher, Vanity, made room for them, and conducted them to the lowest step of the throne. There they bent down on their knees and paid homage to her, and then declared their purpose—that they had come to view her royal dignity, so renowned far and wide.

14. With eyes uplifted, half unwilling to look down to them, she thanked them in her scornful manner, and showed no other favour, nor bade them rise. Her lords and ladies all the while made a show of themselves—some flaunting their curled hair in country manner, others displaying their ruffs, and still others their gay attire, each spiting the pride of the other.

15. They welcomed the knight, right glad to have him as one of their number. Each took pains to show particular courtesy to Duessa, for she was known there in the court. But the fairy knight in the middle of the crowd thought nothing of their glory and estimated the princess too proud as she did not bestow a look of favour on a strange knight.

16 Suddein upriseth form her stately place
The roiall Dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurtlen forth: and she, with princely pace,
As faire Aurora in her purple pall
Out of the East the dawning day doth call.
So forth she comes; her brightnes brode doth blaze.
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eies amaze.

17 So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
And strove to match, in roiall rich array
Great Junoes golden chayre; the which, they say,
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Joves high hous through heavens bras-paved way,
Drawne of fayre pecocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden wide

18 But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kindes applyde:
Of which which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish Idledesse, the nourse of sin;
Upon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin.

19 And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little redd:
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd:
Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hedd,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seeme the wayne was very evill ledd,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went, or else astray.

16. Suddenly the queen rose from her throne, and called for her coach. All became very alert. She came forth with princely steps like the Dawn-Goddess in her purple robes. Her brightness was dazzling. The crowd of people in the hall made a movement to have a sight of her. All men's eyes were dazed by brightness.

17. So coming out she climbed into her coach, set off with gold and gay garlands, which seemed as fresh as Flora (the goddess of flowers). In her splendour she seemed to compete with Juno in her golden chariot, which the gods stood admiring, as she drove to Jove's place through the pathway of heaven, which was drawn by peacocks, full of pride and their tails, sharp-eyed like Argus, being displayed.

18. Her coach was drawn by six unequal beasts on which rode her six counsellors ; these beasts obeyed their bestial orders as suited the condition of each. Inert Idleness was the first of the riders, and guided the rest He was the breeder of sin. He rode a slothful ass. He was dressed in a black priestly robe like a holy monk, ready for prayers.

19. He still bore his breviary in his hand, and it seemed to be much worn, though it was little read. He little cared for devotion. For the most of the day, he lay drowned in sleep, and could hardly uplift his head to see whether it was day or night. It might seem that the coach was not properly guided when it was in charge of one who did not know whether it was going the right or wrong way.

20 From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercise ;
From everie worke he chalenged essoyne,
For contemplation sake : yet otherwise
His life he led in lawlesse riotise,
By which he grew to grievous malady ;
For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
A shaking fever raigned continually
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

21 And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne.
His belly was upblowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne ;
And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof people oft did pyne :
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

22 In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not weare for heate ;
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweat.
Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarse upholden can :
In shape and life more like a monster than a man.

23 Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go ;
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his frend he seeldome knew his fo.
Full of diseases wat his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsy through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew.
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

* * * *

20. He retired from worldly cares and had little to do with manly exercise. From every action he claimed exemption that he might give himself up to contemplation. Otherwise he spent his life in wild revelry from which he developed a serious malady ; his weak limbs were subject to a constant shivering fit. Such was Idleness, the first of the company.

21. *By his side rode hated Gluttony, a misbegotten creature,* on a swine His belly was bloated with too much feeding ; his eyes were swollen all with fat and his neck was long and fine like that of a crane, and putting forward his neck he gorged himself with food, while poor people suffered for want of it All the way he kept throwing out all that he had swallowed, and this made him detested.

22. He was highly clothed in green vine leaves, for he could not wear any other cloth for heat from within, and had an ivy garland on his head with sweat trickling down from it. He bore a drinking-cup in his hand, which he often put to his lips, and in his drunken state he could hardly sit upright on his mount. He looked more like a monster than a man.

23. He was unfit for anything in the world, and also unable to move or go ; nor could he be of any service as a counsellor to a king because he could think of nothing else than meat and drink, and could hardly distinguish between a friend and foe. His blue body was full of diseases, and his flesh was consumed by a dry dropsy which grew worse from his wrong diet. Such was Gluttony, the second of the company.

* * * *

27 And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Uppon a Camell loaden all with gold :
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold ;
And in his lap in heap of coine he told ;
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
And unto hell him selfe for money sold :
Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

28 His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste ;
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware ;
Ne scarse good morsell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare :
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to ; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

29 Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice ;
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store ;
Whose need had end, but no end covetise ;
Whnse welth was want, whose plenty made him pore ;
Who had enough, yett wished ever more ;
A vile disease : and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand.
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

30 And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw ;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbours welth, that made him ever sad,
For death it was, when any good he saw ;
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had ;
But when he heard of harme he wexed wondrous glad.

27. The next was Avarice, who rode a camel, heavily loaded with gold in two iron coffers, hung on both sides ; and he counted a large quantity of coins in his lap. He made wealth his god, and sold himself to hell. He traded in hated usury, and right and wrong were almost meaningless to him.

28. His life stood close to death. He wore a threadbare coat and shoes. He never tasted in his life a good bit of food— He starved himself so that he might fill his bags with money, He had no living child or kinsman to leave his money to. He led a wretched life for all his care was to make money, and all his fear was that he might lose it. But he did not know that his life was a wretched one.

29. He was the most wretched person who could never have enough, and whose greed put him into perpetual want, whose need had no end. It was his wealth that made all want for him, and whose plenty made him poor. He had enough and yet wished for more. It was indeed a disease of the mind, but he was also afflicted with gout in feet and hands which could hardly bear to be touched ; he could neither move nor stand. Such was Avarice, the fourth of the company.

30. Next to him rode Envy upon a hungry wolf. He ever munched between his decayed teeth a poisonous toad, and all the poison dripped from his lips, but he kept gnawing at his own stomach out of jealousy of the neighbours' well-being It was death to him when he saw anything good and wept though he had no cause for weeping. When he heard of any harm, he was extremely happy.

31 All in kirtle of discoloured say
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies ;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
Still as he rode he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse ;
And grudged at the great felicitee
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companee.

32 He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse, that any like did use ;
And who with gratious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse.
So every good to bad he doth abuse ;
And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt.
Such one vile Envy was, that fifte in row did sitt.

33 And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a Lion, loth for to be led ;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed :
His eies did hurle forth sparcles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld ;
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded ;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage when choler in him sweld.

34 His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through unadvized rashnes woxen wood ;
For of his hands he no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement :
But, when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent ;
Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast
How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

31. He was clothed in jacket of rough and stained wool, variegated all by spots. In his bosom was lodged *a snake with* its tail twisted into many a coil and it seemed a deadly snake As he road, he gnashed his teeth at the heaps of gold with grasping covetousness, and grudged the great happiness of proud Lucifera, and his own companions.

32 He hated all goodness and virtuous deeds, and hated as much any who did anything good, or fed the hungry with free good. *He hated alms-giving because it was done without faith.* He spoke ill of anything that that was good, and slandered the verses of gifted poets, and spouted forth malice against them. Such one was vicious Envy, and he was fifth in the row.

33. Fierce avenging Wrath rode by his side upon a lion, unwilling to be led, and he held a burning torch in his hand, which he waved about his head. His eyes shot fiery sparks, and he cast a stern look on anybody who stood in his sight—his eyes looked like ashes, pale in colour and seeming dead. He held his grip on his dagger ever, and trembled in rage when he swelled with it.

34. His ruffled garment was all stained with blood that he had spilled, and torn rags all by maddening rashness that he *could not control. His hands were ever ready to shed blood, for* which he cared little. But when the violent fit of anger was over, he would often repent. Self-willed as he was, he never reckoned how many mischiefs he might do through his reckless haste.

35 Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath :
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
And fretting griefe, the enemy of life :
All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire.
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

36 And, after all, upon the wagon beame,
Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for joy ; and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land ;
And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead sculls and bones of men whose life had gone astray.

37 So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open aire,
And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport ;
Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
Of proud Lucifer', as one of the traine :
But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
Him selfe estraunging from their joyaunce vaine,
Whose fellowship seemd far unfitt for warlike swaine.

38 So, having solaced themselves a space
With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe retourned to the princely Place ;
Whereas an errant knight in armes ycled,
And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red,
Was writt *Sansjoy*, they new arrived find :
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy hed,
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

35. Many mischiefs followed cruel Wrath—such as, hatred, bloodshed, uproarious discord, cowardly murder, harmful injury, malice executed with a rustly knife, irritating grief, so fatal to life. All these and many other evils attended on Wrath, such as, the swelling spleen (the seat of anger), stark madness, shivering paralysis and erysipelas. Such one was Wrath, the last of the company.

36. Last of all rode Satan on the beam of the wagon with a sharp whip in his hand, and with it he lashed the team as often as Sloth stood in the mire. The sight drew a large crowd of people who shouted for joy ; a fog enveloped the land, and underneath their feet lay scattered skulls and bones of those whose life had gone wrong.

37. So they marched forth, with a good show to air themselves and to sport in fields of fresh flowers. Amidst other rode the false lady, evil-minded Duessa, next to the coach of proud Lucifera, as one of her retinue. But the Redcross knight kept aloof from them for he looked upon their pleasure as inconsis tent with a warlike knight.

38. After having had their fill of pleasure in the open airt they returned to the palace. And there they found a wandering knight, arm-clad, and with a shield that had inscribed in i, *Sansjoy* in red letters. Incited by fury and passionate daring, he seemed to nurse in his heart some vengeful thoughts.

39 Who, when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy
He spide with that same Faery champions page,
Bewraying him that did of late destroy
His eldest brother ; burning all with rage,
He to him kept, and that same envious gage
Of victors glory from him snatcht away :
But th' Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray ;
And, him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

40 Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their swerds on hy,
That with their sturre they troubled all the traine ;
Till that great Queene, upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine ;
And, if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

41 'Ah dearest Dame,' quoth then the Paynim bold,
'Pardon the error of enraged wight,
Whome great griefe made forgett the raines to hold
Of reasons rule, to seen this recreaunt knight,
No knight, but treachour full of false despight
And shameful treason, who through guile hath slayn
The prowest knight that ever field did fight,
Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn ?)
Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heap disdayn.

42 'And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe !
Is there possessed of the traytour vile ;
Who reapes the harvest sowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloodie field, and bought with woe ;
That brothers hand shall dearely well requight,
So be, O Queene ! you equall favour showe.'
Him little answered th' angry Elfin knight ;
He never meant with words, but swords, to plead his right ;

39. When he saw the disgraced shield of slain Sansfoy in possession of the page of the fairy knight, for it revealed the man who had killed his eldest brother, he, boiling over with rage, sprang upon him and snatched away from him that pledge of victory. But the fairy knight who owned it, would not part with it since he had owned it in fair battle. And turning round to him, the knight recovered his pledge.

40. And they at once clashed in fierce battle, their shields and swords meeting together, and it was upsetting to the company there. Then the great queen interdicted their strife of pain on her high displeasure, and proposed that if they had a dispute about the shield, they should settle it next day in a tournament.

41. Then the bold Pagan said, "Ah, dearest lady, excuse the mistake of an enraged person, whose great grief swerved him off from the control of reason, when he saw this false knight, one full of treacherous malice and shameful treason, who killed craftily the most puissant knight who ever took the field against his opponent. That was even Sansfoy, whose shield he bore reversed to put the owner to shame. Who would refrain from striking at him in this circumstance ?

42. "To advance futher the glory of his wile, he has possessed himself of Sansfoy's dearest love, Fidessa, who was won in bloody battle, is now enjoyed by the traitor. Now the brother's hand might pay him off provided, Queen, you show impartiality." The angry fairy knight made no answer to him. He would defend his right not with words, but with the sword.

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43 But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on edge
To be aveng'd each on his enimy.
That night they pas in joy and jollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For Steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which done, the Chamberlain, Slowth, did to rest them call.

44 Now whenas darkesome night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye;
The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Uprose Duessa from her resting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

45 Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fitt,
Fore casting how his foe he might annoy;
And him amoves with speaches seeming fitt:
'Ah deare Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansfoy,
Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new joy;
Joyous to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greevd to think how foe did him destroy,
That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
Lo! his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye.'

46 With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
And bad say on the secrete of her hart:
Then, sighing soft; 'I learne that litle sweet
Oft tempred is,' (quoth she,) 'with muchell smart,
For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
Of deare Sansfoy, I never joyed howre,
But in eternal woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his sake have felt full many an heavie stowre.

43. He threw d wn his gauntlet as a pledge that he would try his cause next day in combat. They were both now parted, each determined to be avenged on the enemy. That night they spent in merriment, feasting and love-making both in hall and bower. Gluttony provided the feast, which was in plenty, and then Sloth summoned them to rest.

44. When the darkness night shrouded the sky, the warlike youths, lying on fine couches, dismissed sleep from their drowsy eyes and kept thinking of the next day, and how they might win the fight. When Morpheus had overcome all the courtly company with sleep, Duessa stole away from her resting-place to pay a visit to the Pagan.

45. She found him quite awake and troubled in spirit—meditating how he might humiliate his enemy in defeat. Duessa incited him with good words. "Ah, dear Sansjoy, whom I hold dear next to Sansfoy ; Sansfoy was the cause of my latest grief, and you now bring me joy, for I see his image in you while I cannot forget how the enemy destroyed him, who was the pattern of grace and knighthood. Look ! His Fidessa now allies herself to you."

46. He greeted her with gentle words, and bade her declare the inmost thought of her heart. Then sighing softly, she said, "I know that what little joy one may expect is crossed by much pain. Since my heart was pierced by loves' dart, and I was in love with Sansfoy, I had wasted myself in unending woe, for I had loved him with all my power, and suffered not a little for his sake.

47 'At last, when perils all I weened past,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast
By this false faytor, who unworthie ware
His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull snare
Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave:
Me, silly maid, away with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksom cave,
For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I gave.

48 'But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
Under your beames I will me safely shrowd
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
To you th' inheritance belonges by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his love.
Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,
Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth endlesse move.'

49 Thereto said he, 'Faire Dame, be nought dismaid
For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them gone:
Ne yet of present perill be affraid,
For needlesse feare did never vantage none:
And helpless hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
Though greeved ghost for vengeance deep do grone:
He lives that shall him pay his dewties last,
And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast.'

50 'O! but I feare the fickle freakes,' (quoth shee)
'Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field'.
'Why, dame,' (quoth he) 'what oddes can ever bee,
Where both doe fight alike, o win or yield?'
'Yea, but', (quoth she) 'he beares a charmed shield,
And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce;
Ne none can wound the man that does them wield.'
'Charmd or enchaunted,' answerd he then ferce,
'I no whitt reck; ne you the like need to reherce.

47. "At last when I thought that all perils were past, and I could have peace and happiness, I encountered new woes, and that was because of this treacherous villain. He, unworthy of his shield, caught Sansfoy in trap, and brought him to shameful death, and carried me off, unlucky as I am, and kept me confined in a cave because I would not yield to him."

48. "But the fair sun seemed to smile on me again, and has dispersed the cloud, and I should seek your protection against his malice. As the praise of your brothers by right, so is his love too. Let not his love, nor his spirit, pining on the shores of the Styx, and appealing to you, remian unavenged."

49. Then he said, "Fair lady, do not take to the past sorrows; they are no more now; nor be of present peril, for you gain nothing from needless fear, and there is little use bemoaning unhappy accident Sansfoy is dead, and the troubles of his life are no more, though his spirit still cries for vengeance. He lives who will do the last duties to the departed, and offer the blood of the fairy knight in sacrifice."

50. She said, "I fear the caprice of fickle fortune and the blind chance of battle." He replied, "There is nothing to fear, when we fight on fair terms." She said, "But he bears a charmed shield, and his armour may be enchanted too, for none can pierce it, and the man goes unscathed who wears such" He replied, "He may bear charmed armour, but I do not care in the least, nor the same need you to repeat.

51 'But, faire Fidessa, sithens fortunes guile,
Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while,
Till morrow next that I the Elfe subdew,
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew.'
'Ah me! that is a double death,' (she said)
'With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew,
Where ever yet I be, secret aide
Shall follow you.' So, passing forth, she him obaid.

51. "But, fair Fidessa, as you are a victim of the trick of fortune, or the power of the enemy, now go back to your place and rest a while till next morning when I defeat the fairy knight, and grace you again with the gift of Sansfoy's shield." She said, "Alas ! It would be a double death to me if I were to renew my grief in the presence of the enemy. Wherever I might be, I shall be secretly helping you." And then she left him in obedience to him.

## CANTO V

*The faithfull knight in equall field*
*Subdewes his faithlesse foe ;*
*Whom falſe Dueſſa ſaves, and for*
*His cure to hell does goe.*

1 THE noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with childe of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent :
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing how that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour he atchieven might :
Still did he wake, and still did watch for drawning light,

2 At last, the golden Orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre ;
And Phoebus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre,
And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy ayre.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streight way,
He started up, and did him selfe prepayre
In sunbright armes, and battailous array :
For with that Pagan proud he combatt will that day.

3 And forth he comes into the commune hall ;
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many Minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy ;
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly ;
And many Chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

## CANTO V

1. The noble heart that nourishes virtuous thought and longs for action corresponding to it, can have no rest until the purpose is executed. The fairy knight was tormented all night by such restless passion. He meditated how he could win with greatest honour in the tournament next day. He kept awake, and waited for the day to break.

2. At last there was a streak of light in the East, and Phoebus (the sun-god) issued forth, and light came into the world. Perceiving this, the wakeful knight got up, and put on his armour and prepared to fight with the Pagan.

3. And at once he came into the hall where many stood waiting to see what fate had in store for the strange knights. Many minstrels sang there to dispel the melancholy air, and many bards too sang those who could tune their voice to the stringed instrument, and Chroniclers too joined in the song, whose business was to record wars and loves.

8 So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right.
As when a Gryfon, seized of his pray,
A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away :
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore that they the heavens affray ;
The wise Southsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortall fight.

9. So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right,
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe.
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh, that streames of blood down flow ;
With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

10 At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His suddein eye flaming with wrathfull fyre,
Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby :
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And said ; 'Ah ! wretched sonne of wofull syre,
Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
Whylest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre ?
And, sluggish german, doest thy forces slake
To after-send his foe, that him may overtake ?

11 'Goe, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soone redeeme from his long-wandring woe ;
Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit from dying foe.'
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall :
End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
The lookers on ; and lowd to him gan call
The false Duessa, 'Thine the shield, and I, and all !'

8. So the knight fought for right, and the Pagan for wrong, as when a griffon, having seized his prey, encounters a dragon in flight that would snatch away the prey, and both come into a clash with uproar that frightens the heavens, and the wise soothsayer tells the story to the common people who seem so confounded.

9. So the one fought for right, and the other for wrong. *Each would put the other to shame. Their swords cut into the* flesh, and drew streams of blood, and their armour was now *stained with blood. Those who watched the combat, were* filled with pity to see the gaping wounds in each, and could not *wish victory to either.*

10. At last the Pagan cast his eye, flaming with rage, on his brother's shield, which hung on the tree, and with his wrath and courage renewed he addressed himself, "Ah unlucky son of a sad father, while my brother sits repining by the Stygian lake, and his shield is hung out here for the prize of the victor, you, his blood relation, relax your efforts to send his enemy to keep him company by the Styx.

11. "Go, base knight, keep him company and release him from wandering about on the Stygian shores. Go, guilty spirit, and carry my message to him that I have rescued his shield from his enemy." With these words he struck so heavily upon the helmet of the knight that he staggered twice as if he would have fallen. The on-lookers thought it the end of the battle, and Duessa shouted to him, "Yours is the shield and so I am yours too."

12 Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake;
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast avengd to be,
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee:
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

13 And to him said; 'Goe now, proud Miscreant,
Thyselfe thy message do to german deare;
Alone he, wandring, thee too long doth want:
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.'
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine; when lo! a darkesome clow
Upon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receives; the darknes him does shrowd.

14 In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running said; 'O! prowest knight,
That ever Ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terrour of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight,
And bloodie vengeance: lo! th' infernall powres,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres:
The conquest yours; I yours; the shield, and glory yours.'

15 Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
He sought all round about, his thristy blade
To bathe in blood of faithless enimy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade.
He standes amazed who he thence should fade:
At last the trumpets Triumph sound on hie;
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him brought the shield the cause of enemitie.

12. When the knight heard his lady speak so, he waked from his stupor, and shook himself of the numbness creeping upon him, and revived his faith. Then roused by shame and indignation, and the defence of his lady, he sought to avenge himself, and struck so fiercely as his enemy that he sank on his knees : he would have been ripped open if he had not gone down on his knees.

13. And the knight said ,"Proud Pagan, you may now go and carry the message yourself to your kinsman who, wandering so long, must have been expecting you. Go and tell him that his enemy now bears both his and your shields. "Then he lifted his arm to strike him dead when suddenly a cloud wrapt him in, and he was vanished and nowhere to be seen. The fairy knight called him aloud, but there was no answer. He was hidden in the darkness.

14. Duessa got up hastily from her place, and came running to him and said, "Oh, powerful knight, whom ever a lady chose for her lover, suspend the terror of your might, and let go your passionate ill-will and bloody vengeance. Behold, the hellish powers, covering your enemy with a cloud, have carried him off to the kingdom of Pluto. The victory is yours ; I yours ; the shield, and the glory are all yours."

15. Yet unsatisfied, with vengeful eyes, he sought all around, to dip his sword in the blood of his treacherous enemy, and he all the time lay hid in a secret shade. He stood amazed how he could have vanished. At last the trumpet blew and Heralds came running to pay him homage, and greeted him as victor, and brought to him the shield, the cause of the hostility.

16 Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene ;
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene :
Which she accepts with thanks and goodly gree,
Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree :
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people followe with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the ayre it fills, and flyes to heaven bright.

17 Home is he brought, and layd in sumptous bed,
Where many skifull leaches him abide
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And softly gan embalme on everie side :
And all the while most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony ;
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

18 As when a wearie traveiler, that strayes
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile,
Which, in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares ;
The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mournefull plight, is swallowed up unwares,
Forgetfull of his owne that mindes an others cares.

19 So wept Duessa untill eventyde,
That shyning lampes in Joves high house were light
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' Hethen knight
In slombring swownd, nigh voyd of vitall spright
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day :
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the Easterne coast of heaven makes speedy

16. Then he went to the great queen, and on his knees offered his service to her, which she accepted with thanks and good grace, and spoke highly of his knighthood. So she marched home, accompanied by the knight, and all the people followed them with great rejoicing, and shouted and clapped their hands, and the air resounded with their merry shouts.

17. He was brought home, and laid on a luxurious bed, where many skilful physicians attended him to heal him of his wounds which still bled. These wounds were bathed in wines and oils, and carefully anointed over. And all the while heavenly music played about the bed to make him forget his pain, and Duessa sat by him and bitterly wept.

18. As when a weary traveller who roams about the muddy shores of the Nile, and happens to meet unknowingly a crafty crocodile, and takes pity upon him as he sheds false tears, disguising his guile, and is at last swallowed up by the crocodile when he, forgetful of his own peril, attends to that of another.

19. So wept Duessa until evening when the stars were out in the sky. Then she got up and came forth, to see the pagan knight who lay in a swoon, death-like, enveloped in a cloud, all day. She did not stay to weep for him, but made her way to the Eastern coast of heaven.

20 Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phoebus chearefully face durst never vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Already harnessed for journey new,
And cole blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ as they were wood.

21 Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,
Adornd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th'unacquainted light began to feare,
For never did such brightnes there appeare ;
And would have backe retyred to her cave,
Untill the witches speach she gan to heare,
Saying ; 'Yet, O thou dreaded Dame ! I crave
Abyde, till I have told the message which I have.'

22 She stayd ; and forth Duessa gan proceede :
'O ! thou most ancient Grandmother of all,
More old then Jove, whom thou at first didst breede,
Or that great house of Gods caelestiall,
Which wast begot in Daemogorgons hall,
And sawst the secrets of the world unmade ;
Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall,
With Elfin sword most shamefully betrade ?
Lo ! where the stout Sansjoy doth sleepe in deadly sh

23 'And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold Sansfoy shrinck underneath his sperre :
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
O ! what of gods then boots it to be borne,
If old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare ?
Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne,
When two of three her Nehewes are so fowle for

20 There Duessa met grim-looking Night with her deadly sad face, so afraid of meeting the sun. She was clad in a dark mantle. Duessa met her coming out of her prison. Before her door stood her iron chariot, harnessed for a fresh journey, and the coal-black horses were of hellish origin, that munched their rusty bity as if they were of wood.

21. She was amazed at the sight of Duessa, set off with gold and jewels, and was afraid of the bright light emitting from her, to which she was little accustomed. She would have retreated to her cave when Duessa appealed to her, "Oh, dreaded lady, please stay to hear my message."

22. She stopped, and Duessa went on, "Most ancient grandmother of all, older than Jove, whom you first bore, or older than the whole race of gods, who were born in the hall of Demogorgon, you witnessed the primeval state of things (before the world was created) ; why should you permit your dear off-spring to fall by the hands of the fairy knight ? There brave Sansjoy sleeps in the shade of a cloud.

23. "And before this happened, I saw the bold Sansfoy all under the knight's spear, and he lies now a prey to the birds, neither being mourned by friends, nor laid on an honourable bier. Are old Aveugle's sons to bear such evil ? Who shall not scorn the children of Night when two out of three are thus abandoned ?

24 'Up, then ! up, dreary Dame, of darknes Queene !
Go, gather up the reliques of thy race ;
Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene
That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of fayre light deface.'
Her feeling speaches some compassion mov'd
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face
Yet pitty in her hart was never prov'd
Till then, for evermore she hated, never lov'd :

25 And said, 'Deare daughter, rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes which their foes ensew :
But who can turne the stream of destinee,
Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
Which fast is tyde to Joves eternall seat ?
The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great :
To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.

26 'Yet shall they not escape so freely all,
For some shall pay the price of others guilt,
And he the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.
But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt ?'
'I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,'
Quoth she, 'how ever now, in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold arrayd, I to thee came,
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame.'

27 Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying. 'In that fayre face
The false resemblaunce of Deceipt, I wist,
Did closely lurke ; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarse in darksome place
Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
Of falshood, and roote of Duessaes race
O welcome, child ! whom I have longed to see,
And now have seene unwares. Lo ! now I goe with thee.'

24. "Get yourself busy, queen of darkness, and gather up the remains of your children, or avenge their death and let it be seen that Night can venture into broad daylight and do spite to the children of light" Her appeal awakened pity in her heart, and wrought a change in the expression of her face. Pity had never till then visited her heart; she always hated, and never loved.

25. And she said, "Dear daughter, I do pity the fall of the children of mine and the good luck that attends their enemies. But who can avert fate, or break the chain of necessity, which descends from the throne of Jove? He favours the sons of the day, as I see, and thinks that he can make them great at my expense. It does not pay to make others great by ruining others.

26. "But I shall not let them escape lightly, some must pay for the guilt of others. He who had shed the blood of Sansfoy, must be made to pay for it with his own blood. But who are you that tell me of the slaying of my children." Duessa said, "I am Duessa, though I do not seem what I am, as I have come, clad in gorgeous robes and adornd with gold, I am Duessa, daughter of Deceipt and Shame."

27. Then bending her stiff back, she kissed the wicked witch, saying, "In that fair face of yours I can trace Deceit, I suppose; yet it was so artfully disguised in simplicity that in the dark I could not decipher it, though I am the mother of falsehood, and from me descended Duessa and her kin. You are welcome, my child; I have longed to see you, and now I meet you unexpectedly. Let me go with you then."

32 By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournefull charett, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive :
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eies ; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on erthly wight that with the Night durst ride.

33 They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
Cursing high Jove, the which them thither sent.
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

34 Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venemous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong :
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, until Dayes enemy
Did him appease ; then downe his taile he hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly ;
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

35 There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to sin :
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin ;
There thristy Tantalus hong by the chin ;
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw ;
Typhoeus joynts were stretched on a gin ;
Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth by law ;
And fifty sisters water in leke vessels draw.

32. The two dreadful women drove their chariot, defiled with blood, down to Pluto's house, where they arrived quickly. All the way on either side stood the trembling ghosts, all amazed, their iron teeth chattering, and their eyes gaping wide no expression in them And all the devils of hell flocked to see the earthly person who dared travel with the night.

33. They got across the Acheron, ringing with the wails of *many damned souls and then came to the flaming Phlegeton,* where the damned souls were roasted and raised shrill cries in vain, cursing high Jove who had sent them there. Their stood the house of endless pain close by, and the cursed creatures were afflicted there with manifold punishments

34 Before the threshold watched the three-headed Cerberus, *a thousand poisonous snakes twisted round his heads,* and he let his bloody tongue hang out. He bristled up at their approach, and fiercely snarled at them until the Night pacified him, then he dropped his tail, and let them pass quietly. For the Night had power equally in hell and heaven.

35. There was Ixion tied to a wheel for attempting to seduce Hera, and there Sisyphus rolled a huge stone up a hill, and never could cease toiling ; there Tantalus was held up by the chin, and could not slake his thirst, and Tityus had a vulture feeding on his stomach, and Typhoeus had his joints stretched on a rock, and Theseus was condemned to perpetual immobility (by being chained to a rock), and fifty sisters, the Danaides, were condemned to pour water into a sieve.

36 They all, beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
Till they be come unto the furthest part;
Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous art.
Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse.
In which sad Aesculapius far apart
Emprisond was in chaines remedilesse;
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

* * * *

40 Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain
When Jove avizd, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renew again.
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
Where, long remaining, he did alwaies strive
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
And slake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

41 There auncient Night arriving did alight
From her nigh weary wayne, and in her armes
To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight:
Whome having softly disaraid of armes,
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer and with praise,
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

42 'Ah Dame', (quoth he) 'thou temptest me in vain
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,
And the old cause of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that thrust from heaven dew,
Here endlesse penaunce for one fault I pay,
But that redoubled crime with vengeaunce new
Thou biddest me to eeke? Can Night defray
The wrath of thundring Jove, that rules both nigh

36. Seeing earthly creatures there, they stopped their normal labour, forgetful of their torture, and gazed on them. They passed by them, and came to the furthest end where there was a cave wonderfully made—deep, dark, cheerless and uncomfortable; in it was chained Aesculapius away from others without any chance of breaking through, because he restored Hippolytus to life.

* * * *

40. When Jove considered that such wonderful art of healing, possessed by man could revive the dead and make one live again after the fated term of life, he threw Aesculapius into hell since he could not deprive him of endless life, striking him down with his thunderbolt. Here confined, he always strove to restore himself to health and protect himself from the raging fire by means of ointments.

41. There arriving, the Night got down from her chariot, and carried the wounded knight in her arms to Aesculapius; then she gently divested him of his arms and showed all his wounds. She implored him that if ointments, or oils, or herbs, or chams, could revive a man utterly undone, he should prolong her nephew's life.

42. He said, "My lady, you tempt me in vain to dare do the thing, which I daily repent, and it is the cause of my eternal torment. To attempt it again is to renew my torment. Is it not enough that, expelled from heaven which is my place, here I suffer eternal torment for one fault, while the crime repeated as you urge upon me, might enhance the vengeance? Can you appease the wrath of thundering Jove who rules both night and day?"

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43 'Not so,' (quoth she) 'but, sith that heavens king
From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing ;
And fearest not that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of everlasting Night ?
Goe to then, O thou far renowmed sonne
Of great Apollo ! shew thy famous might
In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne
Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be donne.'

44 Her words prevaild : And then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things els the which his art did teach :
Which having seene, from thence arose away
The mother of dredd darknesse, and let stay
Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure ;
And, backe retourning, tooke her wonted way
To ronne her timely race, whilst Phoebus pure
In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

45 The false Duessa, leaving noyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pryde :
Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence ; albee, his woundes wyde
Not throughly heald, unready were to ryde.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away ;
For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spyde
Where in a dungeon deepe huge nombers lay
Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled night and day :

46 A ruefull sight as could be seene with eie ;
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivitie ;
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
Through wastfull Pride and wanton Riotise,
They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse,
Provokt with Wrath and Envyes false surmise,
Condemned to that Dongeon mercilesse,
Where they should live in wo, and dye in wretchednesse

43. She said, "I do not mean it. But since the king of heaven has expelled you and you have no more hope to go back to heaven, why should you fear when you have nothing to hope for, and why should you not fear that which might hurt you more, when you are in the power of everlasting Night ? Come now you celebrated son of great Apollo ; show your supreme power in medicine, which earned for you great suffering and greater praise which can never end."

44. Her words persuaded him. The learned physician with his skilled hand touched his wounds and attempted all that his healing art suggested. The Night, observing the attention he paid to the wounded knight, got up, and left the son of Aveugles in the care of the physician, and returning, resumed, her accustomed journey when the sun-god dipped, his wager in the waves of the Western sea to make it fresh.

45. The false Duessa, taking leave of the filthy Night, returned to the palace of Pride. When she came there, the fairy knight was gone though his wounds were not completely healed, and he was not good enough to go riding. He had good reason to get away, for one day his watchful dwarf had observed a good many captives, confined in a deep dungeon, wailing day and night.

46. It was a pitiful sight that was ever seen by the human eye. He had learned secretly the cause of their captivity. Living in extravagant pride and reckless revelry, they pledged their lives to covetousness, and were condemned by the female tyrant, incited by wrath and the false suggestion of envy, to that cruel dungeon. Here they would live in pain and die in misrey.

47 There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call upon ;
Till, through celestiall doome thrown out of dore,
Into an Oxe he was transformd of yore.
There also was king Croesus, that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great richesse store ;
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altares daunst.

48 And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd ;
And after him old Ninus far did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd.
There also was that mightie Monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide,
Till, scornd of God and man, a shamefull death he dide.

49 All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carkases of beastes in butchers stall.
And in another corner wide were strowne
The Antique ruins of the Romanes fall :
Great Romulus, the Grandsyre of them all ;
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus ;
Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball ;
Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius ;
High Caesar, great Pompey, and fiers Antonius.

50 Amongst these mightie men were women mixt,
Proud women, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke :
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke :
Fayre Sthenoboea, that her selfe did choke
With wilfull chord for wanting of her will ;
High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill ;
And thousands moe the like that did that dongeon fill.

47. There was the king of Babylon (Nebuchadnezzar) who was punished with being made into an ox by divine command, because he had demanded all nations of the world to worship him as the only god. There was King Croesus who was swollen with pride on account of his hoard of wealth. There was Antiochus who lifted his hand against god, and desecrated his altars.

48. The great Nimrod who lived long before them, and had wasted the world with fire and sword, was also there. There was Ninus who surpassed Nimrod in princely pomp, and was obeyed by all the world. The mighty monarch (Alexander, the Great) was also there and he was laid very low, though when living he stood high in pride above all, and he would like to be exalted as Ammon's son, forsaking the name of his father, and he, despised by God and man, died a shameful death.

49. They were all thrown together in a heap like the dead bodies of beasts in a butcher's stall. Another spacious corner contained the relics of the Romans. There were great Romulus, the ancestor of the Romans, proud Tarquin, the last king of Rome, the majestic Lentulus, brave Scipio and stern Hanniball, ambitious Sylla, and uncompromising Marius, lofty Caesar, great Pompey and fierce Antonio.

50. With these mighty men there were woman too—proud women, vain and insubordinate. There were bold Semiramis, stabbed to death by her son, which spoke of her shame. Fair Stenoboca who committed suicide for disappointed love, high-minded Cleopatra who killed herself with the sting of Aspes, and similar thousand more who filled the dungeon.

51 Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thralles,
Which thither were assembled day by day
From all the world, after their wofull falles,
Through wicked pride and wasted welthes decay.
But most of all, which in that dongeon lay,
Fell from high Princes courtes, or Ladies bowres,
Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods and thriftless howres,
And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy stowres.

52 Whose case whenas the careful Dwarfe had tould,
And made ensample of their mournfull sight
Unto his Maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But earely rose ; and, ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privy Posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde ;
For, doubtlesse, death ensewd if any him descryde.

53 Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corses, like a great Lay-stall,
Of murdred men, which therein strowed lay
Without remorse or decent funerall ;
Which al through that Princesse pride did fall,
And came to shamefull end. And them besyde,
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A Donghill of dead carcases he spyde ;
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pryde.

51. Besides, there were assembled day by day thousands who had been enslaved by wicked pride and extravagant living *in the world. But most of all, in that dungeon lay those who* fell from high princes' courts of ladies' bowers after they had exhausted their wealth in idle pump or licentious living, and came into such distress.

52. When this matter was reported by the careful dwarf, and the sad sight was revealed to the knight, he would no longer stay in the court of Pride to run the risk, but rose early ; and before the light of dawn had laid bare the world, took his fight by a private back-door so that he might not be observed by any watching eye. He would have certainly met with death, if he had been discovered by anybody.

53. He could scarcely make his way for there lay scattered many corpses of murdered men as on a dunghill. These were lying there without burial. They all came to a shameful end through the activity of princess Pride. Riding beneath the castle wall he noticed besides these, heaps of dead bodies. The dreadful scene was a part of the house of Pride.

## CANTO VI

*From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace*
*Fayre Una is releast:*
*Whom salvage nation does adore,*
*And learnes her wise beheast.*

1 As when a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Marriner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To joy at his foolhappie oversight:
So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

2 Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed
The fayre Duess' had forst him leave behind;
And yet more sad, that Una, his deare dreed,
Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind;
Yet cryme in her could never creature find;
But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake:

6 The pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes,
The last vaine helpe of wemens great distresse,
And with loud plaintes importuneth the skyes,
That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes;
And Phoebus, flying so must shamefull sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hydes for shame. What witt of mortal wight
Can now devise to quitt a thrall from such a plight?

## CANTO VI

1. As when a ship under sail escapes being wrecked by a submerged rock and the seaman, partly amazed, views the danger escaped, and hardly dares rejoice in the lucky escape in spite of his foolhardiness, so the fairly knight with his fearless courage was tossed between joy and care as he escaped the fate in store for him.

2 Yet he was sad because in his haste he had to leave behind fair Duessa ; he was still sadder that his beloved Una, an object of fear too, should not have kept her faith with him. But none could find any sin in Una. For his love, and for her own sake, she had wandered far and wide in search of her knight, and would not abandon her search until fierce Sansloy captured her all by surprise.

6. The sad maiden, troubled, comfortless, sent shrieking cries, the last resort of a woman in distress, and implored the heavens with loud complains. The stars melted and dropped like weeping eyes and the sun, evading this shameful sight, hid his blushing face in a foggy cloud in shame. What intelligence of a mortal being could rescue Una now from such a bad plight ?

7 Eternall providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appears can make her selfe a way.
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
Her shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud did bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did resownd :
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres for away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd :

8 Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towardes the far rebownded noyce,
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent :
Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
A rude, mishapen, monostrous rablement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde,
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

9 The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,
There find the virgin, doolfull, desolate,
With reffled rayments, and fayre blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late ;
And trembling yet through feare of former hate.
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state :
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthie of so wofull plight.

10 She, more amazd, in double dread doth dwell ;
And every tender part for fear does shake.
As when a greedy Wolfe, through honger fell.
A seely Lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make.
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake ;
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim
With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim.

7. Eternal providence beyond the reaches of thought, when no remedy seemed to be in view, wrought for this lady a wonderful rescue. With her piercing and loud shrieks the woods resounded while a number of Fauns and Satyrs were making a merry dance far away as old Sylvanus slept soundly in a bower.

8. Who, when they heard the pitetous cries, abandoned hastily their merry dance, and came running to find out the cause. They came quickly to the spot, and when the fierce Saracen saw them, a crowd of monstrous shapes, the like of which he had never seen before, he dared not pause, but mounted his horse and rode away as fast as he could.

9. The wild wood-gods, coming there, found the virgin, sad and desolate, in garments all in disorder, with her face, red and swollen with weeping, as she had been left by her enemy. She was still quaking with fear. They stood amazed at the strange sight and began to pity her condition. They admired her extraordinary beauty which could suffer so much ill.

10 She, more amazed, was doubly afraid, and shook in every limb, as when a ravening wolf, snatches away an innocent lamb from a flock, on whom he wants to make his bloody feast, and sees a lion fast approaching him, and abandons his prey, which, saved from death, quakes in every limb, seeing the lion look so grim.

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All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthie of so wofull plight.

10 She, more amazd, in double dread doth dwell ;
And every tender part for fear does shake.
As when a greedy Wolfe, through honger fell.
A seely Lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make.
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake ;
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim
With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim.

7. Eternal providence beyond the reaches of thought, when no remedy seemed to be in view, wrought for this lady a wonderful rescue. With her piercing and loud shrieks the woods resounded while a number of Fauns and Satyrs were making a merry dance far away as old Sylvanus slept soundly in a bower.

8. Who, when they heard the pitetous cries, abandoned hastily their merry dance, and came running to find out the cause. They came quickly to the spot, and when the fierce Saracen saw them, a crowd of monstrous shapes, the like of which he had never seen before, he dared not pause, but mounted his horse and rode away as fast as he could.

9. The wild wood-gods, coming there, found the virgin, sad and desolate, in garments all in disorder, with her face, red and swollen with weeping, as she had been left by her enemy. She was still quaking with fear. They stood amazed at the strange sight and began to pity her condition. They admired her extraordinary beauty which could suffer so much ill.

10. She, more amazed, was doubly afraid, and shook in every limb, as when a ravening wolf, snatches away an innocent lamb from a flock, on whom he wants to make his bloody feast, and sees a lion fast approaching him, and abandons his prey, which, saved from death, quakes in every limb, seeing the look so grim.

11 Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart,
Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move, she had ;
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad ;
Their frowning forheades, with rough hornes yclad,
And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay ;
And, gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her ; and, feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

12 The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet committ
Her single person to their barbarous truth ;
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,
Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th.
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soverayne,
Are wonne with pitty and unwonted ruth ;
And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance fayn

13 Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,
And yieldes her to extremitie of time :
So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime.
They, all as glad as birdes of joyous Pryme,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme ;
And with greene braunches strowing all the ground.
Do worship her as Queene with olive girlond cround.

14 And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring ;
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring ;
Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out
To weet the cause, his weake steps governing
And aged limbs on cypresse stadle stout ;
And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

11. Her trembling heart was seized with such fear, that she could utter no word, nor move a limb. The savage tribe felt her secret pain and read her sorrow in her sad face. They put aside their frowning foreheads, stuck with rough horns, and the show of rude horror, and gently smiling, assumed a pleasing look to comfort her. Their backward bent knees (like a goat's) at last inspired confidence in her.

12. The doubtful lady could not yet trust herself to these rude creatures, and wavered between hope and fear. She had lately learnt what harm follows credulous confidence. They moved to pity by her tender youth, and admiring her supreme beauty, were all pity and kindness for her. They laid themselves down on the ground, kissed her feet and fawned on her with joyful looks.

13. She could read their thoughts by their humble manner, and made the best of it as she could. So she got up from the ground without fear and walked on without suspicion. They, as glad as birds in spring, led her forth, dancing around her and shouting and singing shepherd's song. They crowned her with an olive garland, and worshipped her as a queen by strewing green branches on the ground.

14. They played on their merry pipes all the way, and all the woods rang with the music ; with their hooves they beat the ground, leaping like sportive kids in spring. So they brought her to old Sylvanus. Sylvanus, waked by the noise, come out to find the cause, carefully guiding his weak steps and leaning on a cypress staff while his waist was girt with an ivy knot.

15 Far off he wonders what them makes so glad ;
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad :
They, drawing nigh, unto their God present
That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent.
The God himself, vewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent ;
His own fayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

16 The woodborne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as Goddesse of the wood ;
And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not what
To think of wight so fayre, but gazing stood
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood ;
Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see ;
But Venus never had so sober mood ;
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,
But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

17 By vew of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse ;
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this ;
And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse ;
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
But pynd away in anguish and self-wild annoy.

18 The woody nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thither runne apace ;
And all the troupe of light foot Naiades
Flocke all about to see her lovely face ;
But, when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malitious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace ;
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire but her on earth they find.

15. Far off yet from them he wondered what made them so glad. Either they might have discovered a new way of making liquor from grapes, or the celebration of Cybele's rites might have maddened them. Drawing nearer, they presented unto their god Una, the model of faith and rare beauty. The god himself, looking at that marvellous beauty, stood long amazed, and with passion in flame now considered his own fair Dryope not fair enough, and Pholoe but a hag, compared to the one he saw before him.

16. The Sylvan people prostrated themselves before her, and worshipped her as a Sylvan deity. Old Sylvanus did not know what to think of so fair a creature, but stood gazing at her and doubted whether she was an earthly creature. Sometimes she imagined that it might be Venus herself, but Venus could not be so modest and coy. Sometimes he took her to be Diana but she carried no bow and arrows, and wore no high boots.

17. At the sight of her, the dearest object of his love, Cyparissus, seemed to come into life again. He recalled his features and remembered how fair he was, and not fair, compared to the lady. He remembered how by mistake he killed a favourite stag of his, which he loved as his own life above all worldly happiness. He pined away in grief and anguish.

18. The woodland nymphs, Hamadryades, came along to have a look at her, and all the swift-footed Naiades flocked round to see her lovely face. When they had gazed upon her heavenly beauty, they envied her, and ran away to shun disgrace. All the Satyrs despised their woodland nymphs, and henceforth they could find nothing fair on earth but her only.

19. Happy at her good luck, the maid, unlucky and lucky at the same time, was contented to give them pleasure of sight, and stayed with these savage people for a long time to draw her breath in the midst of many miseries. During this time she applied her intelligence to teach them the true religion, because they worshipped her, which was idolatry. But when she checked their misdirected ardour in worshipping her, they would gladly worship her ass.

20. It happened that a noble warlike knight came to the forest to seek his kinsmen from whom he derived his well-deserved title. He had won much fame in warfare abroad, and his renown was known in distant lands. He was simple, loyal and averse to shame. He ever loved to fight for the honour of ladies, but took little delight in vain glorious battles.

21. He was a satyr's son, borne in the wild forest, by a strange chance His mother was a mild lady, fair Thyamis, daughter of Labryde. She was married to Therion, a wild wanton youth who delighted more to roam the wide forest; busy hunting wild beasts than to serve the lady he loved, and wasted his time in idle pleasures.

* * * *

24. All that he was taught in his youth was to despise cowardice and base fear. His father compelled him to lay his trembling hand upon the lion and rugged bear, and to snatch away the whelps from the teats of the she-bear. He was taught to tame wild roaring bulls, ride their backs and to chase and catch wild roebucks so that every beast of the field shunned him.

19 Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky mayd
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage people stayd,
To gather breath in miseryes.
During which time her gentle wit she plyes
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
And made her th' Image of Idolatryes;
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne
From her own worship, they her Asse would worship fayn.

20 It fortuned, a noble warlike knight
By just occasion to that forrest came
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right
From whence he tooke his weldeserved name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And fild far landes with glorie of his might:
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enimy of shame,
And ever loy'd to fight for Ladies right;
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

21 A Satyres sonne, yborne in forrest wyld,
By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a Lady myld.
Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde;
That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
Who had more joy to raunge the forrest wyde,
And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
Then serve his Ladies love, and waste in pleasures vayne.

* * * *

24 For all he taught the tender ymp was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare:
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare;
And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wyld roring Buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes, not made to beare:
And the Robuckes in flight to overtake,
That everie beast for feare of him did fly, and quake.

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25 Thereby so fearlese and so fell he grew,
That his own syre, and maister of his guise,
Did often tremble at his horrid vew;
And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise
The angry beastes not rashly to despise,
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne
The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

26 And for to make his powre approved more,
Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell;
The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell,
The Antelope, and Wolfe both fiers and fell;
And them constraine in equall teme to draw.
Such joy he had their stubborne harts to quell,
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
That his beheats they feared as a tyrans law.

27 His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne;
And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
After his sportes and cruell pastime donne;
When after him a Lyonesse did runne,
That roaring all with rage did lowd requere
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
And full in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

28 The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe gan fast to fly away;
Untill, with love revokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say:
'Ah Satyrane, may dearling and my joy,
For love of me leave off this dreadful play;
To dally thus with death is no fit toy:
Go, find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.'

25. He grew so fearless and fierce that his own father and instructor often trembled at the terrible sight of him, and often, for fear that he might be hurt, he was advised not to chase too rashly the wild beasts and annoy them. He should rather, he was told, teach the lion to be submissive and get the stern leopard to stop roaring (a hard lesson indeed), when the latter yearned for revenge in anger.

26. To test his power he would put wild beasts in iron yokes—the spotted panther, the tusked boar, the swift female leopard, the cruel tiger, the antelope and wolf, both fierce and cruel, and compel them to pull on in team. He had a delight in subduing their stubborn hearts, and bearing down their opposition, so that they dreaded his commands, as a tyrant's law.

27. His loving mother came one day to the woods to see her little son, and happened to meet him on the way. He had finished his cruel game, when a lioness came chasing him, and roaring in rage for he had snatched away her cubs She saw how he bore the cubs in his arms without any childlike fear.

28. The fearful mother all trembled at the sight of this, and turning back ran fast until recalled by love for her son, she stopped and addressed these womanly words to him, "Ah, Satyrane, my darling and my joy, for my sake leave off this dreadful game. To play with death is not fit pleasure. Go, find some other play-mates, my sweet boy."

29 In these and like delightes of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper years he raught;
And there abode, whylst any beast of name
Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage haught
Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought;
In which his might was never overthrowne;
But through al Faery lond his famous worth was blown.

30 Yet evermore it was his maner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent.
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his syre and ofspring auncient.
And now he thither came for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Straunge Lady in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

31 He wondred at her wisedome hevenly rare,
Whose like in womens witt he never knew;
And, when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rue,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And joyd to make proofe of her cruelty
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse and trew:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her discipline of faith and verity.

32 But she, all vowd unto the Redcrosse Knight,
He wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight;
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent;
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
How with that pensive Maid he best might thence arise.

29. He was trained in these and similar bloody sports till *he reached manhood*, and he dwelt there where any noted beast whom he had not yet tamed, roamed about. Then he wished his haughty caurage to be known by foreign enemies, and went in quest of *strange adventures to distant lands where he never* knew any repulse. His fame spread wide through all fairy land.

30. Yet always it was his habit to return, after all his adventures undertaken, to his native woods and pay respects to his old father. Now with this very purpose he came there and found Una unexpectedly—a strange lady in a strange dress—teaching the Satyrs, who sat round him, sacred things.

31. He wondered at her rare heavenly wisdom ; he never knew any thing like this intelligence in a woman. And he *compared her courteous action : he began to admire her and* pity her sorrows. He blamed fortune for her troubles and for making a trial of a gentle lady, so innocent and faithful. *Henceforth he kept her company and learned of her* true faith (religion) and the discipline it involved.

32. But she, devoted to the Redcross knight, secretly lamented all the risk he took in wandering about, and could take no delight in her new acquaintance. Her heart was torn in anguish, and she took counsel with herself how to escape. At last she privately revealed her purpose to Satyrane. He was glad to win such favour, and planned how he might safely depart with that lady, given to brooding over her state.

33 So on a day, When Satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
He led away with corage stout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe;
In vaine he seekes that having cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, and come now to the plaine.

34 The better part now of the lingring day
They traveild had, whenas they far espide
A weary wight forwandring by the way;
And towards him they gan in haste to ride,
To weete of newes that did abroad betide,
Or tidings of her knight of the Redcrosse;
But he them spying gan to turn aside
For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse:
More greedy they of newes fast towards him do crosse.

35 A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,
And soild with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traveild many a sommers day
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde,
And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

36 The knight, approaching nigh, of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures, none he heard.
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
That in his armour bare a croslet red?
'Ay me! Deare dame,' (quoth he) 'well may I rew
To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red;
These eies did see that knight both living and eke ded.'

33. So on a day when the satyrs were all gone to pay their respects to old Sylvanus, and the gentle lady was left alone, he led her away with bold daring. It was too late for the satyrs to be told, or for them to hope to recover Una. In vain he seeks that which he had, but could not keep. He took her away with all care and pain, and soon they stepped out of the woods and came to the plain.

34. They had spent the better part of day in travelling fast, and now they saw a weary person wandering about, and rode towards him in haste to hear of the news abroad, or of her knight. But when the stranger saw them, he turned aside, as if in fear or as if he had lost something. More eager for news they crossed over to him soon.

35. He was a simple man, clad in tattered clothes, and soiled with the dust of the roadway. His sandals were worn out with travelling, his face was tanned with scorching sun, as if he had travelled all through summer, through the burning sand of Arabia and India. He carried a pilgrim's staff in his hand to rest his weary limbs upon, and a pouch behind his back, into which he put all his necessaries.

36. The knight, coming up to him, inquired of him news of war and new adventures. But he had heard of nothing of war or adventures. Then Una asked him if he knew or heard anything of her true knight who bore a red cross on his armour He replied, "Alas ! lady I may well be sorry to tell the sad thing that what my eyes have seen. These eyes of mine saw that knight both living and dead."

37 That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,
That suddein cold did ronne through every vaine,
And stony horrour all her sences fild
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe :
Then, wonne from death, she bid him tellen plaine
The further processe of her hidden griefe :
The lesser pangs can beare who hath endur'd the chief.

38 Then gan the Pilgrim thus : 'I chaunst this day,
This fatall day that shall I ever rew,
To see two knights, in travell on my way,
(A sory sight) arraung'd in batteil new,
Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew.
My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,
To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
That, dronke with blood, yet thristed after life : [ knife,'
What more ? the Redcrosse knight was slain with Paynim

39 'Ah ! dearest Lord', (quoth she) 'how might that bee,
And he the stoutest knight that ever wonne ?'
'Ah ! dearest dame,' (quoth hee) 'how might I see
The thing that might not be, and yet was donne ?'
'Where is,' (said Satyrane) 'that Paynims sonne,
That him of life, and us of joy, hath refte ?'
'Not far away,' (quoth he) 'he hence doth wonne,
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him lefte [ clefte.'
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele were

40 Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,
Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse opprest,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast ;
And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
Whereas the Pagan proud him selfe did rest
In secret shadow by a fountaine side :
Even he it was, that earst would have supprest
Faire Una ; whom when Satyrane espide,
With foule reprochfull words he boldly him defide.

37. These cruel words had so shook her heart that a shudder through her, and her senses were numbed with horror and she fell down in a swoon. The knight gently lifted her up, and comforted her with kind and courteous words. Then, rescued from death, she bade the stranger tell her all the details, for who has heard the principal part of her sorrow, can bear the lesser pain.

38. Then the pilgrim continued, "I happened, this fated day that I shall ever regret, to see two knights, as I travelled, (it was a sorry sight), both in battle array, hurling vengeance, and the two figures inflamed in wrath. At the sight of the combat I trembled when their swords drew blood, and the more blood they drew, the more their aim grew fatal. What is more to tell ? The Redcross knight finally fell to the Pagan's knife "

39. Una said, "Ah ! dearest lord, how could that be when he happened to be the bravest knight who ever fought ?" He said "Ah ! dearest lady, how could I see the thing that could not be and yet was done ?" Then Satyrane said, "Where is that Pagan who has robbed the knight of life and us of joy ?" He replied, "He lives not far away from here by the side of a fountain, where I left him lately, washing bis bleeding wounds which were inflicted by the sword."

40. The knight at once hastened forth, while Una, overcome with sorrow, could not follow him so fast. And soon he came, as he had guessed the spot, where the proud Pagan rested in a shade by the fountain. Even it was he who would have ravished Una. When satyrane saw him, he boldly challenged him wit reproachful words.

41 And said ; 'Arise, thou cursed Miscreaunt,
That hast with knightless guile, and trecherous train,
Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
That good knight of the Redcrosse to have slain :
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilts wrong, or els thee guilty yield.'
The Sarazin, this hearing, rose amain,
And, catching up in hast his three-square shield
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

42 And, drawing nigh him, said ; 'Ah ! misborn Elfe,
In evil houre thy foes thee hither sent
Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe :
Yet ill thou blamest me for having blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent :
That Redcrosse knight, perdie, I never slew ;
But had he beene where earst his armes were lent,
Th' enchaunter caine his errour should not rew :
But thou his errour shalt, I hope, now proven trew.'

43 Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile
Each other, bent his enimy to quell,
That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
That it would pitty and living eie.
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile ;
But floods of blood could not them satisfie :
Both hongred after death ; both chose to win, or die,

44 So long they fight, and fell revenge pursue,
That, fainting, each themselves to breathen lett,
And, ofte refreshed, battell oft renue.
As when two Bores, with rancling malice mett,
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett ;
Till breathlesse both themselves aside retire,
Where forming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whett,
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire,
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

41. And said, "Get up, you damned villain. You have disgraced your vow of knighthood by unknightly trick and false *conduct, and boast to have killed the good knight of the* Redcross. Arise, and defend with similar treachery the wrong you have done, or else give yourself up, guilty as you are." The Saracen, hearing this got up with all his might, and snatching up his three-cornered shield, and his bright helmet, made ready for battle.

42. And, coming up to him, he said, "Ah ! misbegotten elf, in an evil hour your enemies sent you here, to avenge another's wrong at the cost of your life. You wrongly blame me by connecting my name with trick and treacherous purpose. By God, I never slew that Redcross knight. But had he been slain, the enchanter (Archimage) would not regret his error now for having borrowed his arms. But you shall pay for his error, now that the truth is known."

43. Then they began to shower blows, and attacked eac other fiercely, each determined to subdue his enemy. They pierced both plate and mail armour, and inflicted gaping wounds, which it would be a pity for a human eye to see. Streams of blood flowed down their sides. But blood did not satisfy them. Each wanted to kill the other ; each chose either to win, or to die.

44. They fought long, in pursuit of cruel revenge. When quite faint and exhausted, each let the other pause a while and then they resumed the battle ; as when two boars meet, smarting with malice, and their sides gored bleeding profusely writhe with anguish. Till out of breath they retire for a while, and then in their violent rage, they sharpen their tusks and stamp on the earth while they have the breathing time, and return to fight, fresh and sound.

45 So fiersly, when these knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight retourne, increasing more
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce.
With heaped strokes more hugely then before;
That with their drery wounds, and bloody gore,
They both deformed, scarsely could bee known.
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,
Led with their noise which through the aire was thrown,
Arriv'd wher they in earth their fruitles blood had sown.

46 Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gain revive the memory
Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin,
And lefte the doubtfull battell hastily,
To catch her, newly offered to his eie;
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely bad him other businesse plie
The hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid:
Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speaches said.

47 'O foolish faeries sonne! what fury mad
Hath thee incenst to hast thr dolefull fate?
Were it not better I that Lady had
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,
To love another: Lo! then, for thine ayd,
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.'
So they to fight; the whiles the royall Mayd
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afrayd.

48 But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing told,
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shadow all this to behold;
And much rejoyced in their bloody fray:
But, when he saw the Damsell passe away,
He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay.
But for to tell her lamentable caee,
And eke this battels end, will need another place.

45. So fiercely, when they had rested a while, they resumed their fight, and applying more of their strength and vigour, and growing more vehement ; they multiplied their blows more fiercely than ever till with their dismal wounds and streaming blood they were so mutilated that they could be hardly recognised. By this time, Una, however troubled in mind, arrived there, drawn by the noise that filled the air, and saw the blood that stained the earth.

46. As soon as the proud Saracen saw her, he gave up the battle and ran to catch her, when she appeared within view. But Satyrane intercepted him with his strokes, and bade him mind other business than run after an innocent maid. Enraged, he cast these bitter words at him.

47. "Oh, foolish fairy's son, what madness has incited you to hasten your sad fate ? Would it not be better if I had that lady than that you should repent too late. He must be without sense who has little regard for himself when he loves another. Here to aid you, take the badge of your lady on your head." So they kept fighting, while Una fled off, being afraid of the proud Pagan.

48. But that false pilgrim who told them a lie, was indeed old Archimage ; he lay concealed in a shade in order to behold the scene, and was much rejoiced in their bloody fight. But when he saw the lady run away, he left the shade and pursued her quickly, hoping to bring her to utter ruin. Elsewhere her sad case and also the end of the battle will be narrated.

## CANTO VII

*The Redcrosse knight is captive made*
*By Gyaunt proud opprest :*
*Prince Arthure meets with Una great-*
*ly with those news distrest.*

1 WHAT man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,
As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
By which deceipt doth maske in visour faire,
And cast her colours, died deepe in graine,
To seeme like truth, whose shape she well can faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine ?
Great maistresse of her art was that false Dame,
The false Duessa, clocked with Fidessaes name.

2 Who when, returning from the drery Night,
She found not in that perilous hous of Pryde,
Where she had left the noble Redcrosse knight,
Her hoped pray, she would no lenger byde,
But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
To reste him selfe foreby a fountaine syde,
Disarmed all of yron-coted plate ;
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

3 Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd
Doe chaunt sweet musick to delight his mynd.
The witch approaching gan him fayrely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd
Upbrayed, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony [ sweet.

## CANTO VII

1. Is there a man so wise or human intelligence so cautious as to be able to discern the wile in which deceit masks itself, and the semblance of truth that it assumes, which is so easy to it, and which it can use to its own purpose with plausible air—and the purpose is but to beguile the innocent ? The false Duessa had a mastery of this art, disguised with the name of Fidessa.

2. When Duessa returned from the dreary Night, and did not find the Redcross Knight in that house of Pride where he faced danger, whom she expected to make her victim, she did not stop there any longer. She went forth to seek him far and wide. Before long she came upon him, resting himself by the side of a fountain after having divested himself of his armour ; and by his side his horse browsed.

3. He reposed in the cool shade, and refreshed his sweating forehead with the gentle breathe of air, which played about through the tremulous leaves, and there the merry birds of various kinds kept singing to give him pleasure The witch, coming there, greeted him fairly, and charged him with his careless neglect of her by having left her in a place that suited her ill. She used mischievous words to allure him ; she masked mischief in honeyed words.

4 Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountain like a girlond made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:
The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

5 The cause was this: one day, when Phoebe fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,
Satt downe to rest in middest of the race:
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters wexed dull and slow,
And all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble grow,

6. Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was;
And lying down upon the sandie graile,
Dronke of the streame, as clear as christall glas:
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle.
His chaunged powers at first them selves not felt;
Till crudled cold his corage gan assayle,
And chearefull blood in fayntnes chill doth melt,
Which like a fever fit through all his bodie swelt.

7 Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame;
Till at the last he heard a dreadful sownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astownd,
Upstarted lightly from his looser make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

4. Unkindness being now all over, they talked of comfort and enjoyed the pleasure of the cool shade; it protected them from the burning heat; *there were green branches that made the cool shade look like a garland thrown about the fountain,* The fountain bubbled forth; nor *ever would it dry up in* summer. The sacred nymph who used to dwell there had lost Diana's favour, as it happened now.

5. This was the cause: One day when faire Diana with all her company was following the chase, the nymph, worn out with the heat of the sun, sat down to rest when the chase was on. The goddess, being angry, disgraced her, and bade the waters that flowed from her, stay dull and languid like herself. So the waters grew dull and sluggish of which all who drank became faint and weak.

6. This gentle knight was unaware of this, and lying down on the grave, he drank of the stream which seemed crystal clear. Soon his manly strength waned, and he sank into extreme feebleness. He did dot feel the change until a chill numbed his courage and made his coursing blood inert. It ran through his body like a fever fit.

7. Yet he paid court to his lady, *even to lasciviousness and* was heedless of both his health and fame; then he heard a dreadful sound which came *rebounding through the wood and* all the earth seemed to quake and the trees trembled. The fairy *knight, astounded, started up from his lascivious mate;* and snatched at his weapons which had been laid aside.

8 But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or gett his shield, his monstrous enimy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous Geaunt, horrible and hye,
That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye;
The ground eke groned under him for dreed:
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

* * * *

10 So growen great, through arrogant delight
Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,
And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to losse; his stalking steps are stayde
Upon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.

11 That, when the knight he spyde, he gan advaunce
With huge force and insupportable mayne,
And towards him with dreadfull fury praunce;
Who, haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne,
Disarmd, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde;
And eke so faint in every joynt and vayne,
Through that fraile fountain which him feeble made,
That scarsely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

12 The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
That could have overthrowne a stony towre;
And, were not hevenly grace that did him blesse,
He had been pouldred all as thin as flowre:
But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
And lightly lept from underneath the blow:
Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,
That with the winde it did him overthrow,
And all his sences stound that still he lay full low.

8. But before he could put on his armour, or secure his shield, his monstrous enemy, a hideous giant, came striding *within view. He seemed to challenge the sky with his height;* the earth under his feet groaned. No eye of a living person ever saw the like of him, nor dared look at the figure. His height exceeded that of three tallest men put together.

* * * *

10. Proud of high descent which made him so haughty, and confident of his great might, he despised all knights. So now *he advanced upon the knight, abandoned to destruction.* He had uprooted a knotty oak that stood in his way and made of it a deadly mace, with which he frightened his enemies.

11. When he saw the knight, he came forward with irresistible might and dreadful violence ; the knight, without luck or hope as he was, walked towards him to prepare for the battle. He was disarmed, disgraced and frightened in his inmost self. He was also so weak in every joint and vein for having drunk of the fountain, which had enfeebled him so that he could hardly wield his sword.

12. The giant struck with such merciless might that he could have brought a stone tower tumbling down. And if the knight had not been protected by heavenly grace, he would have been powdered as thin as flour. But he was on his guard, and sprang off from under his blow. The very breath of the stroke sent him reeling, and he fell down, all his senses stunned.

13 As when that divelish yron Engin, wrought
In deepest Hell, and framed by Furies skill,
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
Conceiveth fyre, the heavens it doth fill
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke ;
That th' only breath him daunts, who hath escapt the stroke.

14 So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight,
His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
And him to dust thought to have battred quight,
Until Duessa loud to him gan crye,
'O great Orgoglio ! greatest under skye,
O ! hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,
Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy Leman take.

15 He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
To gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake :
So willingly she came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possessed of his newfound make.
Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse
And, ere he could out of his swowne awake,
Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
And in a Dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

16 From that day forth Duessa was his deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye :
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
And her endowd with royall majestye.
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,
A monstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksom den,

13. As when the devilish iron Engine, made in deepest Hell and fashioned by the skill of Furies, and charged with nitre and sulphur and loaded with the round bullet, destined to kill, bursts into fire, it fills the heavens with the rumbling noise of thunder and produces a stifling sensation in the air so that none can breathe, or see, and hear as he pleases, through the smouldering could of dark stinking smoke—and the mere breath subdues him when he evaded the stroke.

14. So when the giant saw the knight thus subdued, he lifted up his heavy hand, and intended to have powdered him to dust when Duessa cried out to him. "O great Orgoglio! greatest under the sky, withhold thy stroke for the sake of a lady, and do not kill him, but make him your bond-slave for ever, defeated as he is, and take me as a prize to be your mistress."

15. He listened to her, and refrained from doing any further harm so that he might gain such a prize as she promised. Willingly she threw herself into his arms, and as willingly he received her and had possession of his new mate Then he took up the senseless body of the knight, and before he recovered from his swoon, bore him to his castle in haste, and threw him without pity into a dungeon.

16. From that day onward Duessa was his darling, and was highly esteemed by his proud self He gave her gold and purple mantle to wear, and set on her head a triple crown. Then he chose a monstrous beast, born in a foul bog, which he had kept long in a dark den to attend on her so that people might dread her more, and their hearts might be paralysed

17 Such one it was, as that renowmed Snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake:
Whose many heades, out budding ever new,
Did dreed him endlesse labor to subdew.
But this same Monster much more ugly was,
For seven great heads out of his body grew
An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine as glas.

18 His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the hous of hevenly gods it raught:
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The everburning lamps from thence it braught,
And prowdly threw to ground, as thing of naught;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred thinges, and holy heastes foretaught.
Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head
He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

19 The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed;
His mightie Armour, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse;
His poynant speare that many made to bleed,
The rueful moniments of heavinesse;
And with them all departes to teel his great distresse.

20 He had not travaild long, when on the way
He wofull Lady, wofull Una, met,
Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydinges spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake;
Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

17. It was such a none as that well-known snake which great Alcides killed in Stremona—the snake that was reared in the filth of Lerna lake. It had many heads growing, which cost Alcides much labour to destroy. But this monster was much more ugly than the other one ; seven great heads grew out of his body, while his breast was of iron and his back of brass in *formation of scales, and his eyes were blood-shot and shone like* glass.

18. His tail spread out to enormous length and seemed to reach heaven ; and he forcibly brought the stars from heaven, and cast them to the ground, as if they were nothing, and trampled them under his feet and also the holy commands taught. *He placed Duessa upon this seven headed beast so that* she might inspire awe in other.

19. The sad dwarf, who attended to his horse, noticed his master's fall and captivity, took up his abandoned garment, his mighty armour which had failed him in his need, his silver shield now without use and without an owner, his sharp spear that had *drawn blood from many—the sad symbols of his sorrow,* and departed to make known his distress.

20. He had not travelled long before he met the sad Una who was running away from the passionate Pagan whom Satyrane and intercepted. When Una saw the dwarf with the load of armour, which coveyed the tragic news, she fell to the ground in grief, and the breath of life seemed to have left her for a while, and yet her sad heart beat fast.

21 The messenger of so unhappie newes
Would faine have dyde: dead was his heart within,
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes.
At last, recovering hart, he does begin
To rubb her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
And everie tender part does tosse and turne:
So hardly he the flitted life does win
Unto her native prison to retourne;
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and mourne:

22 'Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on the earthly mould,
Sith cruell fates the carefull threds unfould,
The which my life and love together tyde?
Now let the stony dart of sencelesse cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through everie side,
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hyde.

23 'O lightsome day! the lampe of highest Jove,
First made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,
When darkness he in deepest dongeon drove,
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
And shut up heavens windowes shyning wyde;
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance which shall long abyde:
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
But seeled up with death shall have their deadly meed.'

24 Then downe againe she fell unto the ground,
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.
At last when life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enimy,
With foltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,
'Tell on', (quoth she) 'the wofull Tragedy,
The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye,

21. The bearer of this sad news would have rather died. His heart within was very much depressed : yet he kept a show of calmness and strength. Recovering himself he began to rub the temples of Una and chafe her chin and stroke her limbs With difficulty he brought back life to her, and then she began to wail.

22. "Sad eyes, which beheld this tragic spectacle, why do you gaze on *this loathed sight*, and feel inclined to gaze on earthly creatures when cruel fates have served the bonds that held my life and love together. Now let a dart as hard as a stone or unfeeling cold pass my heart and run through every side, and let eternal darkness conceal this sight from me.

23. "O bright day ! the lamp of Jove set up to guide men in their wandering paths when darkness was banished from the world, *hide from me your face* which I now hate, and close the windows of heaven now shining brightly ; any earthly thing now distresses me and is the cause of repining that will not pass away. My eyes shall no longer delight in ideal shows ; to close in death would be just their reward."

24. She fell down to the ground again, but he quickly lifted her again. Thrice she fell into a swoon, and thrice he revived her with great trouble. At last when life seemed to be well restored, and death put away, with a faltering tongue and every vein trembling, she said, "Tell me all the details of the tragedy which these relics present to my eye.

25 'Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart:
The sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine heart:
Who hath endur'd the whole can beare ech part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound
That launched hath by brest with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;
If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have found.'

26 Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare;
The subtile traines of Archimago old,
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold;
The wretched payre transformed to treen mould;
The house of Pryde, and perilles round about;
The combat which he with Sansjoy did hould;
The lucklesse conflict with the Gyaunt stout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

27 She heard with patience all unto the end,
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
Which greater grew the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay;
For greater love, the greater is the losse.
Was never Lady loved dearer day
Then she did love the Knight of the Redcrosse,
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

28 At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pas,
All as the Dwarfe the way to her assynd;
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale.
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

25. "Fortune has exhausted all her malice upon me, and sorrow has inflicted the worst upon me ; your sad tongue cannot tell me anything worse than what I feel, and bear in my heart. One, who has suffered the whole, can easily endure each part. If it be death, it is not the first time that I hear of it, and my breast has already been panged with the news. Begin, and keep nothing of the stunning news from me. If it be less than what I fear, then I seem to be more favoured."

26. Then the dwarf began to tell the whole story—the crafty plot of old Archimago, the lascivious love of false Fidessa after the Pagan had been defeated and killed, the lovers transformed into trees, the house of Pride and the perils waiting there, the combat with Sansjoy, the unlucky contest with the bold giant and the knight's captivity. But he doubted whether he was still living or dead.

27. Patiently she listened to the story up to the end, and tried to control her sorrow ; the greater it grew, the more she struggled with it ; her heart was almost rent in twain, and love made it all the worse for her, for the greater is love, the greater is the sense of loss. There was never a lady who loved life dearer than she loved the knight of the Redcross, for whose sake she had suffered so many troubles.

28. At last when her passionate sorrow had abated a little, she rose, determined to seek him whether living or dead. She made her way on as the dwarf guided her. And ever within her mind, a constant prey to cares, she nourished her grief. She roamed through many a wood and many a valley, tossed about by storms, and oppressed by chilly wind ; she went over hills and right across valleys.

29 At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
Together with his Squyre, arayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phoebus brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may.
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most pretious rare.

30 And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
Of mother perle; and buckled with a golden tong.

31 His haughtie Helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd:
For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
His golden winges: his dreadfull hideous hedd,
Close couched on the beaver, seemd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
That suddeine horrour to faint hartes did show;
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

32 Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bounch of heares discoloured diversly,
With sprincled pearle and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for jollity,
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.

29. At last fortunately she happened to meet a good knight, riding along, attended by his squire, and properly equipped. His glittering armour shone far away like the beaming light of the sun. No part of the body was exposed that might receive the stroke of steel. He wore a showy baldric, set with precious stones, across his breast, and they shone like stars.

30. In the midst of the baldric, there was a precious stone of great value and also of supreme virtue; it was shaped like a lady's head, and shone like Hesperus among the lesser stars, and dazzled the weaker eyes. From the baldric hung his long, fine-shaped sword in ivory sheath, carved with nice designs, whose hilts were of burnished gold, and handle was of mother of pearl, with a golden clasp.

31. His proud helmet, all bristling with gold, was gloriously bright and inspired terror. A dragon with greedy paws and thrust out golden wings, enclosed his crest. The dragon's dreadful, revolting head, resting on the beaver, seemed to emit fiery sparks from the mouth; striking faint hearts with sudden terror, his scaly tail spread down his back.

32. Upon the top of his crest a bunch of hairs of diverse hues, sprinkled with pearls and decked in gold, shook and seemed to dance in joy, like an almond tree all alone on top of green Selinis, laden with blossoms; his soft locks trembled, everyone of them, when there was a breath of air.

33 His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene ;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
Such earthly mettals soon consumed beene,
But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hewn out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

34 The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray ;
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That Phoebus golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay ;
And silver Cynthia wexed pale and faynt,
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.

35 No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody wordes of bold Enchaunters call ;
But all that was not such as seemd in sight
Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall :
And when him list the raskall routes appall,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all ;
And, when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew,

36 Ne let it seeme that credence this exceedes ;
For he that made the same was knowne right well
To have done much more admirable deedes.
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of migicke spell :
Both shield and sword, and armour all he wrought
For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell ;
But, when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if sought.

33. His shield was all closely covered, and was visible to none of mortal creatures It was not made of steel, nor of hard brass, because these earthly metals soon wear out ; it was made of perfectly pure and clean diamond—one entire mass, hewn out of adamantine rock with sharp implements. No point of a spear could ever pierce it, nor any stroke of a sword could make a dent in it

34, He would not bare his shield to any person except when he would scare monasters, or strike terror into overwhelming numbers of his enemies, or threaten the scudding clouds above. So exceedingly bright it was that it could dim the bright face of the sun, as a cloud does, and shadow the silver moon, as if stricken with magic spell.

35. No magic art had any influence on the shield, nor any words of enchantment. All that had anything to do with magic would fade and decline before the shield. When it placed him to send the rabble cowering, he could, with his shield, turn men into stones, and the stones into dust, and the dust into nothing. When it pleased him to humble any proud looks, he would turn them blind while they kept gazing, and change them to another shape.

36. Let it not appear that it is all incredible, for he, who made the shield, was known to have done more wonderful deeds. It was Merlin, who excelled all living men in magic art. He made the shield, the sword and the armour for this young prince when first he began to bear arms But when he died, the Faerie Queene had the armour brought to Faerie land where it could be yet seen, if one desired.

37 A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire,
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmeful head, thrise heated in the fire,
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square :
A goodly person, and could menage faire
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt,
Who under him did trample as the aire,
And chauft that any on his backe should sitt :
The yron rowels into frothy fome he bitt.

38 Whenas this knight nigh to the Lady drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertaine ;
But, when he heard her answers loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine ;
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
And for her humor fitting purpose faine,
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray,
Wherewith enmovd, these bleeding words she gan to say.

39 'What worlds delight, or joy of living speach,
Can hart, so plunged in sea of sorrowes deep,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach ?
The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
Scoone as I think upon my bitter bale.
Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
Then rip up griefe where it may not availe :
My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and waile.'

40 'Ah Lady deare,' quoth then the gentle knight,
'Well may I ween your griefe is wondrous great ;
For wondrous great griefe groneth in my spright,
Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat,
But, woefull Lady, let me you entrete,
For to unfold the anguish of your hart :
Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
And counsell mitigates the greatest smart :
Found never help who never would his hurts impart.

37. His dearly loved squire, a gentle youth, bore his spear of ebony wood. The sharp-headed spear had riven open many a breast The squire was a well-shaped man who could manage his stubborn horse with a smooth round bit. Under him his horse bounded light as air, and resented that anybody else should be mounted on him, and champed the ring in the bit, till he foamed.

38. When this knight drew nearer to the lady, he treated her with graceful courtesy. But when he heard her words tardily come off, he left that a secret sorrow preyed upon her heart. He now addressed sympathetic words to her to soothe her anguish, and to meet her mood so that she might reveal to him the cause of her sorrow. Moved by his words, she addressed these painful words to him.

39. "Can the joys of the world, or the thrilling speech of a living person reach a heart, plunged into sorrows and assailed by great misfortunes ? Chill carefully creep into my heart, and fill it with smart, as I begin to think of my misfortunes It is better to keep hidden these sorrows of mine for which there is no remedy than to unfold them, which can be of little use. All the comfort that is left to me is to weep and wail my sorrows "

40. The gentle knight said, "Ah, my dear lady, I can imagine that your sorrows exceed all bounds, and my spirit groans in sympathy with you while I hear your sad story. But sad lady, let me entreat you to reveal to me your sorrows. Misfortune can be subdued by good advice, and extreme anguish can, by the same means, be lessened. He who would not communicate his troubles, would never receive any help."

41 'O, but,' (quoth she) 'great griefe will not be tould,
And can more easily be thought then said.'
'Right so,' (quoth he) 'but he that never would
Could never : will to might gives greatest aid.'
'But griefe,' (quoth she) 'does greater grow displaid,
If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire'.
'Despaire breeds not,' (quoth he) 'where faith is staid.'
'No faith so fast,' (quoth she) 'but reason can repaire.'
'Flesh my empaire,' (quoth he) 'but reason can repaire.'

42 His goodly reason, and well-guided speach,
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought ;
And said : Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquere the secrets of my griefe,
Or that your wisedome will direct my thought,
Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe :
Then, heare the story sad, which I shall tell you briefe.

43 'The forlorne Maiden, whom your eies have seene
The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
Am th' onely daughter of a King and Queene,
Whose parents deare, whiles equal destinies
Did ronne about, and their felicities
The favourable heavens did not envy,
Did spred their rule through all the territories,
Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually :

44 'Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
An huge great Dragon, horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
With murdrous ravine, and devouring might,
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight,
Themselves, for feare into his jawes to fall,
He forst to castle strong to take their flight;
Where, fast embard in mighty brasen wall,
He has them now fowr years besiegd to make them thrall.

41. The lady said, "Great grief cannot be communicated ; it can better be felt within then put into words." He said, "It might be so, but he who would not utter his grief, could not do it. Will can greatly help what one can." She said, "Grief is renewed when it is given expression to, which it finds no relief, and it will give rise to despair." The knight said, "Where there is faith, no despair can grow." She replied, "However, steadfast faith may be, the flesh is weak." He said, "The flesh may weaken, but there is reason which can restore strength."

42. His excellent reason and words sank deep into her mind, and she was persuaded to reveal her trouble—and it was love crossed by fortune. She said, "Good sir, I think that it is my good luck which had made you inquire into the secrets of my grief, or that your wisdom will be able to guide the course of my thought and action, or that your manly courage will be able to afford me relief. So you may hear my sad story which I shall briefly tell.

43. "The forsaken lady, whom you see to be mocked by fortune, is the only daughter of a king and a queen, who, while Fates dealt justly with them, and heaven favoured their happiness, and not envied it, reigned in the land, watered by the Phison, Euphrates and Gehons.

44. "Till at last their cruel cursed enemy, a great dragon, horrible to look at, who was born in the foul lakes of Tartary, ravaged their kingdom and country. Lest they might be devoured by him, they were forced to take their flight to a strong castle. This castle, enclosed in a wall of brass, was laid siege to by the dragon so that they could be made his slaves And this has continued for four years.

45 'Full many knights, adventurous and stout,
Have enterpriz'd *that Monster to subdew.*
From every coast that heaven walks about
Have thither come the noble Martial crew,
That famous harde atchievements *still pursew*;
Yet never any could that girlond win,
But all still shronke, and still he greater grew:
All they, for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pitteous pray of his fiers cruelty have bin.

46 'At last, yled with far reported praise,
Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,
Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raise,
That noble order hight of Maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
Of Gloriane, great Queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red;
There to obtain some such redoubted knight,
That parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

47 'Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and good)
There for to find a fresh unproved knight;
Whose manly hands imbrewd in guilty blood
Had never beene, ne ever by his might
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right:
Yet of his prowesse proofe he since hath made
(I witnes am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

48 'And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His biting sword, and his devouring speare,
Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,
Can speake his prowesse that did earst you beare,
And well could rule; new he hath left you heare
To be the record of his ruefull losse,
And of my dolefull disadventurous deare.
O! heavie record of the good Redcrosse,
Where have yee left your lord that could so well you tosse?

45. "Many adventurous knights have taken upon themselves to overcome the monster. They came from every part of the world. They still pursue this noble object. Yet never anybody has been able to win the wreath of victory. They shrank from him, and he grew stronger day by day. All of them, either for want of faith, or for their sin, have been the victims of his cruelty.

46. "At last, hearing for the far-spread fame of the brave knights, who were reared in Faerie land, I made my way to the court of Gloriana, who founded that noble order of knighthood: Cleopolis is the seat of her kingdom I went there to obtain the service of a valiant knight who might rescue my dear parents.

47. "At the court of Gloriana I had a fair chance to find a fresh untried knight whose hands had never been stained with blood unjustly shed, nor had he abused his power to wrong the innocent. He has since given a demonstration of his courage and manhood—I can bear witness to it—in many hard battles. The dying groans of many have met the stroke of his sword, lifted in avenging wrong.

48. "The abandoned symbols of his power—his slashing sword, his piercing spear which have stood many dreadful contests, can speak eloquently of his mainly courage, which they upheld formely and could well direct. Now they are left here to call to mind his sad destruction and my wretched misfortune. They are the sad record of the good Redcross knight. Where is tqeir master who could wield them with such skill ?

49 'Well hoped I, and faire beginning had,
That he my captive languor should redeeme:
Till, all unweeting, an Enchaunter bad
His sense abusd, and made him to misdeeme
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,
That rather death desire then such despight.
Be judge, ye heavens, that all things right esteeme,
How I him lov'd, and love with all my might
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

50 'Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
To wander where wilde fortune would me lead,
And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
Where never foote of living weight did tread,
That brought not backe the balefull body dead:
In which him chaunced false Duessa meete,
Mine onely foe, mine only deadly dread;
Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming sweete,
Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete.

51 'At last, by subtile sleights she him betraid
Unto his foe, a Gyaunt huge and tall;
Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall
The monster mercilesse him made to fall,
Whose fall did never foe before behold:
And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remedilesse for aie he doth him hold.
This is my cause of griefe, more great them may be told.'

52 Ere she had ended all she gan to faint:
But he her comforted, and faire bespake:
'Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of plaint,
That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake:
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take;
For till I have acquitt your captive knight,
Assure your selfe I will you not forsake.
His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse spright,
So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding ever right.

49. "I hoped well—and it had a good beginning—that he would release my parents languishing in captivity till a wicked enchantress beguiled him without his knowledge and made him misconstrue my loyalty, for it seemed to him other than what it really was—I would rather desire death than meet such disgrace. Let heavens, that esteem all things rightly, be my judge how I loved him, and still love him with all my heart. So I thought that he loved me, and think I was not wrong in thinking so.

50. "Then he left me all alone and miserable to wander about at random wherever chance might lead me, and he took to ways that spelled ruin to him, for he happened to meet false Duessa, my only foe, my object of dread. She by means of her witchcraft and dissembling airs enticed him to satisfy her improper desires.

51. "At last, by her crafty tricks she handed him over to his enemy, a huge and tall giant who, finding him disarmed, enervated, frightened, took him by surprise, and with his mighty hammer felled him to the earth, and now confines him in a dark dungeon as miserable slave with no help This is the cause of my grief—and it is more than can be told."

52. She was going to faint before she ended her speech, but he comforted her and spoke kindly to her : "Certainly, madam, you have great cause to lament, that would shake the stoutest heart. But be of good cheer, and be comforted Until I have released your knight, held in captivity, be assured that I will not forsake you." His cheerful words revived her spirit. So they *went forth with the dwarf as their guide.*

## CANTO VIII

*Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,*
*Brings Arthure to the fight:*
*Who slayes the Gyaunt, wounds the beast.*
*And strips Duessa quight.*

1 Ay me! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Where not that heavenly grace doth him unhold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.
Her love is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he, through his own foolish pride
Or weaknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall:
Els should this Redcrosse knight in bands have dyde,
For whose deliverance she this Prince doth thither guyd.

2 They sadly traveild thus, untill they came
Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye:
Then cryde the Dwarfe 'Lo! yonder is the same,
In which my Lord, my liege, doth lucklesse ly
Thrall to that Gyaunts hatefull tyranny:
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay'
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie steed, and badd the Ladie stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

3 So with his Squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towardes that castle wall,
Whose gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living wight
To warde the same, nor answere commers call.
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold
And tasselles gay. Wyde wonders over all
Of that same hornes great virtues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

## CANTO VIII

1. Alas ! how many perils encircle the righteous man to test his virtue and bring about his fall, if he were not protected by divine grace and redeemed by his unfailing faith. Her love was firm, her care constant, as often as he, either through his foolish pride or through weakness, was enslaved by sin ; else, this Redcrosse knight would have died in bondage, for whose release she was guiding this prince to the dungeon where he was confined.

2. They sadly travelled until they came nearer to a castle built strong and high. Then the dwarf cried, "Behold ! there is where my master, unlucky as he is, lies imprisoned, a victim of the giant's tyranny. Therefore, dear sir, make trial of your mighty power." The noble knight dismounted from his horse soon, and told the lady to wait and see how the battle might end.

3. Accompanied by his squire who admired his strength, he advanced towards the castle wall. He found the gates shut fast, and no living person guarding the same, nor any response to the call of visitors. Then the squire took a bugle which hung down his side in twisted gold and gay tassels. Wonderful stories were told of that horn, and they proved to be true.

4 Was never wight that heard that shrilling sownd,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine:
Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
And Ecchoes three aunswer'd it selfe againe:
No false enchauntment, nor deceiptfull traine,
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.

5 The same before the Geaunts gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
And every dore of freewill open flew.
The Gyaunt selfe, dismaied with that sownd,
Where he with his Duessa dalliaunce fownd,
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
And staggering steps, to weet what suddein stowre
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded powre.

6 And after him the proud Duessa came,
High mounted on her many headed beast,
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creast,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.
That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
Upon his manly arms he soone addrest,
And at him fiersly flew, with corage fild,
And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

7 Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,
Inflamed with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All armed with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
But wise and wary was that noble Pere;
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did fayre avoide the violence him nere:
It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to beare.

4. If anybody heard the shrill sound of that horn, he was taken with trembling all over the body. It could be heard three miles away, and it evoked three echoes. No enchantment, no guile could withstand it, but would crumble before the sound. A gate, however strong, a loch, however fast and firm, would fly open or burst at the sound of this horn.

5. He blew the horn before the giant's gate so that the castle shook to the bottom, and every door flew open of itself. The giant himself who had his amorous play with Deussa, was startled by the sound. He came rushing from the inner apartments, and with staring eyes and a stern countenance, as one astounded, and with reeling steps, he wanted to find out what sudden disturbance had produced that note of horror, and dared to challenge him.

6 Proud Duessa followed him, mounted on her many headed best, ev ry head flaming and crowned, and the mouth dripping with blood from the late feast When the knight beheld the sight, with the shield adjusted under him, he tushed at him, spurred on by courage and ardour.

7 The giant made himself ready for the fight. He was filled with anger and contempt. Lifting up his club, full of knot, he thought that he could finish his enemy. But the knight was cautious and vigilant and evaded the blow by springing off lightly. There could be no meaning in receiving such a mighty blow.

8 Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might:
The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
So deepely dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw.
The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with strange feare did like an erthquake show.

9 As when almightie Jove, in wrathfull mood
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
The fiers threeforked engin, making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay;
And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount of clay.

10 His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
He could not rearen up againe so light,
But that the Knight him at advantage fownd;
And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smott off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might;
Large streames of blood out of the truncked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riven rocke.

11 Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He loudly brayd with beastly yelling sownd,
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe.
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine
An herd of Bulls, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing:
The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmur ring.

8. There could be no shame in keeping clear of the giant's heavy assault. *The stroke, missing the target, came down to* the ground, and made a deep hole, as deep as three yards, and the earth, with such a deep wound, groaned, and shook like an *earthquake.*

9. As when almighty Jove, in his indignation to punish the sin of the mortals, hurls his thunder rolling in flames and smouldering smoke, whick drives through the rifts in clouds and blazing firmament, and the thunder has cloven high towers and trees, and whatever might resist to passage, and rebounding on the earth, throws up a cloud of clay.

10. He could not raise again the heavy club that was transfixed to the ground, and the knight found him at a disadvantage. And while he strained to get loose his club, the knight hewed off his left arm with his sword, and it, fell like a block to the earth, with a heavy weight, and no strength left in it. A flood of blood rushed from the dismembered limb, like waters [illegible] a rock split open.

11. Frightened at such a violent wound, and also impatient of the excruciating pain to which he was not accustomed, he *howled and yelled, and all the fields resounded It was like the* noise of the bulls in Cymbrian plain who bellowed in their hunger to be fed by their unwilling mothers, the roar being taken up by the neighbouring woods.

12 That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw
The evil stownd that daungerd her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast; who, swolne with blood of late,
Came ramping forth with proud presumpteous gate,
And threatned all his heads like flaming brandes,
But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fiers with single sword in hand;
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stande.

13 The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight.
And fiers disdaine to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beast with all her might,
That stop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let of so unequall foe:
But nathemore would that corageous swayne
To her yeeld passage gainst his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

14 Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inner partes,
Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded hartes:
Which, after charmes and some enchauntments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes:
Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayd,
And all his sences were with suddein dread dismayd.

15 So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
That when the carefull knight gan well avise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;
For vondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved Squyre into such thraldom brought:

12. When his beloved Duessa saw the danger he was in, she hastened to his aid, and the dreadful beast she mounted, lately bloated with the bloody feast, came striding, and put his heads into brighter flames. But the Squire, with his drawn sword, forced him to retreat quickly, and stood between the beast and his master.

13. The proud Duessa, full of contempt at the resistance, forced her beast to bear down all opposition, looking down upon such an insignificant enemy. But the bold youth stood in their way, and prevented them from getting at his master. He withheld the beast with his mighty strokes, and barred his passage to his master.

14. The angry witch now took her golden cup, the receptacle of her magic art, from which flowed death and despair to many who drank of it, secret poison invading their inner parts. It would do infinite harm to hearts, lapsed in sin. After pronouncing some enchantment she sprinkled the cup on the two weak parts of the squire, and his hardy courage waned, and all senses were numbed.

15. He fell down before the cruel beast who gripped his neck with his claws, and so life seemed to be crushed out of him. He could neither move nor rise. When the Knight noticed it, he left the giant and addressed himself to the beast It was very painful to him to see his Squire in such a desperate condition.

16 And, high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heads so sore,
That of his puissaunce proud ensample made:
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more.
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wownd,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
And over flowed all the field arownd,
That over shoes in blood he waded on the grownd.

17 Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
That to have heard great horror would have bred;
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long trayne,
Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
Would have cast downe, and trodd in durty myre,
Had not the Gyaunt soone her succoured;
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre,
Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight retyre.

18 The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now unites,
Which is through rage more strong then both were erst;
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrow.
The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low:
What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow?

19 And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew;
The light whereof, that hevens light did pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye
For to have slain the man, that on the ground did lye.

16. Coming up, he struck at one of the heads of the beast with his sword, and it showed how strong and powerful he was. He slit his head down to his teeth, and the misshapen beast looked more revolting. A stream of blood gushed from his wound, and Duessa's gorgeous garments were stained with blood, and the blood flooded the ground, and the knight walked with his boots soaked in it.

17. The beast roared in extreme pain, and it would have filled any hearer with dismay Beating the empty air with his tail in his unendurable pain, he would have cast down his rider, and rolled in the mire, if the giant had not come to her aid at once. Though smarting with pain and wrath, he hurled himself upon the knight and forced him to retreat.

18. He united in his single hand the force which was divided beween the two hands, and his strength seemed too mightier in his rage than ever before, and he lifted his club, and brought it down with all his force upon his enemy—and it might have levelled the strongest oak io the ground. The blow descended heavily on his shield, and the knight stooped low under it. Now mortal could ever stand such a blow.

19. The shield which was covered, was now unveiled, and the light that flashed from it, brighter than the light of the heavens, no eye could sustain ; and the giant looked at the light with his staring eyes, and dropped his arm and receded with his club lifted high so that he might kill the squire who lay flat on the ground.

20 And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Became stark blind, and all his sences dazd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And seemd himself as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Unto the Gyaunt lowdly she gan call ;
'O ! helpe, Orgoglio ; helpe ! or els we perish all."

21 At her so pitteous cry was much amoov'd
Her champion stout : and for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd,
But all in vaine, for he has redd his end
In that bright shield, and all his forces spend
Them selves in vaine ; for, since that glauncing sight,
He hath no power to hurt, nor to defend.
As where th' Almighties lightning brond does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the sences quight,

22 Whom when the Prince, to batteill new addrest
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That downe he tombled ; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rockey clift,
Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be ;
The mightie trunck, halfe rent wish sagged rift,
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

23 Or as a Castle, reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malitious slight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falles ; and with her heaped hight
Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,
And yields it selfe unto the victours might.
Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

20. The many-headed beast too dazzled by the flashing light o. the shield, went stark blind, and all his senses were overpowered, and he rolled on the earth, and seemed to be yielding. When Duessa observed the beast reeling on his feet, she shouted loudly to the giant, "Help, Orgoglio, or we all will perish."

21. Her defender was very much moved by her piteous cry, and to help her, he resorted to his club again, but it was all in vain ; he clearly saw that the bright shield was his undoing. All his force was of little use. In the flashing light of the shield he had lost all his power to hit, nor could he defend his lady, as when the Almighty's lightning flashes, it dazzles, the eyes and overwhelms the senses

22. The prince resumed his fighting, and brandished his gleaming sword about his head with a menacing gesture, and then hewed off his right leg by the knee. The giant came tumbling down like an old tree high growing on the top of a rocky hill, when its fibres are cut through by steel, and the mighty trunk, riven half, goes rolling down the rocks, and falls with a crash.

23. Or as a castle, built high and round, is sapped from below by subtle contrivances and malicious devices, and its foundation made unstable, it falls, and the heavy top crumbling down, it yields to the power of the victor ; such was the fall of the giant which shook the earth like an earthquake.

24 The knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.
But, soone as breath out of his brest did pas,
That huge geart body, which the Gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite ; and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader was.

25 Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spyde,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde :
Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound
But leaving all behind her fled away :
The light-foot Squyre her quickly turnd around
And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his Lord as his deserved pray,

26 The roiall Virgin which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladnesse and myld modestie ;
And with sweet joyous cheare him thus bespake :
'Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my sake ?'

27 'And you, fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw night unto deaths dore,
What hath poore Virgin for such perill past
Wherewith you to reward ? Accept therefore
My simple selfe, and service evermore :
And he that high does sit, and all things see
With equall eye, their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
And what I cannot quite requite with usuree.

24. The knight, lightly springing upon him, smote him with his deadly sword, and he lay now headless, rolling about in his filthy blood, which flowed freely from his wounds, and soon he ceased to breathe. No sooner was his breath gone that his huge body vanished, and nothing was left but what looked like an empty bladder.

25. When Duessa saw his fall, she threw down her golden cup and her crown. Such intense grief invaded her heart that she could not endure that sad shock. She ran away, leaving everything behind. The swift-footed squire intercepted her, and brought her back to his master as a catch worth his pains

26. The royal maiden (Una) who watched the scene from a distance in suspense and sad perplexity, now came running to greet the prince for his victory In her restrained gladness and gracious modesty and with a joyful countenance, she spoke thus to the prince : "Fair branch of nobleness and flower of chivalry, you have amazed the world with your power and courage. How shall I repay the troubles you have taken for me ?

27. "And you, the blossom of virtue just growing, I saw you brought so near death, what has a poor maiden to offer you as a reward for the peril escaped ? I can but offer myself and my service to you. And let him, who sits high, and views all things with impartial eyes to give the due to their merits, behold what you have done for me today, and what I cannot repay with interest.

28 But sith the heavens, and your faire handeling,
Have made you master of the field this day,
Your fortune maister eke with governing,
And, well begonne, end all so well, I pray!
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay,
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all:
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call!'

29 Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squyre,
That scarlot witch to keepen carefully;
Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre
Into the castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye,
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call,
But no man car'd to answere to his crye:
There raignd a solemne silence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or hall.

30 At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro,
For his eye sight him fayled long ygo;
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow:
Those were the keyes of every inner dore;
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

31 But very uncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his untoward pace;
For as he forward moovd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrincled face:
Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the Gyaunt dead;
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

28. "But, since the grace of God, and your own skill and strength have made you victorious, may you also now use your fortune with due restrain—and so I pray that, well begun, it may have a good ending. Do not let that wicked woman escape, for she it is who enslaved my lord, who now lies in a dungeon and wastes his days. O listen, how piteously he calls for your aid."

29. The prince at once made over the scarlet which to his squire, charging him to keep her in custody, while he entered the castle by force and in haste. Here he saw no living creature; he called loudly but no answer come. A death-like silence reigned there. No voice was heard, and no person was seen either in the hall or bower.

30. At last an old man came with creeping pace, his beard as white as snow; he walked with his feeble steps, leaning on a staff; his eyesight was gone: he carried a bunch of keys which, being not used, had resuted. These were the keys of the doors of rooms within, but he could not use them—he just kept them in store.

31. His gait struck one as very queer, for as he moved his step forward, his wrinkled face looked backward, unlike men who, as they walk, keep their face and feet looking the same way. He was the old keeper of the mansion, and foster-father of the dead giant. His name, Ignaro, rightly revealed his nature.

32 His reverend heares and holy gravitee
The knight much honord, as beseemed well;
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell:
Who answerd him full soft, *he could not tell.*
Again he askt, where that same knight was layd,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissaunce fell
He made his caytive thrall: againe he sayde,
*He could not tell*; ne ever other answere made.

33 Then asked he, which way he in might pas?
*He could not tell*, againe he answered.
Thereat the courteous knight displeased was.
And said: 'Old syre, it seems thou hast not red
How ill it sits with that same silver hed,
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
Aread in graver wise what I demaund of thee.'

34 His answere likewise was, *he could not tell*:
Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance,
Wheneas the noble Prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance,
And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then, to his stepping, from his arme did reach
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.
Each dore he opened without any breach,
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to impeach.

35 There all within full rich arayd he found,
With royall arras, and resplendent gold,
And did with store of every thing abound,
That greatest Princes presence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
Which there were slaine as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew;
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

32. The knight respected him for his grey hairs and gravity, at it became him well, and gently asked him where all the people were—the inmates of that stately building. He replied that he could not tell him anything about them. Again he asked him where the knight whom Orgoglio had made his captive with his great power was; again he said that he could not tell. He had no answer but that.

33. When the prince asked him which way he might go in, it was the same answer—he could not tell. He was now displeased, and said, "Old father, you have not considered how ill suits it your grey hairs that you mock me in vain, or to be mocked in turn. If you are, as nature sets you forth in your old age, tell me seriously what I demand of you."

34. His answer was the same—he could not tell. When he noted his foolish words and his ignorance in his old age, he guessed his nature by his countenance, and restrained his anger. Then stepping to him, he took away the keys from him, and admitted himself to all the rooms by unlocking the doors. There was nothing to stop him, nor any enemy to hinder him.

35 Everything there was in rich array. There were hoardings of rich material, glittering gold, and plenty of every kind of things that the greatest princes might behold. But the floor was too filthy, and was bespattered with the blood of the babes and innocents, who were slain there like sheep. It was a dreadful sight, and sacred ashes were strewn over them.

36 And there beside of marble stone was built
An Altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery,
On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,
And holy Martyres often doen to dye
With cruell malice and strong tyranny:
Whose blessed spirites, from underneath the stone,
To God for vengeance cryde continually;
And with great griefe were often heard to grone.
That hardest heart would bleede to hear their piteous mone.

37 Through every rowme he sought, and everie bowr,
But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
At last he came unto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

38 Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These pitteous plaintes and dolours did resound:
'O! who is that, which brings me happy choyce
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
Yet live perforce in balefull darknesse bound?
For now three Moones have changed thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the heavens chearfull face did vew.
O! welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings trew.'

39 Which when that Cha npion heard, with piercing point
Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled sore;
And trembling horrour ran through every joynt,
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
With furious force and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as dark as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthie benefull smell.

36 Besides these there was an altar, built of marble, in which were carved elaborate figures. On this altar blood of true Christians was often spilt, and holy martyrs were done to death by an act of malicious tyranny. Their blessed spirits from under the altar cried for vengeance to God day and night, and were often heard to groan in great anguish, and to hear which the hardest hearts would be melted to tears.

37. He went through every room and inner apartment, but nowhere could he find the captive knight At last he came to an iron door, which was fast locked, but he did not find the key for it in the bunch. A small grate was fixed in it, and through it he loudly called to find out whether there was a living person within whom he might set at liberty.

38. Then a hollow, dismal and faint voice, in reply, made these sad complaints : "Oh, who is he that offers me the happy choice of death when I lie here dying every moment—a living death to me in this harmful darkness Three months I have been confined here, and have not seen the cheerful face of day. You are welcome who brings me the news of death."

39. The prince's heart was pierced with pity when he heard these complaints, and a shudder ran through him He was overcome with profound pity for the forlorn knight. Shaking off his horror, he burst open the door with all his force and wrath When he entered in, he found no floor to step on : it was a sharp descent, plunged into darkness, and a filthy smell filled it.

40 But nether darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
Not noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zele and corage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that Prisoner up to reare ;
Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarse to light could beare ;
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly drere.

41 His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view ;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew ;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,
Were clene consum'd ; and all his vitall powres
Decayd, and all his flesh shronk up like withered flowres.

42 Whome when his Lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty joy ; to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho, when her well of teares she wasted had,
She said ; 'Ah dearest Lord ! what evill starre
On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth marre ?

43 'But welcome now, my Lord in wele or woe,
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day :
And fie on Fortune, mine avowed foe,
Whose wrathful wreakes them selves doe now alay ;
And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay
Of treble good : good growes of evils priefe,'
The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay.
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe ;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

40. But neither darkness, nor restraining filth, nor offensive smell could deter him from his purpose. Perfect love will have nothing to do with niceties. With unfailing ardour and fearless courage, and after much pain and trouble he found the means to lift up the prisoner. His knees were too weak to support his body, though languished. He presented a sad spectacle of deathlike languor.

41. His sad, dull eyes, sunk deep in the sockets, could not endure daylight to which they were unaccustomed. His bare, shrunk cheeks, and his empty sides, because he had been starved, *would awake pity in a stony heart. His gaunt arms,* whose brawny muscles could once break plate armour and smash helmets, were quite wasted, and all his vitality was exhausted, his flesh was shrunk like withered flowers.

42. When his lady saw him, she ran to him in haste and joy. She was glad to see him again, but she was sad to see his pale and worn-out face; he was in the past in the prime of youth. After her tears were exhausted, she said, "Ah, dearest lord! under the influence of what evil star did you come that you are robbed of your own true self, and your manly features are marred by unearthly colour?

43. "*But welcome now, my lord, in weal or woe. I have* missed you for so long a time. Fie on fortune that proved my enemy, but whose wrath now seems to have subsided: for my punishment I shall now exact from fortune treble good—this is how fortune can make amends to me. Good is tested by evil." The cheerless man, whom sorrow overcome and dragged down, had little interest in talking of his grief. He needed greater relief of his long endured suffering.

44 'Faire Lady,' then said that victorious knight,
'The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight,
Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare ;
But th' only good that growes of passed feare
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
This daies ensample hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

45 'Henceforth, Sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
And maister these mishaps with patient might.
Loe ! where your foe lies strecht in monstrous length ;
And loe ! that wicked woman in your sight,
The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live, or die,'
'To doe her die,' (quoth Una) 'were despight,
And shame t'avenge so weake an enimy ;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly '

46 So, as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid ;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then, when they had despoyld her tire and call,
Such as she was their eies might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall :
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

* * * *

49 Which when the knights beheld amazd they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
'Such then,' (said Una,) 'as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of falshood : such the sight
Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.'
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander waies unknowne.

44. Then the victorious knight said, "Fair lady, there can be little pleasure, as I know, in recalling things which it would be painful to do or bear. But I should say that the best music gives pleasure to the ear that hates music. However the only benefit that we can reap of past suffering is to be wise and to be on our guard against it in future. The lesson that today's event has inscribed in my heart indelibly is that happiness cannot stay long with a mortal man.

45. "Henceforth, Sir knight, resume your accustomed strength, and by your patience conquer these misfortunes Behold, their lies your enemy stretched in death at his enormous length And look at that wicked woman who was the cause of all your trouble and suffering is now under your power: you may let her live or die" Una said, "To let die would be spite, and it would be a shame to avenge oneself upon so weak an enemy. Take away her scarlet robe and let her go"

46. As she bade, the witch was disrobed; her royal robes, her red mantle and her ornaments were all taken away. She was stripped naked. When her head-dress and net were removed, they behold what she really was Her deformity was shocking; she was a loathsome, wrinkled hag, ugly and old; decency forbids describing the foulness that had been hidden so long.

* * * *

49. They were amazed, and wondered at the deformity revealed to their view. Una then said, "Such as she looks now, must be the face of falsehood; such is false Duessa when her fictitious beauty is laid aside, and her make up is discovered When they had disrobed the witch, and exposed all her filthy features, they let her go and wander as she pleased.

50 Shee, flying fast from heavens hated face,
And from the world that her discover'd wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
From living eies her open shame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest them selves, and weary powres repaire ;
Where store they fownd of al that dainty was and rare.

*50. She, fleeing fast from open light which she hated,* and from the world that exposed her, soon betook herself to the wilderness to hide her shame from the eyes of men, and hid herself long in caves and rocks Fair Una and the two knights dwelt afterwards in that castle to rest themselves and relieve their fatigue, and there they had plenty of nice rare stuff.

## CANTO IX

*His loves and lignage Arthure tells:*
*The knights knitt friendly bands:*
*Sir Trevisan flies from Despeyre,*
*Whom Redcros knight withstands,*

1 O GOODLY golden chayne, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize;
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave poursuitt of chevalrous emprize,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him in need that stands;
But friendly each did others praise devize,
How to advaunce with favourable hands, [ bands.
As this good Prince redeemd the Redcrosse knight from

2 Who when their powers, empayred through labour long,
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now wexed strong,
Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare as their adventures fell:
But, ere they parted, Una faire besought
That straunger knight his name and nation tell;
Least so great good, as he from her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles thought,

3 'Faire virgin,' (said the Prince,) 'yee me require
A thing without the compas of my witt;
For both the lignage, and the certein Sire,
From which I sprong, from mee are hidden yitt;
For all so soone as life did me admitt
Into this world, and shewed hevens light,
From mothers pap I taken was unfitt,
And streight deliver'd to a Fary knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

## CANTO IX

1. O good golden chain by which all virtues were linked together in a lovely manner, and noble minds of the past were united in pursuit of knightly adventures so that no one despised the safety of the other, nor grudged aid to one in need, but each being friendly sought to advance the praise of the other, as this good prince released the Redcross knight from his bondage.

2. When they had sufficiently recovered their strength impaired by long labour, after long rest, and the weak captive had grown stronger, they did not like to stay any longer there in inactivity, but set forth again in search of adventures. Before they parted, Una begged the stranger knight to tell her of his name and lineage lest the good he had done her, should die unrecorded and remain thankless.

3. The Prince said, "Fair virgin, you demand of me a thing which is without my knowledge, for both my ancestry and the father from whom I descended, yet are hidden from my knowledge. For as soon as I was born and saw heaven's light, I was taken from my mother's care, and delivered to a fairy knight to be brought up in manners befitting gentle birth and in martial feats.

4 'Unto Old Timon he me brought bylive;
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on earth I weene:
His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore:
There all my daies he traind mee up in vertuous lore.

5 'Thither the great magicien Merlin came,
As was his use, ofttimes to visitt me;
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And Tutors nouriture to oversee.
Him oft and oft I askt in privity,
Of what loines and what lignage I did spring;
Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
As time in her just term the truth to light should bring.

6 'Well worthy impe,' said then the Lady gent,
'And Pupill fitt for such a Tutors hand!
But what adventure or what high intent,
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
Aread, Prince Arthure, crowne of Martiall band!'
'Full hard it is,' (quoth he) 'to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or understand
The secret meaning of th' enternall might,
That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of living [wight.

7 'For whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,
Me hither sent for cause to me unghest;
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,
With forced fury following his behest,
My hither brought by wayes yet never found,
You to have helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.'
'Ah! courteous knight,' (quoth she) 'what secret wound
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on ground?'

4. "He brought me quickly to old Timon. Old Timon, when he was young, had been most skilled in warlike exploits ; now he is the wisest man, I suppose. He dwells in a green valley at the foot of the grey, moss-covered Rauran, from which the silver stream of the Dee flows with a gentle murmur. There he trained me in all virtues.

5. "There the great magician, Merlin, came, as his habit was, often to see me, for he had charge of my upbringing and supervise the education given me by my tutors. I often asked him privately about my parentage and he assured me that I was son and heir to a king, and that the truth would be revealed to me in due time."

6. Then the gentle lady said, "Well worthy child, and fit pupil for such tutors, but what adventure or noble purpose has brought you here into Fairy land ? Tell me, Prince Arthur, the glory of knighthood." He said, "It is difficult to divine the course of heavenly action, or understand the secret purpose of eternal power that rules men's ways and the thoughts of living persons.

7. "Whether he, form foresight predestined, sent me here, for cause unknown to me, or whether that irresistible urge and anguish within to follow his command with all vehemence, brought me here mysteriously. I hold myself yet blest to have helped you." She said, Ah ! courteous Knight, what secret anguish could prey upon this your most gentle heart ?"

12 'Ensample make of him your haplesse joy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee.
For on a day, prickt forth with jollitee
Of looser life and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent,
Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

13 'Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd;
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmett fayre displayd:
Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
o fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

.4 "Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and badd me love her deare;
For dearely sure her love was to me bent,
As, when just time expired, should appeare.
But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like wornes did ever heare,
As she to me delivered all that night;
And at her parting said, She Queene of Faeries hight.

15 'When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
And nought but pressed gras where she had lyen,
I sorrowed all so much as earst I joyd,
And washed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne;
From that day forth I cast in carefull mind,
To seek her out with labour and long tyne,
And never vowd to rest till her I fynd:
Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet ni'll that vow unbynd,'

12. "Take as an example the object of your joy, the unlucky Redcross knight, and myself equally matched in misery. My proud boasting, the proud avenging boy (cupid) reduced to nothing and cut short my freedom. For one day, urged by the delight of too free life and the impulse of courage, riding through the wide forset when the fields, stream and sky, in agreement, seemed to smile on me and favour my purpose.

13. "I, after being exhausted with my sports, alighted from my horse, and laid myself down to sleep, and the greene grass served for my bed and my helmet, for my pillow, and while sweet sleep bathed every sense and stole my heart, it seemed to me that a royal maiden laid her delicate limbs softly by my side. The sun never beheld such a lovely creature.

14. "She was quite merry, and coaxed and cajoled me, and urged me to love her passionately, for her love was most sincerely offered me, as it would appear, in due time But whether dreams are deceptive or true, my heart was captivated by joy. No living person, ever heard such word as she addressed to me that night. At her parting she said that she was called Queen of Fairies

15 "When I awoke and found her place empty, and nothing but the crumpled grass where she had lain, my sorrow matched my joy before, and I wetted her place (the place where she laid) with my tears. From that day onward I loved that divine face and resolved to seek her with labour and grief. I have vowed never to rest till I find her. For nine months I have been seeking her in vain, yet I will not give up my vow."

16 Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;
Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display,
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say:
'O happy Queene of Faeries! that hast fownd,
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd.
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on grownd.'

17 'Thine, O! then', said the gentle Redcrosse knight,
'Next to that Ladies love, shalbe the place,
O fayrest virgin! full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case
And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthie grace,
For onely worthie you through prowes priefe,
Yf living man mote worthie be to her liefe.'

18 So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,
And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew;
Als Una earnd her traveill to renew.
Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
And eke, as pledges firme, right hands together joynd.

19 Prince Arthur gave a box of Diamond sure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wownd could heale incotinent.
Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight him gave
A booke, wherein his Saveours testament
Was writt with golden letters rich and brave:
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to save.

16. As he spoke thus, his face went pale, and it revealed great emotion. Yet he tried to suppress the distress of his mind and all its manifestation. Gentle Una now said, "How happy must be the Queen of Fairies when she has found among many one to defend her honour and destroy her enemies True love often has a good beginning, but it is seldom stable and makes progress."

17. The gentle Redcross knight said, "Your place, then, shall be next to that lady's love. O fairest virgin ! you are full of divine insight, and your faith, far in excess of any held by man or woman, was firmly placed on me when I was sorely troubled. And you, my lord and my saviour, may well gain the favour of that great Queen, for you alone by your manly courage have proved worthy of it, if any living person might be worthy to be her lover."

18 As they all discoursed of their love, the bright sun appeared in the sky, and sad recollections urged the prince to pursue his adventures, Also Una yearned to resume her journey. Then the two knights, to confirm their friendship and loyalty, exchanged gifts and oaths, with their right hands joined together.

19. Prince Arthur gave a box of diamond, embossed with gold. A few drops of pure liquor of marvellous virtue were enclosed in it, which could heal any wound instantly. In return for it, the Redcross knight gave him a book, containing the testament (the statement of Christain faith and doctrine), in golden character—a work of great artistic beauty and able to save souls.

20 Thus beene they parted ; Arthur on his way
To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.
But she, now weighing the decayed plight
And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course pursew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew :
For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

21 So as they traveild, lo ! they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other griesly thing that him aghast.
Still as he fledd his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behynd :
Als flew his steed as he his bandes had brast,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd
As he had beene a fole of Pegasus his kynd.

22 Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To bee unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dread :
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
Nor life in limbe ; and, to increase his feares,
In fowle reproch of knighthoodes fayre degree
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his glistring armes does ill agree ;
But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

23 The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet w at mister wight was so dismayd.
There him he findes all senceless and aghast,
That of him selfe he seemd to be afrayd ;
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliver might :
'Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight ?
From never knight I saw in such misseeming plight.'

20. Then they parted—Arthur to seek his love, and the *Redcross knight to fight and overcome Una's foes who had* ravaged her dominion. But Una, considering his feebleness and exhausted strength, was not in favour of taking this step at *present, and plunging him into immediate encounter with her* foes. She would wait till he had recovered his former strength and vitality. She knew well that he was yet very weak and tired.

21. As they travelled, they saw an armed knight coming *on towards them.* He seemed to be running away from a foe he feared, or something that had frightened him. As he fled, he ever looked behind, as if he was being pursued. His horse *galloped fast, for he had burst his straps, and seemed to fly on* wings as if he had been of the species of Pagasus.

22. As he drew near, they saw his head unarmed, and curled uncombed hair standing right up, and he seemed to be dreadfully frightened. It appeared as if there was not a single drop of blood in him, nor any life in his limbs. To increase his fears all the more, and quite unworthy for knight, he wore a rope of hemp around his neck, which was a misfit with his sparkling arms : but he had then no memory of the rope or of the arms.

23. The Redcross knight crossed over to him to find out the kind of person he was who looked so frightened. He found *him stupid and scared, and even afraid of himself too, whom he* could hardly stop from his flight until he addressed these words to him : "Sir knight, tell me who has put you into such [illegible] *and also from whom you are in such hasty flight.* [illegible] a knight in such unseemly state."

24 He answered nought at all ; but adding new
Feare to his first amazement, staring wyde
With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
Infernall furies with their chaines untyde.
Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake
The gentle knight ; who nought to him replyde ;
But, trembling every joynt, did inly quake, [ shake ;
And foltring tongue, at last, these words seemd forth to

25 'For Gods deare love, Sir knight, doe me not stay ;
For loe ! he comes, he comes fast after mee.'
Eft looking back would faine have runne away ;
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secrete of his perplexitie :
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach
Could his blood-frosen hart emboldened bee,
But through his boldnes rather feare did reach ;
Yett, forst, at last he made through silence suddein breach.

26 'And am I now in safetie sure,' (quoth he)
'From him that would have forced me to dye ?
And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
That I may tell this haplesse history ?'
'Feare nought,' (quoth he) 'no daunger now is nye.'
'Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,'
(Said he) 'the which with this unlucky eye
I late beheld ; and, had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

27 'I lately chaunst (Would I had never chaunst !)
With a fayre knight to keepen companee,
Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
In all affayres, and was both bold and free ;
But not so happy as mote happy bee :
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,
That him againe lov'd in the least degree ;
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And joyd to see her lover languish and lament :

24. He made no reply, but stood amazed, looking more scared, and staring wide with his expressionless eyes and disheartend look; he seemed like one who had seen the furies of hell unchained. The gentle knight spoke again and again to him, but there was no reply. He shook all over and at last these words issued from his faltering tongue:

25. "For God's sake, Sir knight, let me go, for look there he comes fast after me." Often looking back, he would have run away, but the Redcross knight forced him to stay, and to tell him frankly the cause of his confusion. However, the Redcross knight tried to encourage him by his bold speech, it was fear that seemed to paralyse him At last he broke his silence.

26. He said, "Am I now sure that I am past the danger from him who would have sought my death? Am I now saved from death that I may tell my sad story?" The Redcross knight said, "Do not fear; you are now free from danger." He said, "Then I shall tell you a sad story, what I lately saw with my these unlucky eyes, and I would have shared the fate myself, had not luck (or God) favoured me.

27. "I lately happened to keep company with a good knight (I wish this had not happened). He was called Sir Terwin, who got on well in his knightly career, and was both bold and free from fear. But he was not as happy as he might have been. He loved, as his fate was, a gentle lady who did not respond to him, for she was proud and too ambitious, and was glad to see her lover pine away.

32 'Certes,' (said he) 'hence shall I never rest,
Till I that treachours art have heard and tryde ;
And you, Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde,'
'I, that hight Trevisan,'(quoth he) 'will ryde
Against my liking backe to doe you grace :
But nor gold nor glee will I abyde
By you, when ye arrive in that same place :
Form lever had I die then see his deadly face.'

33 Ere long they come where that same wicked wight
His dewelling has, low in an hollow cave,
For underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Darke, dolefull, dreary,like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave :
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle,
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and howle.

34 And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees ;
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcases were scattred on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare ;
*But th' other forst him staye, and comforted in feare.*

35 That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind :
His griesie lockes, long growen and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face, through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound ;
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never dyne.

32. The Redcross knight said, "I cannot rest until I have tried his treacherous art, and you, Sir knight, whose name I might desire to know, do me the favour to guide me to his lodge." He replied, "I am called Trevisan ; I shall ride against my will to do you the favour, but neither for gold nor for pleasure shall I stay with you, when you arrive at that place. I should rather die than see his frightful face."

33. Soon they came where that same wicked fellow lived in a low cave, placed underneath a rugged, dark and dismal like a devouring grave that hungered for corpses, On top of it lodged the doleful owl that kept away other birds by his ominous shrieks All about the place wandering spirits kept screeching and yelling.

34. All about there on the uneven rock stood stumps of trees which bore no fruit or leaf. On these stumps of trees many unhappy people had been hanged, and their dead bodies lay strewn here and there. Arrived there, that bare-head knight, for fear and grief, would have run away, and did not dare approach nearer. but the Redcross knight forced him to stay, and comforted him in his fear.

35. They entered the dark cave where they found the wicked man, seated on the ground in a sulky, meditative mood, his grey locks grown long and unconfined, which hung loosely about his round shoulders and hide his face, and through which peered his dull eyes, staring in amazement, and his gaunt cheeks, through poverty and suffering, were sunk into his jaws, for he never dined.

36 His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his woud yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

37 Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
Whensas the gentle Redcrosse knight did vew,
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge before his blood were cold,
And to the villein sayd; Thou damned wight,
The authour of this fact we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right,
With thine owne blood to price his blood, here shed in sight?'

38 'What franticke fit,' (quoth he) 'hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
What justice ever other judgement taught,
But he should dye who merites not to live?
None els to death this man despayring drive
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.
Is then unjust to each his dew to give?
Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath,
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?

39 'Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good;
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast!
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy self not pas the flood?

36. His garment was patched with shreds and pinned with throns. He wrapt it round his naked limbs. Beside him lay a corpse on the grass, soaked in its blood still warm, flowing still from the wound, and in the corpse was stuck a rusty knife which has made a gaping wound.

37. This said spectacle confirmed the story of Trevisan. When the Redcross knight saw this, his courage burned with fiery zeal. He must avenge the dead before his passion became cool. He addressed these words to the villain, "You cursed fellow, we see what you have done. Justice can but condemn you to death to pay for the bloodshed here."

38. He said, "What madness has so confused your mind, foolish man, as to deliver such a rash judgment ? What justice ever prescribed any other course than that he who does not deserve to live, should die ? Nothing but despair from his own guilty mind drove this man to dead. It is then unjust to give each man his due ? Or is it unjust to let the man die who hates to live, or to let one die at ease when he lives unhappy on earth ?

39. 'Is it not right to help one coming to one's wished-for home after long wandering when his passage is checked by a flood and his feet stuck fast in the mud ? You are a very envious man when you grieve at your neighbour's good fortune, and you must be foolish when you rejoice in the misery you suffer. Why will you not let him pass who has stood long on the bank, and yet will not yourself get across the flood ?

40 'He there does now enjoy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest :
What if some little payne the passage have,
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave,
Is not short payne well borne, that bringes long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave ?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please.'

41 The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,
And sayd ; 'The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it :
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
Nor leave his stand untill his Captaine bed.'
'Who life did limit by almightie doome,'
(Quoth he) 'knowes best the termes established ;
And he, that points the Centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

42 'Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne
In heaven and earth ? Did not he all create
To die againe ? All ends that was begonne :
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written sure, and have their certein date.
Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still chaunging state,
Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie ?
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor why.

43 'The lenger life, I wote, the greater sin ;
The greater sin, the greater punishment :
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win
Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
Now praysd, thereafter deare thou shalt repent ;
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
Is not enough that evil life forespent ?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

40. "In death he now enjoys eternal rest and blissful ease, for which you long and from which you daily further stray away. What does it matter if the crossing of the flood involves some little pain, that makes the weak flesh shrink? Is not short-lived pain well-endured when it brings perpetual ease and lays the soul to sleep in peaceful death? Sleep after toil, port after the stormy seas, rest after war, death after life are greatly pleasing."

41. The knight wondered much at his intelligence, and said, "Life has a limited term. One cannot lengthen or shorten it. A soldier cannot leave his post until his captain bids him." He said, "He who limited life by his mighty decree, knows best the terms laid down, and he who shows the sentinel his retiring-room, permits his departure at the sound of the morning drum.

42. "Is not his deed, whatever it is, ordained both in heaven and earth? Did he not create all living creatures to die? Whatever has a beginning, must have an end. The eternal book of fate records the times of both the beginning and the end. Who can then struggle against necessity that rules the world in the midst of change, or avoid death that is fixed by destiny? When the hour of death approaches, let none question whence or why.

43. "The longer the life, I know, the greater is the sin; and the greater the sin, the greater is punishment. You shall repent grievously all those great battles, which you boast to have won, through contest, bloodshed and revenge, and for which you are now lauded. For life must be paid with life, and blood with blood. Is not much of our life misspent? He who has missed the right path of life, wanders further away from it, the further he proceeds.

44 'Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may;
For what hath life that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Payne, hunger, cold that makes the hart to quake,
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife;
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life.

45 'Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;
For never knight, that dared warlike deed,
More luckless dissaventures did amate:
Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life shutt up for death so oft did call;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou maist happen fall.

46 'Why then doest thou, O man of sin! desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
Against the day of wrath to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjuree,
And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
With whom in al abuse thou hast thy selfe defild?

47 'Is not he just, that all this doth behold
From highest heven, and beares an equal eie?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impietie?
Is not his lawe, Let every sinner die;
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be donne,
Is it not better to doe willinglie,
Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, O faeries soone!'

44. "Then go no further, stray no further : lie down here and take your rest, to forestall evil, in life continues. May not whatever we love in life, cause us to forsake it ? Fear, sickness, old age, loss, labour, sorrow, discord, pain, hunger, biting cold, and fickle fortune that will give us no rest—all these and a thousand other things make life hatefull.

45. "You, wretched man, have the greatest need of death, if you will fairly estimate your life. Never did a knight who set forth in quest of adventures suffer more distress. Take, for example, the dark dungeon where you were lately confined when you longed for death ; though good luck has postponed the date, yet death would have anticipated similar misfortunes which might befall you again in future.

46. "Why then, O man of sin, do you desire to prolong your life to the last date ? Is not your life, given to sin, burdened full with acts of sin against the day of judgement ? Is it not enough that you have broken your faith with this mild lady, and surrendered to licentious Duessa by associating with whom you have stained your soul ?

47. "Is he not just who beholds all this sin of yours from above, and judges impartially ? Shall he overlook your sin, but be guilty like you ? Is not his law that every sinner must perish and all flesh shall die ? Is it not then better that you should do willingly what must necessarily be done than wait till the end of the term ? Death terminates all suffering. Then die soon, O fairy's son."

48 The knight was much enmoved with his speach,
That as a swords poynt through his hart did perse,
And in his conscience made a secret breach,
Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,
And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes;
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes;
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

49 In which amazement when the Miscreaunt
Perceived him to waver, weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
Hee shewd him, painted in a table plaine,
The damned ghosts that doe in forments waile,
And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

50 The sight whereof, so throughly him dismaid,
The nought but death before his eies he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid.
By reghteous sentence of th' Almighties law.
Then gan the villein him to overcraw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire
And all that might his to perdition draw;
And bad him choose what death he would desire;
For death was dew to him that had provokt God's ire.

51 But, whenas none of them he saw take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake
And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seene
To come and goe with tydings from the heart,
As it a ronning messenger had beene.
At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

48. The knight was very much moved by his speech. It pierced his heart like a sword's point, and seemed to wound his conscience. He felt all, that he said, to be true, and it presented to his memory the picture of his ugly crimes. The result was that his manliness was dissipated, as if he were enchanted with incantation Often he quaked and fainted.

49. When the wicked perceived him wavering, weak and feeble as he was, while his conscience was seized with horror and his soul, with hellish anguish, in order to drive him to despair and to overcome him totally, he showed the Redcross knight the damned souls wailing in torment and a thousand devils *harassing them with fire and sulphur*, all *painted in a* plain picture.

50. The Redcross knight was so shaken by the picture that he saw nothing but death confronting him and hell fire consuming him by the just sentence of the Almighty. Then the villain began to insult him, and brought to him, swords, ropes, poison, fire and all that might draw him to hell, and bade him make his choice of the means of dying, for he deserved to die because *he had provoked God's wrath.*

51. But when he did not accept any of these as a means of death, he brought out to him a sharp dagger, and put it in his hand. His hand trembled like a green aspen leaf, and his face, drained of blood, was pale when he mused on the dagger. The blood ran through his pale face with news from the heart, as if it had been a running messenger. At last, resolved to inflict death upon himself, he lifted his hand, but started back.

52 Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The crudled could ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne : but, soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said ; 'Fie, fie, faint hearted Knight !
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife ?
Is this the battaile which thou vauntst to fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright ?

53 'Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright ;
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part ?
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art ?
Where justice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
Arise, Sir Knight ; arise, and leave this cursed place.'

54 So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hong him selfe, unbid unblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby ;
For thousand times he so him selfe had drest,
Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

52. When Una saw this, a cold shiver ran through her as in a swoon. But soon recovering herself, she snatched the dagger from his hand, and threw it away. Full of anger, she said, "Shame, faint-hearted knight ! what do you mean by this blameworthy struggle ? Is this the battle which you boast you will fight with the fire-breathing dragon ?

53. "Come away, weak-hearted, feeble-minded man Let not idle words captivate your heart of a man, nor devilish thoughts take possession of your spirit Have you not a claim to the mercies of heaven ? Why should you despair, why you are chosen to receive the grace of God ? Justice and mercy go together, and mercy quenches the burning pain of hell, and blots out the cursed handwriting (religious practices—contrary to Christianity). Get up, knight, and leave this cursed place."

54. He rose and mounted his horse. When then the churlish fellow saw his guest departing safely, in spite of his crafty trick, he picked out a halter, and with it hanged himself, unprayed for and unblessed But he could not achieve death by this means, for he had made the attempt a thousand times. Yet notwithstanding it could not make him die until he would die at last (when sin would be no more).

## CANTO X

*Her faithfull knight faire Una brings*
*To house of Holinesse;*
*Where he is taught repentaunce, and*
*The way to hevenly blesse.*

1 WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly might
And vaine assuraunce of mortality,
Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the fielde most cowardly doth fly!
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory:
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

2 By that which lately happend Una saw
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight.
Therefore, to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

3 There was an auncient house nor far away,
Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Though wisedome of a matrone grave and hore:
Whose onely joy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

## CANTO X

1. What man is there who boasts of physical strength and confidence of a mortal but will yield or shun a contest when he encounters forces hostile to virtue and integrity ? Let no man set it down to his skill if he has victory in a spiritual contest, which is due to the favour of the Almighty. If we have any strength, it is to do ill. All the good is God's, both power and will.

2. From what lately happened, Una saw that her knight was weak and prostrated, and all his muscles relaxed through long imprisonment and restraint which he had lately endured. He seemed as yet unfit for bloody fight. To nourish him with dainty deit, she planned to bring him where he might recover good cheer and declined strength.

3. There was an ancient house of religion not far away, noted throughout the world for sacred discipline and blameless life. The house of religion, it is said, was well administered by a wise, grave and aged matron whose only joy was to relieve the needs of wretched souls and help the needy poor. All night she spent in telling her beads, and the day in doing good and pious deeds.

4 Dame Caelia men did her call, as thought
From heaven to come, or thither to arise;
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two, most sober, chast, and wise,
Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were;
Though spousd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
But faire Charissa to a lovely fere
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

5 Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt,
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes; but, when they knockt,
The Porter opened unto them streight way,
He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
Wont on a staffe his feedle steps to stay,
Hight Humilta. They passe in, stouping low;
For streight and narrow was the way which he did show.

6 Each goodly thing is hardest to begin;
But, entred in, a spatious court they see,
Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in;
Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee;
His name was Zele, that him right well became:
For in his speaches and behaveour hee
Did labour lively to expresse the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

7 There fayrely them receives a gentle Squyre,
Of myld demeanure and rare courtesee,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre:
In word and deede that shwd great modestee,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight Reverence. He them with speaches meet
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,
But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
As might become a Squyre so great persons to greet.

4. Men called her dame Caelia, and they thought that she came from heaven or was sprung in heaven. She was mother of three daughters, brought up well in all accomplishments and devotional exercises. The eldest two—most prim, chaste and wise, F delia and Speranza, were still maidens; they were betrothed, and were yet to enter into wedlock. But fair Chariss: was united, with a fair companion, and had many children.

5. When they arrived there, they found the door locked, for it was guarded day and night against enemies. When they knocked, the door was at once opened by the porter. He was an old man, grey-haired, with looks downward cast, and gait slow. He used to walk with a staff. He was called Humilta. They entered, stooping low, for straight and narrow was this gateway through which they entered.

6. It is very hard to begin a good thing. When they had entered, they found a large courtyard; it was plain and pleasant to walk in. A fair and free franklin met them and treated them with graceful courtesy. His name was Zele—a name that suited him. In his speeches and manners he took pains to justify the name, and gladly guided them till they came to the hall.

7. A gentle squire received them at the entrance to the hall. He was of mild bearing and graceful courtesy He was clad in sober clothes. He behaved with propriety with men of all degrees. He was called Reverence. He welcomed them with proper words; it was no show of elegant courtesy, but plain, simple and genuine manner as would beseem a squire when greeting such great persons.

8 And afterwardes them to his Dame he leades,
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place,
Who all this while was busy at her beades;
Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace.
Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from hevenly race,
Her heart with joy unwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld:

9 And, her embracing, said; 'O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!
Most vertuous virgin, borne of hevenly berth,
That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head
From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,
Hast wandred through the world now long a day,
Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead;
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither stay?

10 'Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place; or any other wight,
That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee,
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right:
All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to goe astray,
And be partakers of their evil plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way.
O foolish men! why hast ye to your own decay?

11 'Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
O matrone sage,' (quoth she) 'I hither came;
And this good knight his way with me addrest,
Ledd with thy prayses, and broad-blazed fame.
That up to heaven is blowne.' The auncient Dame
Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
And enterteyned them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies that she could devyse,
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

8. Then he conducted them to his dame, that aged dame, the keeper of the religious house, who was all the time busy telling her beads, finishing which she got up with graceful dignity and approached them. When she found that it was Una whom she knew to be born up a heavenly race, her heart beat in unaccustomed joy, as she felt wonderfully comforted in her old age.

9. Embracing her, she said, "O happy earth that is trodden by your innocent feet, most virtuous virgin of heavenly birth, to release your parents from the violence and terror of a tyrant, you have long wandered through the world and given no rest to your weary soles, what good luck or favour has directed your steps this way, or have your weak feet, led you unknowingly here ?

10. "It is rare to see a wandering knight here, or any other visitor who may turn up. There are very few who seek the narrow path or the right one. All go the broad way, and in the company of many take the wrong path, and fall into evil as they do when they walk in company, and then return to the few to tread the right path. O foolish men, why do you hasten to your own ruin ?"

11. Una said, "I have come to see you, and to rest my tired limbs, O wise matron, and this good knight followed this way with me, led by your praises and far-spread fame, reaching up to heaven." The aged lady greeted him fairly in her modest manner, and welcomed them in the most, befitting way, with all due politeness, and nothing was wanting to show her bounty or wisdom.

12 Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges devise,
Loe ! two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise :
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred even steps and equall pace ;
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like hevens light.

13 She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horrour made to all that did behold ;
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood :
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood ;
Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be understood.

14 Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well ;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister : whether dread did dwell
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell.
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell ;
And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

15 They, seeing Una, towardes her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesee ;
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
And greatly joy each other for to see ;
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,
And him salute with well beseeming glee ;
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

12. *As they began to talk of various things, two good* virgins came there, linked arm in arm Their countenance was sober, and they had becoming modesty ; they walked with even steps. The eldest, called Fidelia, cast from her cheerful face beams like the sun which would have dazzled the eyes of rash beholders and round about her head gleamed a heavenly light.

13. *She was clothed all in white,* and bore a cup of gold in her right hand full of wine and water, in which a serpent lay coiled up, striking terror into every beholder, but she never varies in her mood ; in her other hand she held fast a book which was signed and sealed with blood, and in which written enigmatic things.

14. Her younger sister who was called Speranza, wa in blue that befitted her well. She did not seem as ch... her sister ; it was hard to say whether she nourished fear or in heart. A silver anchor she bore upon her arm, and on it happened to lean, but her eyes were ever cast upward to hea as she prayed, and never turned away from it.

15. Seeing *Una,* they approached her, who met them similar courtesy. They exchanged happy words, and w delighted to see each other. Then they turned to the kni with becoming modesty at the request of Una, and greeted h with seemly joy, and the knight duly returned their greetin and talked of many noble exploits.

16 Then Una thus ; 'But she, your sister deare,
The deare Charissa, where is she become ?
Or wants she health, or busie is elswhere ?'
'Ah ! no', said they, 'but forth she may not come ;
For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
That her to see should be but troublesome.'
'Indeed', (quoth she) 'that should her trouble sore ;
But thankt be God, and her encrease so evermore !'

7 Then said the aged Caelia, 'Deare dame,
And you, good Sir, I wote that of your toyle
And labors long, through which ye hither came,
Ye both forwearied be : therefore, a whyle
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle'.
Then called she a Groome, that forth him ledd
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd.
s name was meeke Obedience, rightfully aredd.

8 Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
To have her knight into her schoolehous plaste,
That her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisedom of her wordes divine.
She graunted ; and that knight so much agraste,
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

19 And that her sacred Booke, with blood ywritt,
That none could reade except she did them teach,
She unto him disclosed every whitt ;
And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker witt of man could never reach ;
Of God ; of grace ; of justice ; of free-will ;
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach :
For she was hable with her wordes to kill,
And rayse againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

16 Then Una said,"What is the matter with your sister, the dear Charissa ? Is she sick or busy elsewhere ?" They said, "No, she cannot appear at once ; lately she has been brought to bed of a child, and has added one more so to the world. To see her would but be upsetting her." Una said,"That is true Thanked be God and her offspring !"

17. Then the aged Caelia said,"Dear lady, and you, good knight, I know of the toil and labour you have been through on your way here. Both of you must be tired ; therefore I advise you to rest awhile, and retire to your rooms. Then she called a servant who led the knight to a good chamber, and stripped him of his armour and put him to bed. His name was meek Obedience, rightly called.

18. Now when their weary limbs were refreshed with rest, and their bodies with food, Una requested Fidelia to have her knight under her training so that he might acquire something of her heavenly learning, and listen to her divine words. She was quite willing, and showed so much grace to the knight that she taught him heavenly discipline, and unlocked his mind to light.

19. She unfolded to him the contents of the sacred book, written in blood, which none could read unless she would teach it. She explained to him the meaning of the book—the ideas of God, of grace, of justice, of free will which the too weak understanding of man could not apprehend. It was a wonder to hear her excellent exposition. She was able, by her words, to kill and bring into life again the heart which she filled with enthusiasm.

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20 And, when she list poure out her larger spright,
She would commaund the hasty Sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from hevens hight:
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay:
Dry-shod to passe she parts the flouds in tway:
And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
She would commaund themselves to baare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.
Almightie God her gave such power and puissaunce great.

21 The faithfull knight now grew in little space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all hevenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore.
And mortall life gan loath as thing forlore;
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes;
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

22 But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
Els had his sinnes, so great and manifold,
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agony,
When him his dearest Una did behold
Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity;

23 And came to Caelia to declare her smart;
Who, well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and advisement right;
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieved conscience,
And well could cure the same; His name was Patience.

20. When it pleased her to communicate her thought more abundantly, she would command the sun to stay or move backward. Sometimes she could frighten great crowds of people ; she would part the floods so that she might get across without wetting her feet ; she would also command great mountains to be replaced by tempestuous seas. The Almighty gave her such power and greatness.

21. The devoted knight, instructed by her and her sister, soon attained such spiritual knowledge that he began to despise the world and mortal life. He repented his evil ways in the past, and was stung by his sense of sin, and he wished now to end his miserable days on earth, so much remorse for sin gripped his heart.

22. Wise Speranza administered to him comfort, and taught him how to depend on her silver anchor, as it would be proper, otherwise he would forget all that Fidelia had taught him, and his multiplied sins would reassert themselves. When Una found him in a state of agony and suspense, despising life and desiring to die, she was very much perplexed

23. And she came to Caelia and confessed the trouble of her mind. Caelia, acquainted with the situation how the horror of sin kept the grieved heart tossing, comforted the knight with good counsel, and at once sent for a physician who had great knowledge of the malady of conscience and could cure it. His name was Patience.

24 Who, comming to that sowle-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie spright
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
Of salves and med'cines, which had passing prief;
And thereto added wordes of wondrous might:
By which to ease he him recured brief,
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

25 But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festring sore did rankle yett within,
Close creeping twixt the marow and the skin:
Which to extripe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

26 In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate;
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate;
And made him pray both earely and eke late:
And ever, as superfluous flesh did rott,
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,
That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted jott.

27 And bitter Penaunce, with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day:
And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play:
And sad Repentance used to embay
His blamefull body in salt water sore,
The filthy blotters of sin to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not live, but erst lay at deathes dore.

24. Patience, visiting the afflicted knight, could with difficulty persuade him to communicate his trouble. When he knew all that distressed his spirit, he atonce applied the remedy, which was very efficacious He also addressed to him words of cheer and comfort. He was soon able to restore to him ease of mind and calm his troubled spirit, and now his pain seemed lighter than before.

25. But, yet the sense of his sin and corruption undermining his soul, not completely eliminated, remained with him—and he smarted under it ; the infection of sin seemed to creep through his body. He was now laid in a low dark place far retired, and a radical cure of his depression was now undertaken, with abstemious diet to reduce the severity of the disease.

26. To subdue ill-humours, Patience prescribed austerities to him—wearing of ashes and sackcloth, and living on meagre food, so the anguish of his mind might relax. He was made to pray early as well as late. As penance and self-mortification were resorted to, his cure took place in a short time, and inward corruption was got rid of.

27. Penance imposed a stern discipline on him everyday. Acute remorse gnawed at his heart and it went bleeding. Sad Repentance bathed his body in salt water which was very painful, and so the stains of sin were washed away. In a short while *he was restored to spiritual health*—the man who did not want to live and was very near death.

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28 In which his torment often was so great,
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes eat.
His owne deare Una, hearing evermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, ofthen tore
Her guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,
For pitty of his payne and anguish sore:
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare,
For well she wist his cryme could els be never cleare.

29 Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought;
Who, joyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest;
To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted guest.

30 She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great love, but Cupids wanton snare
As hell she hated; chaste in worke and will:
Her necke and brests were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

31 A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that joyd her to behold;
Whom still she fed whiles they were weake and young,
But thrust them forth still as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adornd with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told:
And by her syde there sate a gentle payre
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.

28. As he underwent the penance, his torment was very acute and he often wailed and groaned and tore at his flesh and muscles. Una hearing his groans and shrieks, often tore her clothes and hair out of pity for his pain and suffering. Yet she bore it all with patience, for she knew well that he could not be otherwise purged of his sin.

29. After he had been restored to spiritual health by wise Patience and true Repentance he was brought to Una. Una kissed him dearly now that he was cured of the malady of his conscience. She implored him to take better care of himself and to put away all anguish of mind. By this time Charissa, who was in childbed, had regained her strength, and the period of confinement was over. Una brought this unacquainted knight to her, and introduced him.

30. She was a woman in the prime of youth, and of marvellous beauty and rare generosity, and was gifted with rare grace and modesty. She was full of great love but she hated Cupid's wiles as hell. She was chaste in action and will. Her neck and breasts were ever bare, so that her babies might suck their fill. The remaining of her body was clothed in yellow robes.

31. A good number of babies hung about her ; it delighted her to see them at play She fed them still while they were weak and young, but put them away as they grew old. She wore a head-dress of gold, adorned with gems and wonderful brooches whose price it was difficult to estimate. By her side sat a gentle pair of doves, while she sat in an ivory chair—

32 The knight and Una entring fayre her greet,
And bid her joy of that her happy brood,
Whom them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.
Then Una her besought, to be so good
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood
In that sad house of Penaunce, where his spright
Had past the paines of hell and long-enduring night.

33 She was right joyous of her just roquest;
And taking by the hand the Faeries sonne,
Gan him instruct in everie good behest,
Of love, and righteousnes, and well to donne;
And wrath and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne;
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

34 Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisedome well descryde:
Her name was Mercy: well knowne over-all
To be both gratious and eke liberall;
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall
In all his waies through this wide worldes wave;
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

35 The godly Matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with bushy thornes and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And ever, when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmely did upbeare,
As carefull Nourse her child from falling oft does reare.

32. The knight and Una greeted her fairly and congratulated her on her children. Charissa greeted them in return with equal courtesy and friendliness. Then Una requested her to be good enough to instruct the knight now that he had overcome his anguish in the house of Penance where he had endured the pain of hell and long gloom.

33. Charissa was quite happy at her request, and taking the knight by the hand, began to instruct him to good injunction of love, righteousness, the doing of good, the shunning of wrath and hatred, for the latter provoked God's wrath and hatred, landing many souls in grief. When she had properly instructed him in all these, she taught him righteousness, the way to heaven.

34. She summoned an old matron to guide the knight on the path to heaven. Her sober look spoke well of her wisdom. Her name was Mercy, she was known to be both gracious and liberal. Charissa put the knight in charge of Mercy so that she might rightly lead him along the pathways of the world without any risk of falling away and so that ultimately his soul might be saved.

35. The kind matron conducted him by the hand away from her presence by a narrow pathway, covered by thorns of bushes and tangled briars which she kept clearing before his movement. Nothing should obstruct his way—that was what Mercy intended. She supported him whenever he got his feet entangled, or stumbled or stepped wrong ; and firmly led him as a careful nurse does a child.

36 Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,
That was foreby the way, she did him bring;
In which seven Bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high-heavens King,
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing.
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the wearie way were traveiling;
And one sate wayting ever them before,
*To call in comers-by that needy were and pore.*

37 The first of them, that eldst was and best,
Of all the house had charge and government,
As Guardian and Steward of the rest.
His office was to give entertainment
And lodging unto all that came and went;
Not unto such as could him feast againe,
And double quite for that he on them spent;
But such as want of harbour did constraine:
Those for God's sake his dewty was to entertaine.

38 The second was an Almner of the place:
His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thristy give to drinke; a worke of grace.
He feard not once himself to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede:
The grace of God he layd up still in store,
Which as a stocke he left unto his seede.
He had enough; what need him care for more?
And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

39 The third had of their wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,
But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,
And naked nature seemely to aray;
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And, if that no spare clothes to give he had,
His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

36. Soon she brought him to a holy hospital that stood close by. There seven beadsmen who had dedicated their life to the service of God, spent their life in doing good deeds. The gates of the hospital stood always open to all who were weary with travelling; and one sat there always, waiting to invite those who were needy and poor.

37. The first of them who was the eldest and best, had charge and control of the house, as guardian and steward. His duty was to provide entertainment and lodging to the guests who came and went. He provided nothing to those who were rich, and could doubly repay all that he might spend on them. His duty was to receive those who needed protection.

38. The second was an almoner. His duty was to feed the hungry and give drink to the thirsty—it was a work of mercy. He was not afraid of himself being ever in need, nor cared to store for those whom he fed. He cared to store up God's mercy, and this he left as a stock to his children. He had enough. What need had he to care for more ? If he had even less, he would still give to the poor

39. The third had care of the wardrobe which did not contain rich head-dresses and showy garments, tokens of pride and vanity, but clothes that could protect one from sharp cold, and cover nakedness decently. He gave these clothes to the wretched, who were the living images of God. If he had no spare clothes to give away, he would cut his own coat into pieces and gladly distribute them.

40 The fourth appointed by his office was
Poore prisoners to relieve with gratious ayd,
And captives to redeeme with price of bras
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd:
And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
That God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more then that why they in bands were layd;
And he, that harrowd hell with heavie stowre,
The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly bowre.

41 The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
And comfort those in point of death which lay;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death, doe most dismay
The feeble soule departing hence away.
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

42 The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
In seemely sort their corses to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,
That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
They might appeare, when he their soules shall save,
The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gave
All in his hand, even dead, dead we honour should,
Ah! dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not defould!

43 The seventh, now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead
And wydowes ayd, least they should be undone:
In face of judgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the power of mighty men did dread
In their defence; nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread;
And, when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

40. The fourth had his duty to look to the need of poor prisoners and ransome captives from Turks and Saracens. Though they had their faults, he carefully considered that God forgives us every hour much more than what they were put in chains for. He who ravaged hell, wrought many damned souls from there to heaven.

41. The fifth had the charge of looking after the sick and giving comfort to those who were on point of death, for the latter needed comfort most of all, when sin, death and hell distressed them, and their souls were ready to part from them. All that we put by while we are living is lost if we have not a peaceful ending in death. O man ! have ever in mind the pangs of death, for as the tree falls, so it ever lies low.

42. The sixth had charge of the dead, and had to look to their decent burial, and to the providing of flowers for the bridal bed of those who were to appear before their heavenly bridegroom, when he would save their souls which were made in the image of God. We should even honour them when dead, because God bestowed all gifts upon men and made all beasts subject to them. Ah ! dearest God, I pray that dead I may not be defiled.

43. The seventh had charge of the orphans and widows of the dead after the latter had been buried and done with, lest they might perish. He would rightly plead their cause before the judgment-seat, and while defending them, he little [illegible] the might of powerful men, nor would he be bribed by [illegible] fee to suppress their rightful claim. When they stood in [illegible] necessity he freely supplied their wants.

44 There when the Elfin knight arrived was,
The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
was guests to welcome, towardes him did pas;
Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare
And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare:
For of their order she was Patronesse,
Albe Charissa were their chiefest founderesse.

45 There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,
That to the rest more hable he might bee;
During which time, in every good behest,
And godly worke of Almes and charitee,
She him instructed with great industree.
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That, from the first unto the last degree,
His mortall life be learned had to frame
In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

46 Thence forward by that painfull way they pas
Forth to an hill that was both steepe and hy,
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a litle Hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
That day and night said his devotion,
Ne other worldly busines did apply:
His name was hevenly Contemplation;
Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

47 Great grace that old man to him given had:
For God he often saw from heavens hight:
All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his spright,
As Eagles eie that can behold the Sunne.
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,
Gan faile; but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

44. When the fairy knight arrived there, the first and the chiefest of the seven, whose duty was to *receive guests*, came towards him. He saw Mercy leading him by the step, and bowed down to her, and *offered her respectful welcome*. She was the patroness of their order while Charissa was the *foundress*.

45. She put the knight to rest there for a while so that he might get fitter *for further* instructions and practice. And he was instructed in works of alms and charity, and all virtues. Soon he became so accomplished that he shaped his life anew, without rebuke or blame, in holy righteousness.

46. Then they passed by a narrow pathway to a high and steep hill. A chapel and a hermitage stood on it top and an aged holy man lived there, who said his prayers day and night, having no other earthly business. His name was heavenly Contemplation. He meditated on God and goodness.

47. That old man enjoyed great favour *of God*. He [illegible] saw God high in heaven, though his *fleshly eyes* were [illegible] blear, and had little of vision. His *spirit* was sharp [illegible] like an eagle's eye which could *look* at the Sun. They [illegible] the hill; his weak knees seemed to give way, but [illegible] her, he was able to *reach* the top.

48 There they doe finde that godly aged Sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed;
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red
And every sinew seene, through his long fast:
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed;
His mind was full of spiritual repast,
And pyn'd his flesh to keepe his body low and chast.

49 Who, when these two approching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
That forst him lay his hevenly thoughts aside;
And had he not that Dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight.
They him saluted, standing far afore,
Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked to what end they clomb that tedious hight?

50 'What end', (quoth she) 'should cause us take such paine,
But that same end, which every living wight
Should make his marke high heaven to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious, house, that glistreth bright
With burning starres and everliving fire,
Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia? Shee doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire.'

51 'Thrise happy man,' said then the father grave,
Whose staggering steps they steady hand doth lead,
'And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save!
Who better can the way to heaven aread
Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred
In hevenly throne, where thousand Angels shine?
Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
Present before the majesty divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

48. There they met the holy aged man with snowwhite hair covering his shoulders like hoar-frost covering the mossy branches of an oak, now in decay. Each bone seemed to be thrust out through his body, and every muscle was visible, for he was a man who fasted. It was on spiritual food that he sustained himself, and he mortified his flesh to maintain purity of mind.

49. When he saw the two coming up, he was rather perturbed, for it diverted his mind from heavenly thoughts. He would have paid no attention to the knight, if he did not respect and adore the lady. They greeted him from a distance. He humbly returned their greetings and asked the purpose of their coming, climbing that tedious height.

50. She said, "We could have no other purpose in coming here than that one should discover one's way to heaven with your help. It is you who can lead one right to heaven—the heaven that gleams with stars, and burns with perpetual fire of which you held the keys, given to you by Fidelia She desires of you that you show this knight the way to heaven, according to his desires."

51. The old man said, "The man must be thrice [illegible] [illegible]d whose unsteady steps you are leading, and whose [illegible] [illegible]ty are trying to save. None can better show him [illegible] [illegible]es, than you, for you were born and brought up [illegible] [illegible]ce. present the petition of the righteous souls [illegible] the avenging wrath.

2 'Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne.
Then come, thou man of earth, and see the way,
That never yet was seene of Faeries sonne;
That never leads the traveiler astray,
But after labors long and sad delay,
Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse blis.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis'.

53 That done, he leads him to the highest Mount,
Such one as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes, like a walled front,
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod.
Dwelt forty daies upon; where, writt in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and belefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone:

54 Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull Olives all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowring girlond crownd:
Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poets verse each where renownd,
On which the thrise three learned Ladies play
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

55 From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little path that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly Citty led his vew,
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song.
The Citty of the greate king hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

52. "But since you desire it, it will be done. Come, you earthly man, and see the way that was never seen by any fairy's son. You cannot go astray here. After long labours and sad delay the way brings you to welcome rest and unending happiness. But first you will have to fast and pray for a period till the spirit is released from all bonds and has overcome all weaknesses."

53. When fasting and praying was done, he led the knight to the top of the mountain, like the mighty man of God (Moses) who parted waves, red like blood, with his rod till the army could walk dry-footed through the sea. The knight dwelt there for forty days, and read the doom of death, and lament for sin, written in stone in bloody characters by the hand of God.

54. Either it was like the sacred hill, crowned with olives (Mount of Olives), ever associated with the memory of Christ, crowned with a garland. Or it was like that pleasant mountain (Parnases), celebrated in the verses of poets, where the nine Muses played their heavenly music, and made many a lovely song.

55. From the top of the mountain the holy man pointed out to him a little path, that was long and steep, leading to a [illegible] which had high and strong walls of pearls and precious [illegible] not to be described in earthly words, or by human [illegible] It is too high a theme for my song. It was called the [illegible] great king, where eternal peace and happiness [illegible]

56 As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed Angels to and fro descend
From highest heven in gladsome companee,
And with great joy into that Citty wend,
As commonly as frend does with his frend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquere,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknowen nation there empeopled were ?

57 'Faire Knight,' (quoth he) 'Hierusalem that is,
The new Hierusalem, that God has built
For theose to dwell in that are chosen his,
His chosen people, purg'd from sinful guilt
With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted lam,
That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt :
Now are they Saints all in that Citty sam,
More dear unto their God then younglings to their dam.'

58 'Till now,' said then the knight, 'I weened well,
That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,
In which that fairest *Feary Queene* doth dwell,
The fairest citty was that might be seene ;
And that bright towre, all built of christall clene,
Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was ;
But now by proofe all otherwise I weene,
For this great Citty that does far surpas,
And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of glas'.

59 'Most trew', then said the holy aged man :
'Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest peece that eie beholden can ;
And well beseemes all knights of noble name,
That covett in th' immortall booke of fame
To be eternized, that same to haunt,
And doen their service to that soveraigne Dame,
That glory does to them for guerdon graunt :
For she is hevenly borne, and heaven may justly vaunt.

56. As the Knight stood looking at the city, he could see angels descending in company from heaven and visiting the city like jolly friends going together. He much wondered, at this sight and asked of the holy man what that stately building was that aspired so high to heaven, and what unknown people lived there.

57. He said. "Fair knight, it is Jerusalem, the new Jerusalem that God has built, where the chosen of God dwell purified of sin by the blood of the Lamb on the cross, it was for the sin of all mankind that the sacrifice was made. They are saints dwelling in that city, and they are dearer to God than the children to their mother."

58. The knight said, Till now I thought that Cleopolis where I had been, and where the Fairy Queen dwells was the fairest city, where the bright tower, built of clear crystal Panthea, seemed the brightest thing ever seen. Now I think otherwise when I see that this great city, as for proof, far surpasses that one, and that this bright angels' tower eclipses the tower of glass.

59. The holy man said, "That is very true; yet Cleopolis is the fairest city so far as an earthly city is concerned, and well serves the purpose for the knights who yearn for undying fame; it is there that the knights assemble to do homage to their queen whom rewards them for their services. She is heavenly born, and may well boast to be so.

60 'And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
How ever now accompted Elfins sonne,
Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
To aide a virgin desolate, foredonne;
But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conquest shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field;
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows yield.

61 'Then seek this path that I to thee presage,
Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:
For thou, emongst those Saints whom thou doest see,
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend
And Patrone: thou *Saint George* shalt called bee,
*Saint George* of mery *England*, the signe of victoree.

62 'Unworthy wretch,' (quoth he) 'of so great grace,
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?'
'These, that have it attaynd, were in like cace,
As wretched men, and lived in like paine.'
'But deeds of armes must I at last be faine
And Ladies love to leave, so dearely bought?'
'What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,'
(Said he) 'and bitter battailes all are fought?
As for loose loves, they 'are vaine, and vanish into nought

63 'O! let me not,' (quoth he) 'then turne againe
Backe to the world, whose joyes so fruitlesse are;
But let me heare for aie in peace remaine,
Or streightway on that last long voiage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare.'
'That may not be,' (said he) 'ne maist thou yitt
Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand committ,
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quitt.'

60. "And you fairy child, sprung of the English race, though esteemed as a fairy's son, you do well to win the queen's favour by helping a maiden, distressed and in serious trouble. But when you have won the victory, and hung up your shield high among the shields of other knights, then give up earthly battle, and purge yourself of blood that you have shed, for to shed blood is but to sin, and fighting can yield nothing but sorrow.

61. "Then seek this way I point out to you, and itwill lead you to heaven. You will then make your way in peace to that Jerusalem where bliss awaits you ; you shall be a saint among those saints, and also a friend and patron of your own nation : you shall belong to the brotherhood of Saint George, Saint George of merry England."

62. The knight said, "Unworthy as I am, how can I be worthy of such a great favour." The holy man replied, "Those who are now saints, were in the same condition as you are, and were as miserable, and suffered as much." The knight said, "Must I at last abandon feats of arms and ladies' love, purchased by hard adventures ?" The holy man replied, "What need of warlike feats, when you can live in peace, and no battle is to be fought ! As for earthly love, it is all vain, and dissolves into nothing."

63. The knight said, "Let me then not turn again to the world where joys are so vain, but let me stay here for ever in peace, or make my last journey at once so that my present hope may not be impaired." The holy man replied, "This cannot be; you cannot yet abandon the mission for the royal maiden, who entrusted her cause to you ; you cannot be free until you have redeemed your pledge to her."

64 'Then shall I soone', (quoth he) 'so God me grace,
Abett that virgins cause disconsolate,
And shortly back returne unto this place,
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?'
'That word shall I', (said he) 'avouchen good,
Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.

65 'For, well I wote, thou springst from ancient race
Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
And many bloody battailes fought in place,
High reard their royall throne in Britans land,
And vanquist them, unable to withstand:
From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
Such, men do Chaungelings call, so chaung'd by Faeries theft.

66 'Thence she thee brought into this Faery lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde;
Where thee a Ploughman all unweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde,
Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Faery court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes thee best became.'

67 'O holy Sire!' (quoth he) 'how shall I quight
The many favours I with thee have fownd,
That hast my name and nation redd aright,
And taught the way that does to heaven bownd!
This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd
To have returnd; but dazed were his eyne
Through passing brightnes which did quite confound
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.
So darke are earthly thinges compard to things divine.

64. The knight said, "Then I shall soon, so God help me, fulfil my mission to the lady, and return to this place, and make a journey as a pilgrim to the blessed seat. But now tell me, old father, why lately you called me as one of English blood when all people call me a fairy's son." The holy man said, "I shall attest it, for you do not know of your real origin.

65. "For I know well that you sprang of an ancient race of Saxon king who had fought many bloody battles in their time, and established their throne in Britain after having defeated the Britons A fairy stole you when you were a baby in swaddling-clothes, and substituted her own child—and such a child, left by a fairy in place of a human being, is called a changeling.

66. "Then she brought you to this Faery land, and hid you in a trench, cut by a plough, where a ploughman discovered you when he was driving his herd along. He brought you up in the manner of a ploughman, and gave you the name of Georgos. At last, urged on by courage and manly strength, you came to the Faery court to seek fame, and make trial of your skill in fighting "

67. The knight said, "O holy father, how shall I repay so many favours you have heaped on me ? You have acquainted me with my right name and nationality; you have taught me the way that leads to heaven." Having said this, he looked down to the earth below, wishing to return, and his eyes were dazzled by bright light, and his senses were confused The light was too bright compared to earthly things so dark.

68 At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,
To Una back he cast him to retyre,
Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
Great thankes, and goodly meed, to that good syre
He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre,
So came to Una, who him joyd to see ;
And, after litle rest, gan him desyre
Of her adventure myndfull for to bee,
So leave they take of Caelia and daughters three.

68. At last, when he had recovered himself, he decided to return to Una who awaited him with a thoughtful mind. When taking leave of the holy man, the knight thanked him again and again for the pains he had taken in instructing him. So he came to Una who was glad to see him, and after he had rested a while, she reminded him of the adventure that he had yet to execute. And so they took leave of Caelia and her three daughters and departed.

## CANTO XI

*The knight with that old Dragon fights*
*Two days incessantly :*
*The third him overthrowes, and gayns*
*Most glorious victory.*

1 HIGH time now gan it wex for Una fayre
To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre :
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest maner thus bespake :
'Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heaven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take !

2 'Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place where all our perilles dwell ;
Here hauntes that feend, and does his dayly spoyle ;
Therefore, henceforth, bee at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell :
The sparke of noble corage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell :
That shall ye evermore renowmed make
Above all knights on earth, that batteill undertake.'

3 And pointing forth, 'Lo ! yonder is,' (said she)
'The brasen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be ;
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare :
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare ;
That, (O my Parents !) might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery !'

## CANTO XI

1. It was high time now for Una to think of her captive parents and their ravaged country, and how to get them released ; and they were now approaching the country. She began to cheer her knight with good words. And in her modest way she thus said, "Dear knight, as dear as ever a knight was, who suffers all these sorrows for my sake, may heaven crown your labour with success.

2. "Now we have arrived at my native country where all our perils await us ; here lives that dragon, and he carries on his daily depredation Henceforth, be on your guard and ready to face the cruel foe ; now summon all your courage and outdo yourself so that you may for ever be renowned above all knights on earth."

3. Pointing out with her finger, she said,"See, there appears the brass tower where lie my parents, imprisoned for fear of that fiend. I see them appear on the wall from a distance, and their sight is a great comfort to me. I see the watchman waiting to hear glad news. O my parents, I wish I could bring such happy news to you and end your misery !"

4 With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espyde,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill:
But, all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glistring armes that heven with light did fill,
He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them untill.

5 Then badd the knight his Lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde;
From whence she might behold that battailles proof,
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde.
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.—
Now, O thou sacred Muse! most learned Dame,
Fayre ympe of Phoebus and his aged bryde,
The Nourse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall name;

6 O! gently come into my feeble brest;
Come gently, bu not with that mightie rage.
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
And hartes of great Heroes doest enrage,
That nought their kindled corage may aswage:
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
The God of warre with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd;
And sacred nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

7 Fayre Goddesse, lay that furious fitt asyde,
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim king,
That with their horror heven and earth did ring;
A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse:
But now a while lett downe that haughtie string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze,

4. They now heard a roaring sound with which the skies rang, and which shook the earth uneasy. Soon that dreadful dragon they saw. He lay stretched on the side of a great hill, he himself was like a great hill ; but as soon as he saw the glittering armour from far off, he roused himself gaily and hastened towards them.

5. The knight bade his lady to keep away, and, obeying him, she took herself to a hill, from which she might behold the fight, and also be safe from any danger. This she did in obedience to the knight. Now, O sacred muse, (Clio), most learned lady, fair child of Phoebus and his aged wife, nurse of time and deathless fame, conferring fame on warriors.

6. Come gently into my breast, and not with all the vehemence with which you inspire the fighting men and the hearts of heroes so that nothing can resist their courage ; soon as thy trumpet blows you awake the god of war with all his equipment, however soundly he may be sleeping, and strike terror into the heart of nations.

7. Fair goddess, put away that vehement passion of yours till I sing of battles and Mars, and till the fields of Britain are dyed with the blood of the Saracen, when a battle will rage between the great Fairy Queen and the Pagan king, and heaven rings with its horror. It will be a work of long labour and unending praise. But now lend aid to my humbler aim and milder note to which I desire to sing the martial feat of this man who bears God's arms.

8 By this, the dreadful Beast drew night to hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste,
As mountaine doth the velley overcaste.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste;
Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with bloody gore;

9 And over all with brasen scales wss armd,
Like plated cote of steele, so couched neare
That nought mote perce; ne might his corse bee harmd
With dint of swerd, nor push of pointed speare:
Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight;
So shaked he, that horror was to heare:
For as the clashing of an Armor bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the knight.

10 His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the hevens stood still amazed with his threat.

11 His huge long tayle, wownd up in hundred foldes,
Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he unfoldes,
And thick entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;
And at the point two stinges in-fixed arre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

8. By this, time, the dreadful beast drew near to them, partly on wings and partly on foot. With his shadow he covered a large measure of land as a mountain overshadows a valley. Coming nearer he lifted his huge body, which ssemed to be inflated with, wrath, with poison and blood, intensifying all the terror associated with him.

9. He was armed in brass scales like a plate of armour, which nothing could penetrate and which could prevent the point of the sword from reaching his body. He expanded his airy plumes as an eagle does at the sight of his prey. He shook, and it was frightening to hear the noise that his roused scales made like the clashing of armour.

10. His flapping wings, when he displayed them, were like *two sails which are caught in the wind, and are in quick motion :* and the feathers that bound his pinions, were like main-yards lined with flitting canvas ; with these he could beat the air as he pleased, and make his way through the air, the clouds retreated *before his passage and all the heavens stood amazed* at the menacing figure.

11. His huge tail, rolled into a hundred coils, spread over his scaly body. Whenever he expanded its entangled folds, marked with spots as of shields, red and black, his tail swept along the ground far behind him, more than two furlongs long. It carried two stings at the point, and
sharper than the sharpest steel.

12 But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes:
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble; for his deepe devouring jawes
Wyde, gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abysse all ravin fell.

13 And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yett trickling blood, and gobbets raw,
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare;
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smoothering smoke, and sulphure seare,
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

14 His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:
As two broad Beacons, sett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
And warning give that enimies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade:
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre;
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were sett that made a dreadfull shade.

15 So dreadfully he towardes him did pas,
Forelifting up a-loft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great joyance of his newcome guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
As chauffed Bore his bristles doth upreare;
And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,
That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.

12. His claws that could tear anything to pieces, were still sharper than his stings and the sharpest steel. These claws were deadly, to be sure, indeed as sure as death, whatever they might grip, and whatever might come within their reach. His lifted head was most frightful, and could hardly be described ; his jaws gaped wide like the grim mouth of hell through which fell all prey to the bottom.

13. More wonderful still were, planted in either jaw, the three rows of iron teeth, in which still stuck lumps of flesh that he had lately devoured and from them still trickled blood. That sight must cause shivering terror, which was still intensified by the volume of smoke and burning sulphur that issued from his throat, filling all the air with smoke and stinking smell.

14. His glaring eyes, like two shining shields, burned with wrath, and shot sparks of fire; as two beacon lights, set in field, send forth their flames far and wide, and give warning against the danger of the enemy ravaging the country with fire and sword. His eyes flamed with rage and violence, but those eyes seemed to have been set far down in the sockets.

15. He came towards them like a veritable menace, lifting up his spotted breast, and striding quickly on the bruised grass, as if in great joy at the sight of his newly come guest. Soon he lifted up his head insolently, as a boar, when irritated, rears up his bristles, and shook his scales, ready for battle It made the Redcross kinght quake with fear when he stood up to meet the challenge of his approaching enemy.

16 The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,
His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,
But, glauncing by, foorth passed forward right.
Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush [rush.
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did

17 Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towardes him addrest:
But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious Beast,
To be avenged of so great despight;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

18 Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight: he, cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round;
At last, low stouping with unweldy sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

19 Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagard hauke, presuming to contend
With hardy fowle above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight;
Which, comming down to ground, does free it selfe by fight.

16. The knight, holding ready his spear, rushed at him with all his might, but the pointed steel could not get into his impervious hide, and rebounded from it. The dragon, shaken by the mighty thurst, turned aside, and rudely brushed him with his long tail which made the horse and rider topple down.

17. Both horse and rider quickly reared up and made for him, but his stroke rebounded again, and could not lodge anywhere in his body. The dragon was now swayed by excessive rage and violence. He was resolved to be avenged, for he had never felt such a push from a living person, though he had encountered many powerful knights.

18. *Then with his wings outspread, he lifted himself up* from the ground, and forced his way through the air which could little resist him, and hardly beare his weight With his expanding sails, he soared round, and at last, stooping with his unwieldy weight, caught up both horse and rider, to bear them away.

19. Long he bore them above the ground and as far as a bow of ewe tree might send a shaft, and the knight struggled so hard that at last he was forced to let down the horse and rider before he ended his flight ; as a hawk, contending with a sturdy bird above the limit of his ability, makes a vain use of his talons to keep a grip upon his prey, too heavy for carriage, and at last comes down to the earth and releases himself.

24 And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand :
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,
But his more hardned crest was armed so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make ;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But when he saw them come he did them still forsake.

25 The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
And smot againe with more outrageous might ;
But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke where it did light,
As if in Adamant rocke it had beene pight.
The beast, impatient of his smarting wound
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his winges to stye above the ground ;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

26 Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard ;
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard :
The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

27 Not that great Champion of the antique world,
Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt,
With Centaures blood and bloody verses charmd ;
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd ;
That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd,

24. The knight took his sharp sword in his hand and struck with it fiercely, and it seemed that nothing could resist this assault. Upon the dragon's head fell his stroke, but it was so hard that it made no dent in it. But he was so repulsed by the blow that henceforth he was careful to step clear of it. And whenever such a blow came, he evaded it.

25. The knight was angry to see his stroke evaded, and smote again with redoubled might, but the sword rebounded without making any impression, as if it had come down on an unbreakable diamond. The dargon, smarting under his pain, and full of wrath intended to mount up into the air with his wings, but he found his wounded wing useless.

26. Full of grief and unbearable anguish he now howled—a cry that was never heard before ; he belched forth a flaming mass from his stomach, and his beard seemed to be a raging flame, which very much amazed the knight, and frightened him. The burning flame, scorched his face, and penetrated into his body through his armour. It was too painful to him, and he desired to put off his armour and his helmet.

27. Not the great hero of the ancient world (Hercules) who is so celebrated in the verse of famous poets, and has been praised *highly for his twelve labours*, *suffered so much agony* and torment when he put on the poisoned garment, impregnatep with the blood of the Centaur and supposed to be under enchantment, as this knight when the very armour he had on burnt him.

28 Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent,
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward fire,
That never man such mischiefes did torment:
Death better were; death did he oft desire,
But death will never come when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

29 It fortuned, (as fayre it then befell)
Behynd his backe, unweeting, where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:
Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot:

30 For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
Those that with sicknesse were infected sore
It could recure; and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day
Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well:
Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell.

31 Now gan the golden Phoebus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
Whiles from their journall labours they did rest;
When that infernall Monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Can high advaunce his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings as victor he did dwell.

28. It seemed that death would be better for him when he suffered so much pain and anguish ; faint and weary with toil and wounds, he was now being singed by the burning armour. No man had gone through such torment. He often longed for death, but death would not come, when much needed. When his enemy found him so depressed and scared, he intended to give him no breathing time. The dragon began to whirl his tought tail, and lashed him so violently with it that he fell to the ground.

29. It happened fortunately that behind him, without his knowledge, lay a spring or fountain of old. From it fast flowed a clear silvery stream, full of great healing capacity. Before it was defiled by the blood of the innocent, when the dragon got possession of the country, the spring was rightly called the well of life, and it had not yet completely lost its virtue

30. It could restore the dead to life, and purge away sin. It could cure those who were afflicted with sore illness, and put back the decay of old age, even to renovation. It outdid the Pool of Siloam and the Jordan, the English Bath and the German Spa. Nor can Cephissus and Hebrus could compare with it. The knight was thrown back into this same well.

31. Now Phoebus (sun-god) bathed his glowing face in the waves of the west and watered his tired horses ; while they were going to rest from their daily labours, when that hellish monster, having thrown his exhausted enemy into the living well, expanded his broad and foul breast, beyond limits with a cruel face, and clapped his iron wings, as he assumed himself to be the victor.

32 Which when his pensive Lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weeking that the sad end of the warre;
And gan to highest God entirely pray
That feared chaunce from her to turne away:
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night shee watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her daintly limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament,

33 The morrow next gan earely to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enimy.

34 At last she saw where he upstarted brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay:
As Eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave.
Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies.
His newly-budded pineons to assay,
And marveiles at himselfe stil as he flies:
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

35 Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enimy
It were, or other new supplied knight,
He now, to prove his late-renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

32. When his thoughtful lady saw this from a distance, great sorrow assailed her, as she thought that it was the sad end of the battle, and began to pray to God with all her heart that the calamity which she feared might be averted. She prayed with folded hands and on bent knees. All night she kept awake; not for a moment would she lie down for she was in such a gloom of mind. She kept awake all night, and prayed and lamented.

33. As it began to dawn, Titan rose to run his daily course. But before the sun appeared, the gentle virgin got up, and looked all about if she could see her knight again stirring about. She had very much doubt whether he was safe and living, since lately she saw him fall before his enemy.

34. At last she saw him getting out of the well, in which he lay soaked, like an eagle fresh out of the sea, where he shed off his gray plumes and decked himself with fresh and new ones, and like a young hawk soared up to the sky, to make trial of his newly-sprung pinions, and marvelled at himself as he flies; so now the knight, renovated, rose to fight the battle again.

35. No wonder if the cursed dragon saw him so fresh and invigoarted, and doubted whether it were his late enemy, or another knight came to meet him. Now to make trial of his renewed strength, waving his wetted sword, the knight advanced upon him and smote hard upon his scalp, and there was a gaping wound. The deadly stroke stunned him.

36 I wote not whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew,
Or other secret vertue did ensew;
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew;
For till that stownd could never wight him harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

37 The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelded for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping Lions seemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yielden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

38 The same advauncing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead;
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeasd.

39 But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare
Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed sting:
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite a sonder clefte;
Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him lefte.

36. I do not know whether his sword, which the knight wielded to execute his revenge, had been hardened by the holy water, or it wss sharpened, or whether his hands dipped in the holy water, had grown stronger, or whether any other secret virtue was earned, otherwise no strength of a fleshly arm, nor tempered steel could be steeped in his blood. Until that time none had been known to do him harm either by craft or trick, or by strength or, by enchantment.

37. The cruel wound made him so furious that he began to roar like hundred lions roaring on their hind legs, when they are tormented by intense hunger. Then he began to writhe his tail, and beat the yielding air so that it seemed to give way to him. Nothing could stand his mighty strokes that could easily raze trees to the ground and rend rocks

38. Lifting his tail above his head, he smote the knight sharply with the sting well aimed, and the knight fell to the ground, as if stricken dead. No living person could have promised him life for the deadly sting had gone right through his shield, and was lodged in his shculder, and it put him into the sharpest pain which no patience could bear.

39. Yet, more solicitous of his honour than of the excruciating pain which he suffered then, he stood up and tried to ease himself of his pain without any result, and becoming more incensed, he heaved his sword which became instinct with his rage, and struck at the dragon with all his force, and he was able to cut his huge tail into five fragments, while the stump was left intact.

40 Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what cries,
With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
That all was covered with darknesse dire:
Then, fraught with rancour and engorged yre,
He cast at once him to avenge for all;
And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire
With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast withall.

41 Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yett how his talaunts to unfold:
Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy jaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the griped gage away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay:
*It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.*

42 Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,
As sparkles from the Andvile use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are swaid:
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

43 The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constraine
To loose, *ne yet the warlike pledge to yield*,
He smott thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine:
Upon the joint the lucky steele did light,
And made such way that hewd it quite in twaine;
The paw yett missed not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

40. None can conceive what a yelling cry the monster set up, emitting foul smoke and flames of fire, and the whole region was covered with darkness. Then driven by malice and suffocating wrath he intended to have his revenge upon the knight; and pulling himself out of the mire with his maimed wings, threw himself upon the knight's brightly shining shield, and clasped it hard.

41. Much was the knight handicapped by the giant's grip upon his shield. He was afraid that he might have to part with it to the dragon. He did not know how to loosen his talons. It was harder to release the prize of victory, seized by the dragon, that to snatch a bone from the mouth of Cerberus (three-headed dog guarding the hell-gate). Thrice he attempted to remove the shield from his grasp, but it was all in vain He could not think of any way of getting it loose.

42. When he saw that no power could be of use, at last he relied on his sword, and hacked at his enemy with it till sparkes of fire squirted from it as when it was hammered on the anvil; at last the dragon was forced to relax the grasp of one foot so that he might defend himself.

43. He had the other foot still fixed fast on the shield, and no strength or strokes would compel him to withdraw it, or to surrender shield. Therefore the knight smote at him with all his might and main, which few could endure. Then the sword came heavily upon his joint, and hacked it away, but the paw still clung to the shield, as it was fixed at first.

44 For griefe thereof and divelish despight,
From his infernall fourance forth he threw
Huge flames that dimmed all the hevens light,
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew :
As buring Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblacke clowds and filthy smoke,
That al the land with stench and heven with horror choke.

45 The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backeward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunt. (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoiled backeward, in the mire
His nigh forewearied feeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

46 There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over-all were redd ;
For happy life to all which thereon fedd,
And life eke everlasting did befall :
Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
With his Almighy hand, did it call
The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

47 In all the world like was not to be fownd,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dredd Dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
Both good and ill. O mournfull memory !
That tree through one mans fault have doen us all to dy.

44. In his extreme pain he again ejected from his stomach masses of flame which darkened the sky, going up in rolls of smoke and sulpher, as the burining Etna throws up flames and broken fragments of rocks and clipper, shrouded in coal-black clouds and foul smoke so that all land stinks and heaven suffocates with horror.

45. The heat and the injurious effect of it, so oppressed him that he was forced to retreat a little backward in order to defend himself—at least to save himself from the scorching fire, which was breathed from his entrails. It happened as he retreated (eternal God seemed to have directed) that his wearied feet stuck in to the mire, and he fell down, full of shame and terror.

46. A tree stood by him and it was loaded with rosy apples, as if they had been dyed in pure vermilion, and these apples revitalized those who ate them—that was their great virtue. It was everlasting life which was the gift of the fruit. Great God planted the tree in that place with his own hand and called it the tree of life which tempted the crime of the ancestor of mankind.

47. Nothing like it was to be found elsewhere in the world than in that soil where all good things grew and freely sprang out of the fertile ground, for nature there was unsullied until that dreaded dragon wasted the land. Another fair tree like that grew there ; and any one who ate of this tree, at once knew both good and ill. O sad memory ! That tree, through the fault of one man, has been responsibe for the doom of [illegible] upon mankind.

48 From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling streame of Balme, most soveraine
And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawd bene with timely raine:
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
The sencelesse corse appointed for the grave:
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

49 For nigh thereto the ever damned Beast
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,
And al that life preserved did detest;
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yield his rowme to sad succeeding night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth and wayes of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

50 When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight
And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmeard with pretious Balme, Whose vertuous might
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay;
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

51 The joyous day gan early to appeare;
And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red:
Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
From heven high to chace the chearelesse darke;
With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting larke.

48. From that first tree issued, as from a well, a stream of balm, very good in effect. It fell on the ground and spread over the fertile plain, as if it had been moistened with seasonal rain. That balm imparted life and enduring health, and could heal mortal wounds, and revive the corpses, ready to be buried. The knight fell on this moist ground, and he was saved from death.

49 The damned dragon did not approach near it for he was hell-born ; yet often he ventured to invade the region, though he hated anything that preserved life. By this time the declining daylight began to fade and was succeeded by darkness which shrouded the face of the earth, and concealed all living persons, and set up burning torches high up in the bright heaven.

50. When gentle Una saw the second overthrow of her dear knight who remained motionless from sheer exhaustion and heavy loss of blood, and seemed to lie, as in a happy dream, smeared with the balm that could heal wounds and reduce raging heat, she was again stricken with dismay, and devoutly prayed for his safety, and kept awake at night which might harm her knight and waited for the cheerful day

51. The joyful day soon began to dawn, and fair Aurora left the bed of Tithonus ; her cheeks blushed with shame, and her golden locks were carelessly shoved away about her ears, for she was in haste. When Una saw her climb into her chariot, all covered with flowers, ready to chase away the gloomy darkness from the sky, the lark, mounting into the air, greeted her with a merry song.

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52 Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare:
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare.

53 And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
And rusht upon him with outragious pryde;
Who him rencountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
And, back retyrd, his life blood forth with all did draw.

54 So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false false foundacion waves have washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe great Neptune doth dismay:
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

55 The knight him selfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;
And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approach for dread which she misdeemd;
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchievde so great a conquest by his might.

52. The valiant knight now rose fresh and lively, healed of all his hurts, and prepared for fight again. His enemy, waiting to pounce upon him, as soon as day appeared, grew frightened when he saw the knight revivified, as if none the wores for the late fight, and began to apprehend his own fate. All the same with his customary violence he came forward.

53 In his first assault, the dragon opening his mouth wide open, intended to swallow up the knight at once, and rushed upon him with unbounded pride. The knight, confronted by him, had to fall back as a hawk in flight. The glittering sword. as his jaws happened to be wide open, was pushed through his mouth with such irresistible might that it pierced into his gullet, and when it was pulled back, it drew forth his life blood.

54. So he fell down, and his breath expired—it melted away into a smoke and cloud. As he fell, the earth underneath seemed to groan, for it seemed too feeble to uphold the heavy weight of his body. He fell down, as a stupendous rocky cliff, the foundation of which had been sapped by waves of the sea, and which was wrested from the main land and rolling down, frightened great Neptune (sea-god)—so did he fall, and he lay like an overturned mountain.

55. The knight himself even trembled at his fall, for it seemed a stupendous mass ; and his dear lady who saw it all, did not dare approach for fear, which was mistaken, (probably she apprehended that the knight had been killed too). But at last when she saw that the dragon did not move at all, shaking off her fear, she drew nearer and the death of the dragon filled her with joy. Then she praised God, and thanked the knight who had done such a mighty deed.

## CANTO XII

*Fayre Una to the Redcrosse Knight*
*Betrouthed is with joy:*
*Though false Duessa, it to barre,*
*Her false sleightes doe imploy.*

1 BEHOLD! I see the haven nigh at hand
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms that may offend;
There this fayre virgin wearie of her way
Must landed bee, now at her journeyes end;
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

2 Scarsely had Phoebus in the glooming East
Yett harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle-wall;
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme
And to his Lord and Lady lowd gan call,
To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

3 Uprose with hasty joy, and feeble speed,
That aged Syre, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed
Those tydinges were, as he did understand:
Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,
He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,
Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed joy and peace through all his state;
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

## CANTO XII

1. Now the port which I am to reach at the end of the voyage is near. Let me change the direction of the sail and keep the vessel's head close on to the land, which is now clearly to be distinguished, and seems to be quite safe from risky storms. The fair virgin after her long wandering at last reached her destination. My feeble vessel (Spenser's verse) may now rest a while until it is in motion again with a favourable wind and fair weather.

2. Scarcely had the sun-god in the gray East harnessed his team for journey, but not yet visible above the horizon when the last fatal smoke, the sign of the expired breath of the dragon that filled the air, was noticed by the watchman on the castle-wall. He then thought the ravaging beast to be dead. He began to shout announcing to his lord and lady the destruction of the dragon.

3. The old man, the lord of all the land, got up in joy, but not with much quickness, and looked out to see if the news were true indeed. When it was confirmed, he ordered to open wide his brass gate, which had been so long since, and immediately proclaimed joy and peace throughout the [illegible], for the enemy who ravaged it was now dead.

4 Then gan triumphant Trompets sownd on hye,
That sent to heven the ecchoed report
Of their new joy, and happie victory
Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
And fast imprisoned in seiged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

5 Forth came that auncient Lord, and aged Queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the grownd,
And sad habiliments right well beseene :
A noble crew about them waited rownd
Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd ;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd :
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand,
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

6 Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came,
And him before themselves prostrating low,
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowres in medow greene doe grow
When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light ;
And in their handes sweet Timbrels all upheld on hight.

7 And them before the fry of children young
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
And to the Maydens sownding tymbrels song
In well attuned notes a joyous lay,
And made delightfull musick all the way,
Untill they came where that faire virgin stood :
As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day
Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood.

4. Then the trumpets sounded the note of triumph with which the skies rang. It expressed their new joy and happy victory against him who had so long oppressed and wronged them, and had them imprisoned in a fort that was laid siege to. Now all the people, as in a solemn feast, assembled with one mind, rejoing at the fall of that deaded beast: they had been now liberated from his oppression.

5. The old lord and his old queen now came out. They were clad in old fashioned robes that trailed along the ground, and well-seeming sober garments A company of wise and discreet lords, all soberly dressed, waited about them. Far ahead of them marched a party of tall young men, all able to brandish arms, but now they bore only laurel branches – welcome symbols of victory and peace.

6. They came to the valiant conqueror and bowing low before him, they proclaimed him their lord and saviour, and threw at his feet the laurel branches After them came the lovely virgins dancing in a row, and they wore garlands as fresh as flowers growing in a green meadow, when the morning dew glistens on them, and they held in their hands musical timbrels (tambourines).

7. Before them played young children, and they were full of mirth, and sang to the timbrels which the maides played on. It was a merry song, made to excellent music. They kept singing all the way until they came where the fair virgin stood, as fresh as Diana on a summer day, viewing her nymphs arranged along in a shady forest. Some wrestled, some ran, and some bathed in the crystal pool.

8 So she beheld those maydens meriment
With chearefull vew ; who, when to her they came,
Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to heven her everlasting fame :
Then on her head they sett a girlond greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game :
Who, in her self-resemblance well beseene,
Die seeme, such as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

9 And after, all the raskall manv ran,
Heaped together in rude-rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man,
Whom all admired as from heaven sent,
And gazd upon with gaping wonderment ;
But when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The sight with ydle feare did them dismay,
Ne durst approach him nigh to touch, or once assay.

10 Some feard and fledd ; some feard, and well it faynd ;
One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many Dragonettes, his fruitfull seede :
Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparckling fyre, and badd thereof take heed ;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

11 One mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyld,
And to her gossibs gan in counsell say ;
'How can I tell, but that his talants may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand ?
So diversly them selves in vaine they fray ;
Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh stand,
To prove how many acres he did spred of land.

8. She watched the merriment of the maidens with pleasure. They bent low to her when they approached her and adored her, singing praises of her; they then put a green garland on her head and crowned her as a princess half in earnest and half in jest, and when she was thus crowned as a king's daughter, she looked one, as it well became her.

9. And latter came the multitude of common people in a disorderly crowd to have a look at the victorious man. They all admired him as one sent from heaven, and gazed at him with wide-mouthed wonder. But when they came where the dragon lay dead, stretched at full length, they were frightened by the sight, and did not dare approach nearer, either to touch him or make the attempt of touching him but once.

10. Some feared, and some fled; some feared, and made a show of it. One who seemed wiser than the rest, warned him not to touch the dead dragon, for some life might still linger in his breast, or there might be a brood of many dangerous small dragons lodged inside him. Another said that fire still sparkled in his eyes and warned them. Another said that he saw his eyes moving.

11. One mother, whose somewhat bold child came quite close to the dead dragon and played with his talons, was half-dead with fear, and scolded him, and to her cronies sagely remarked: "How do I know that his talons will not scratch my son, or injure his hand?" So they frightened themselves in vain in various ways. Some more bold stood near him to have him measurement—to see how many acres of land he covered.

12 Thus flocked all the folke him rownd about ;
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrived where that champion stout
After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne
With princely gifts of yvory and gold,
And thousand thankes him yeeldes for all his paine.
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

13 And after to his Pallace he them bringes,
With shaumes, and trompets, and with Clarions sweet :
And all the way the joyous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the paved street :
Whence mounting up, they find purveyaunce meet
Of all, that royall Princes court became ;
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,
On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose frame.

14 What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine ?
What needes of dainty dishes to devize,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne ?
My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
The large discourse of roiall Princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne :
For th' antique world excesse and pryde did hate :
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

15 Then, when with meates and drinkes of every kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demaund of his renowmed guest :
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count' nance sad,
From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

12. Thus gathered all the people round about, while the grey haired king had arrived, with all his attendants, where the valiant champion stood after the defeat of his enemy, greeted him fairly, and offered him gifts of ivory and gold, and thanked him a thousand times for the pains he had taken. And when he beheld his dear daughter, he embraced her fondly and kissed her many times.

13. Then he took them to his palace, attended by the music of trumpets and clarions, while the people sang all the way, and paved the streets with their garments. When they went up to the palace, they found plenty of provision there, well becoming the court of a prince; the floor was overspread with costly scarlet cloth. They set in a humble posture on the floor and entered into suitable conversation.

14. It is not necessary to describe the feast and their seemly behaviour which was innocent of revelry or vanity. Nor is it necessary to speak of the nice dishes, or of agreeable service, or of the courtly retinue. My short space or limited scope cannot admit of the elaborate discourse of the princes, though their manner was simple and informal, for the old world hated intemperance and pride, it was lately that pomp and luxury had sprung up

15. When they had satisfied their hunger with food and drink, the grey-haired lord found the fit occasion of demand of his famous guest what strange adventures and perils he had met in the course of his travels. The Redcross knight narrated the story of his adventures in detail in grave words and with a serious countenance, as already before record, in compliance with his request.

16 Great pleasure. mixt with pittiful regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate,
Whyles they his pittiful adventures heard ;
The oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too importune fate,
That heapd on him so many wrathfull wreakes ;
For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes :
And all the while salt teares bedeawd the hearers cheaks.

17 Then sayd that royall Pere in sober wise ;
'Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note whether praise or pitty more ;
For never living man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest :
But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
And well arrived are, (high God be blest !)
Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest.'

18 'Ah dearest Lord !' said then that doughty knight,
'Of ease or rest I may not yet devize ;
For by the faith which I to armes have plight,
I bownden am streight after this emprize,
As that your daughter can ye well advize,
Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize,
Gainst that proud Paynim king that works her teene :
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene.'

19 'Unhappy falls that hard necessity,'
(Quoth he)' the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed *foe of my felicity* ;
Ne I against the same can justly preace :
But since that band by cannot now release,
Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be vayne)
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
Ye then shall hither backe retourne agayne,
The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twayn.

16. The good king and his queen feelingly expressed great pleasure and their compassion too when they heard the story of his sad and perilous adventures They often lamented his unlucky chance when he had to suffer so many misfortunes, for never a knight of good birth had so often been harassed by the caprices of fortune. While he told the story, tears ran down the cheeks of the hearers.

17. Then the royal lord said in his dignified way, "Dear son, the evils you endured have been great ones from beginning to the end in your late adventures, and I do not know whether I should praise or pity them. I suppose no living man suffered so much and was exposed to so much dangers Since you have now reached a state of safety (God be blessed for it !), let us think of a settled, comfortable and restful life."

18. The valiant knight then said, "Ah ! dearest lord, I cannot think of rest and ease. By the oath binding on me as a knight, at the end of this adventure, as your daughter can infrom you, I am to go back to the great Fairy Queen, and to serve her for six years in warrng against the Pagan king who causes her trouble. Therefore I beg you to excuse me till I return and have been there."

19. He said, "It is a stern necessity, and it comes in the way of peace and happiness that I might otherwise enjoy. I cannot press you against this. But since you cannot release yourself from that bond or do away with it (for vows must be kept), as soon as the term of those six years is ended, you should return here to celebrate the marriage vowed between you and my daughter.

20 'Which, for my part, I covet to performe
In sort as through the world I did proclame,
That who so kild that monster most deforme,
And him in hardy battayle overcame,
Should have mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee :
Therefore, since now to thee perteynes the same
By dew desert of noble chevalree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome lo ! I yield to thee.'

21 Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,
The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter and his only hayre ;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long-wished light :
So faire and fresh that Lady shewd herselfe in sight.

22 So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May ;
For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride ;
And on her now a garment she did weare
All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare ;
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

23 The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshyny face,
To tell were as to strive against the streame :
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder ; for her own deare loved knight,
All were she daily with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight :
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

20. "I desire very much to have it celebrated, as I had proclaimed it widely in the manner that he who killed the deformed monster in battle, should have my only daughter as a bride, and be heir to my kingdom. Now to you belong the right by virtue of your knightly deed, and I yield so you both my daughter and my kingdom "

21 Then he called his daughter, and the fairest Una, his only dear daughter and his only heir, appeared with her demure looks. She was as bright as the morning star, gleaming in the East to announce the dawning of the day and the coming of the wished-for light. That lady thus appeared as fair and fresh.

22. She looked as fair and fresh as the freshest flower in May. She had laid aside her mourning robe and the veil that a widow would wear ; she had worn these on her tiring journey, and with these she hid her heavenly beauty. Now she wore a garment as white as lily without a spot and without any ostentation. It looked like a web of silk and silver but there was neither silk nor silver in her garment.

23. To describe her dazzling beauty and the glory of her radiant face would be like going against the stream. My weak verse will do injustice to her heavenly features. No wonder that her dear knight, although she had been daily present with him, was overwhelmed by her heavenly beauty. Often he had seen her fair, but not so fair as now.

24 So fairely dight when she in presence came,
She to her Syre made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence :
Whom with great wisedome and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say—But, eare he thus had sayd,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
A Messenger with letters, which his message sayd.

25 All in the open hall amazed stood
At suddeinnesse of that unwary sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood :
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight ;
Where falling flat great humblesse he did make,
And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight ;
Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
Which he disclosing read thus, as the paper spake :

26 'To thee, most might king of Eden fayre,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest
The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
Of that great Emperour of all the West ;
And bids thee be advized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck, in holy band
Of wedlocke, to that new unknowen guest :
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

27 'To me, sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affyaunced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore !
Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swore,
And guilty heavens of his bold perjury ;
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for judgment just doe fly,
And them conjure t' avenge this shamefull injury.

24. Looking so exquisitely beautiful, when she appeared before them, she made low bow to her father in reverence. The manner was so becoming of her so to make her accomplishment more graceful still Her father was going to address her in wise and eloquent words. Before he could say anything, a messenger in all hurry and bustle, rushed in like a man in a fright. He carried letters which contained some message.

.5. Everybody in the hall stood amazed at the unexpected suddenness of this apparition, and wondered at the haste he manifested. But he would not stop until he planted himself before the king, he showed his humility by falling flat before his feet. Then he held up the letter to the king who thus read it out.

26. "To you, most mighty king of fair Eden, the sad daughter and abandoned heir of the great emperor of the West, sends her greetings, earnestly praying that you take good counsel before you unite your daughter in marriage with the unknown guest, for the plighted his troth to another lady in another country.

27. "He was betrothed to me, a sad maid, or rather a sad widow, long ago ; he swore his faith to me as I did to him. He is a false knight who has discredited and forsworn himself. The altars with the burnt offerings on it, by which he swore, and the heaven which he made a partake of his guilt as he had often done, will bear witness to the truth I am stating I also appeal to them for justice, and implore them to avenge the shameful wrong done to me.

28 'Therefore, since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
Withhold, O soverayne Prince! your hasty hond
From *knitting* league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
Through weaknesse of my widowhed or woe;
For truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
And shall finde friends, if need requireth soe.
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend nor foe, *Fidessa*'.

29 When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
That still he sate long time astonished,
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
At last his solemn silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest:
'Redoubted knight, that for myne only sake
Thy life and honor late adventurest,
Let nought be hid from me that ought to be exprest.

30 'What meane these bloody vowes and idle threats,
Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd?
What hevens? what altars? what enraged heates,
Here heaped up with terms of love unkynd,
My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bynd?
High God be witnesse that I guiltlesse ame;
But if yourselfe, Sir knight, ye faulty fynd,
Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,
With cryme doe not in it cover, but disclose the same.'

31 To whom the Redcrosse knight this answer sent:
'My Lord, my king, be nought hereat dismay'd,
Till well ye wote by grave intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
With breach of love and loialty betrayd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard,
That day should faile me ere I had them all declard.

28. *"Since he is mine, whether he is free or contracted to* marriage again, false or true, living or dead, do not, therefore, O gracious prince, hustle through the wedding, I advise you so. Do not think that you can trample upon my right because of the weakness or misery of my widowhood. Truth is strong enough to plead my just cause, and shall find friends, if necessary. So farewell to you—Your neither friend nor foe, Fidessa."

29. When he had read these painful words, the strange news surprised and dejected him, and he sat long astounded, and spoke no word to anybody. Then he broke the solemn silence, with his gaze in suspicion fixed upon the guest, "Brave knight, you lately risked your life and honour for my sake. Do not conceal from me anything that should be made known.

30. "What do these vows and threats mean, coming as they do from the impatient mind of a woman ? What do 'heavens' and 'altars' signify ? What wild passion, couched here in words of outraged love, seeks to ensure my clear conscience ? I call God to witness that I am innocent. But, Knight, if you find yourself guilty, or involved in love which this lady claims, make a clear confession of it."

31. The Redcross knight made this reply, "My lord, my king, you need not take any fright until you find out, on careful deliberation, the kind of woman she is, and why she reproaches me with breach of faith. It was my misfortune, as I made my journey to your land, that I beset by unknown perils, deviated from the right path so that I seemed to grope in the dark until I discovered the truth.

32 'There did I find, or rather I was fownd
Of this false woman that Fidessa hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on grownd,
Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
That easy was t' inveigle weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts and wylie skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd when least I feared ill.

33 Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
And on the ground herselfe prostrating low,
With sober countenance thus to him sayd:
'O! pardon me, my soveraine Lord, to sheow
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse:
Shee, only she, it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in daily wretchednesse.

34 'And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and improvided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;
Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
Of this false footman, clockt with simplenesse,
Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
The falsest man alive: who tries, shall find no lesse.'

35 The king was greatly moved at her speach;
And, all with suddein indignation fraight,
Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did wait
Attacht that faytor false, and bound him strait,
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
As chained beare whom cruell dogs doe bait,
With ydle force did faine them to withstand,
And often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

32. "There I find this false woman, who called herself Fidessa, most false Duessa as she is, in rich clothes which might easily lure the eye of a man, captured me by her wicked, guileful tricks, too subtle to be resisted by human skill and power, when I was distracted, and, handed me over to my enemy, and I did not have the least suspicion all the time."

33. Then, Una, that royal maid, stepped forward, and bowing down to the ground, addressed her father with a staid and grave countenance. "Oh, pardon me, my lord, if I disclose to you the secret treasons which, as I know, were lately encompassed by that false witch. It was she only who lately plunged this gentle knight into distress so that death awaited him in his misery everyday.

34. "And now it seems that she has hired this messenger to bear her false letters to enact further mischief which is unlooked for by separating us two. In this matter she used the cunning labour of this false servant, feigning all simplicity. If you please to unmask him, you will see that he is Archimago, as I guess. Any one who tries to verify my statement, will find that he is the falsest man alive and no less."

35. The king was greatly moved at her speech, and roused to sudden indignation, ordered the messenger to be roughly handled. Soon the guards in attendance caught hold of the deceiver, and bound him fast, and he, seeming to be very much annoyed, as a chained bear, baited by cruel dogs, pretended to resist the guards with vain force, and made a show of escaping from them.

36 But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains;
And with continual watch did warely keepe.
Who then would thinke that by his subtile trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly pains?
Thus, when that Princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden bains,
And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

37 His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
The housling fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;
At which the bushy Teade a groome did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

38 Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that day:
They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great aray:
And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull Melancholy;
The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

39 During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sownd through all the Pallace pleasantly,
Like as it had bene many an Angels voice
Singing before th' eternall majesty,
In their trinall triplicities on hye:
Yett wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
Himselfe thereby refte of his sences meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

36. But they confined him in a deep dungeon, and bound him hand and foot in iron chains, and kept constant watch upon him. It could not be conceived that he could escape foul death of deadly torture by his crafty tricks. When the prince's indignation cooled, he proceeded to renew the contract between the knight and his daughter, to be followed by sacred rites.

37. With his own hands he tied the holy knot that nothing but death can loosen. With his own hands he kindled the sacramental fire and sprinkled the holy water, and the servant lighted a stumpy torch, and put a lamp burning in every chamber to scare away evil spirits, and to burn perpetually.

38. Then they sprinkled all the posts with wine, and made a feast to celebrate the day. They burnt frankincense to perfume all the rooms. And all the people of the house toiled at making the necessary preparations. Sweet music was played at its best to drive away melancholy, while one sang a song of love and merriment.

39. During this time a heavenly strain was heard through all the palace. It was like the song of many angels singing together in their threefold orders before the throne of God. Nobody knew whence this heavenly music came ; yet all of them were enraptured with this heavenly music, and spiritually stimulated.

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40 Great joy was made that day of young and old,
And solemne feast proclaymd throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told :
Suffice it heare by signes to understand
The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band.
Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand ;
And ever, when his eie did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

41 Her joyous presence, and sweet company,
In full content he there did long enjoy ;
Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosy,
His deare delights were hable to annoy :
Yet, swimming in that sea of blissful joy,
He nought forgott how he whilome had sworne,
In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne ;
The which he shortly did, and Una left to mourne.

42 Now, strike your sailes, yee jolly Mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode :
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplide : And the againe abroad
On the long voiage whereto she is bent :
Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent !

40. The young and old were equally full of joy on that day, and the feast celebrated throughout the land. Their unbounded merriment at the tying of the knot of love should better be imagined than described. The knight was a thrice happy man, now possessed of his lady's heart and hand. And whenever he looked at her, his heart seemed to beat in great joy.

41. He long enjoyed her gracious presence and her pleasant company, and was completely happy. No malicious envy, nor mean jealousy could cut into his delight. Though wrapt in that bliss, he did not forget his vow that he would return to the Fairy Queen if he could kill that monstrous beast. So he took leave of Una and departed.

42. Now, lower your sails, you happy seamen, for we have come into a quiet harbour where some of our passengers must be discharged, and our vessel lightened. Here the vessel may stop for a while till her rigging is mended, and she is provisioned again. And then she will resume her voyage May she have good speed and complete her voyage !

# NOTES

Dedicatory Verses.—They set forth the aim and scope of *Calender* in 1579. ...nging the ...ern trumpets." ... *Faerie Queene*, ... eards *Calender*. ... He ...es, long slumbering in ... e, *Clio* The poem is ...rest Tanaquil" is the ... and he compliments ... her The "most noble Briton prince" is Prince Arthur, and he is represented as being in love with ... sake. Prince ... poet invokes also the aid of ... both War and Love. In the last stanza the poet directly addresses Elizabeth and pays her a handsome tribute.

What does Spenser then purpose to achieve in *The Faerie Queene ?* He attemps to revive the romance of chivalry in the guise of an epic—and he discovers a parallel in Virgil who first wrote the *Bucolics* and *Georgics*, and then came to the *Aeneid* his epic. Spenser might make a similar attempt. He sounds a note of apology :

> "Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
> To blazon broade emongst her learned throng :
> Fierce warres and faithful love shall *moralize my song*."

It will not only be an epic of chivalry, but it should have a moral aim and purpose. The poet's passionate devotion to the Queen is one thing of which there can be no question. There is a patriotic motive behind the poem. All people rallied round the Queen when England was gravely threatened by the ... Philip II of Spain. *The Faerie Queene* was writ...

background. When his aim is to moralize the song, he cannot help idealizing the court of Queen Elizabeth, whom he addresses here as 'Mirrour of grace and Majestie divine," while he wishes that he may be properly inspired :

"To thinke of that true glorious type of thine."

So the Queen is to him an ideal sovereign, gifted with grace and majesty divine, and one or two courtiers of hers too come in for equally high praise. It is not that he is unaware of corruption and abuse of power and privilege in the court of Elizabeth, or of the Queen's exercise of autocratic will. But since he is to give a moral twist to his poem, he has to overlook the faults and vices of the Queen and her courtiers. He looks upon the court of Elizabeth as the very centre of chivalry and all that it stands, while chivalry is now a thing of the past. It seems to be his purpose also to resuscitate the dying ideal of chivalry, while it is true that the framework of a chivalric romance comes vary handy to him in paying his homage to the Queen and exalting some of her courtiers. Chivalry is becoming outdated when Spenser but summons the ghost of chivalry in his *Faerie Queene*. It serves his purpose all right to magnify the Queen of England.

1. **Wholome**—formerly. *Om* is the dative plural ending in Old English, and it came to have an adverbial force. **As time her taught**—*i. e.*, following the succession of months and seasons. *The Shepheards Calender* is a series of twelve eclogues, covering the twelve months of the year. **Weeds**—clothes. Spenser played the role of a shepherd in *The Shepheards Calender*—so he says that he put on the shepherd's weeds. It was the Muse (goddess of poetry) who inspired him to write a pastoral poem. **A Farre unfitter taske**—the writing of an epic of which he feels diffident. **Oaten reeds**—the pipe of a shepherd. **Gentle**—it should go with "Knights and ladies", *i. e.*, of noble birth. **Me, all too meane**—an apologetic note. **Areeds**—urges or advises. **Blazon**—proclaim or give publicity to. **Moralize**—teach a moral lesson through.

2. **Chiefe of nyne**—the Muses are the nine daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne (goddess of memory) The nine Muses are Calliope, the epic Muse; Clio, Muse of history; Erato, Muse of love poetry; Euterpe, Muse of lyric poetry; Melpomene, Muse of tragedy; Polyhymnia, Muse of sacred poetry,

Terpsichore. Muse of choral song and dance; Thalia, Muse of comedy and idyllic poetry; Urania, Muse of astronomy. Spenser means Clio here—the chief of the nine. His poem is to partake of the nature of history; so he appeals to Clio as the keeper of the records upon which he is going to draw for his poem. Weaker—too weak. The comparative has the force of the superlative. Novice—he means that he is a poet without much skill and experience. He is not an adept at writing epic poetry; for he has but tried his hand at writing pastoral poetry. Scryne—desk. *N. B.* Clio's symbol is a scroll, or open chest of books. Tanaquill—daughter of Oberon, king of the fairies. She is identified with Queen Elizabeth Most noble Briton Prince—Prince Arthur, identified with Sir Philip Sidney. Rue—pity. O, helpe..........tong—he seeks inspiration from Clio.

3. Impe—offspring. That good knight—Prince Arthur who was smitten with love for Tanaquil Cunningly—skilfully, Rove—shoot. Glorious fire—passion of love. Heben—ebony. Ayde—aid. Mart—Mars, the god of war and also lover of Venus. Arraid—dressed. Allayd—satisfied or laid aside. After.. ...allayd—a Latin construction.

4. Eke—also Mirrour ..... divine—*i e*, Queen Elizabeth —a very picture of beauty and divine majesty. Phoebus—sun-god. Eyne—archaic plural of eye *An*, later *en* as a plural ending survives in *oxen*. Glorious type of thine—Elizabeth is the type of virtue, grace and kingly sovereignty. An extravagant praise for bject-matter. Afflicted pen to write on wax 1 . be a laboured effort of his composition ?

## CANTO I

1. A gentle Knight—the Redcross knight (or, St. George, the patron Saint of England)—Holiness. Pricking—riding. Ycladd—clad, *Y*, corrupted from *ge*—is the sign of the past participle. Compare *Yclept*. Dints—impressions; marks. Chide —chafe at. Bitt—mouthpiece of the bridle The bit was covered with froth from the horse's mouth. Curbe—restraint. Jolly —handsome Giusts—jousts (combats between two knights on horseback with lances).

2. Glorious badge—the redcross. As living ever—as if

he were living ever. The like—the redcross. Scor'd—inscribed. Soveraine—supreme. Cheere—face. Ydrad—dreaded.

3. Bond—bound. To winne him worshippe—to win for himself fame and honour. Her grace—Gloriana's favour. Earne—yearn or long. Puissance—might. Learne—test. Stearne—stern.

4. Vele—veil. Wimpled—gathered into plaits. Stole—a long robe. Palfrey—a lady's saddle-horse. Seemed—it seemed that. Lambe—the symdol of innocence.

5. Vertuous lore—discipline of virtue. Lynage—lineage. Of yore—in the past. Infernall feend—the Devil. Uprore—tumult. Forwasted—bevastated. Them expeld—expelled the parents of the lady. She had.........compeld—she had brought the Redcross knight from far to avenge the wrong done to her parents. Compeld—summoned.

6. Dwarfe—symbolical of the Flesh that lags behind the Spirit. The Dwarf has also been interpreted as Prudence or Common Sense. Lasie—lazy. Needments—necessaries. Leman—lady-love. Wight—person. Shrowd—to take shelter. Constrain—compel. Fain—willing under the circumstances.

7. Covert—shelter. A shadie grove—the grove of Error. Spide—spied or saw. Sommers pride—fruit and leaves that the trees bore in summer. Perceable—penetrable. Power of any starre—the adverse influence of any star. Pathes......wide—*i. e.*, diverging paths of error. With footing worne—worn out with footsteps. Multitudes of people are led to error, and there are errors of varied character. Harbour—place of shelter.

8. With........led—*i e.*, the allurements of error. Harmony—song. Dred—dreaded. Scorne—defy. Hy—high. Sayling Pine—sailing ships were made of pine timber. Cedar proud—the cedar is an emblem of pride. Vine-propp—*i. e.*, giving shelter to the vine. Never dry—because it is full of sap. Builder Oake—the oak used for building purposes. Staves—sticks. Cypresse funerall—the cypress is a symbol of mourning.

9. Meed......Conquerours—the victors at Pythian games in ancient Greece were crowned with laurel wreaths. A victorious Roman general also was crowned with laurel at his triumph. Poets sage—the laurel was also associated with poetic inspiration, because it was sacred to Apollo. The Firre..........still—refers to the gum of resin exuded by the fire. Worne...........

Paramours—the sad or disappointed lovers made garlands of willow leaves. Forlorne—dejected. The Engh,.........will—the yew tree from which bows were made. Shaftes—arrows. Sallow for the mill—the sallow is a kind of willow—the shrub willow, distinct from the osiers and willow trees. Sallows were often planted round milldams. Mirrhe sweete-bleeding—the myrrh exudes a medicinal gum. Bitter—bitter to the taste and sweet to the smell. Warlike Beech—ancient war-chariots were made of beech. The Ash............ill—the ash serving many useful purposes; it was used in carpentry, in soldering, in thatching. Platane round—plane tree with its broad circumference. Carver Holme—holm or evergreen oak suitable for carving. Maple ......sound—maple rotten at the core.

10. Beguile the way—forget the weariness of the journey. They......path—they are new tangled in error. Wander........ unknowne—the result of getting into error is to drift about in life without aim or purpose, and to be further and further away from truth or rectitude That makes.........owne—then comes confusion of mind.

11. Till......out—they get lost by taking wrong path, and now they are determined either to have a way out or to get to the end of the course they are following. Una is Truth, and Truth seems to be confounded too. The Redcross knight is Holiness, and Holiness is the love of God which is to be guided By Truth. Truth seems to have lost the initiative. That beaten .........bare—the beaten track in life is followed by those who are little active in searching out truth. Like—likely. Labyrinth—a network of pathways. Tract—track. Eftsoones—forthwith.

12. Mischiefe—misfortune. Oft fire............smoke—often there is no hint of danger that is coming. Therefore your...... made—the Redcross knight is venturous, and is ready to take any risk. Una is more cautious, on the other hand. Revoke the ......shade—retrace our steps for fear of unknown danger. Vertue .......wade—Holiness is betrayed by self-cofidence.

13. Wot—know. Yet......retrate—it is wise to be cautious, before it is too late. Una warns the Redcross knight that later he may be forced to retreat from the position now taken up. Wandring wood—Error has the sense of wandering from truth. Read—counsel. The fearefull Dwarfe—the Dwarf is Prudence or Common Sense, and so there is good reason that he is alarmed.

14. Hardiment—rash courage. Ought—anything. Staide—stopped. Glooming—faint. Full of vile disdaine—filling the beholder with disgust.

15. Boughtes—folds. Upwound—coiled. Ill-favored—ugly looking. Uncouth—literally, unknown ; strange.

16. Upstart—started up. Effraide—afraid. Entraile—twist. Mayle—mail armour. Armed to point—armed from head to foot. Deadly bale—baleful or harmful death. Wont—accustomed. Where .... plain—refers to obscurity that surrounds Error.

17. Elfe—the knight, supposed to be a fairy's son. Pray—prey. Trenchand—sharp. Bray—roar. Speckled—spotted. Aghast—terrified. Enhaust—raised. Glaunst—glanced.

18. Dazd—confounded. Tho—then. Wrethed—twisted. Sterne—hind part ; tail. Traine—the trailing tail.

19. Constraint—uneasiness. Add.... force—*i. e.*, faith in truth can overcome error. Gall—anger. Did grate—was chafed. Knitting all his force—wrestling with all his force. Grypt—gripped. Gorge—throat. Canstraine—compel.

20. Spewd—vomited. Maws—stomach. Floud—flood. Gobbets—lumps. Slacke—relax. Bookes and papers—a reference to Pamphlets and Bulls of Excommunication issued against Queen Elizabeth by Pope Sixtus V, and also to many slanderous reports circulated against her. Parbreake—vomit.

21. Nilus—the river Nile Fattie—swollen ; also explained as fertilizing. Outwell—discharge Avale—abate. Reed—conceive or understand. As when old father ...reed—here is an epic simile and an epic simile is always noted for its elaboration. The details introduced here should be noted, though they are not related to the original point of comparison.

22. The same—the stink of her vomit Spawne—breed ; offspring. Encombred—obstructed.

23. Welke—fade. Vewen—view Cumbrous—troublesome. Noyance—annoyance. Tender—frail. Here is another elaborate simile. Such similes—and they are epic similes—are often interspersed in the poem.

24. Ill bestedd—hard-pressed. Lin—cease. Raft—reft. Remorse—pity. Corse—corpse or dead body. The Redcross knight finally demolishes Error. The monster also stands for the Catholic Church. If Catholicism is to be destroyed, it

should be destroyed at one stroke ; no temporary or piecemeal measures can achieve anything.

25. *Brood*—children *Deadly*—as in the throes of death. But......withstood—*i. e.*, they could not get into her mouth. Making......life—sustaining themselves on her death.

26. Unkindly—unnatural. Impes—children. Their bellies... burst—they drank their fill of their mother's blood, and being inflated, they burst and they too died.

27. Chaunst—happened. Under happie starre—under the favourable influence of a star. Armory—armour. Like succeed *It may*—*it may* have similar success.

28. Wend—go or turn. Byway—side-lane. Frend—befriend. Travelled—travelled. Ought—anything.

29. Aged Sire—Archimago who is Hypocrisy, or the Catholic Church. Archimago has also been identified with the Pope, (Pius V, or Gregory XIII, or Sixtus V, who issued Bulls against Elizabeth). He has been identified with Philip II of Spain also. Simple in shew—simple in manner. Knockt his brest—a sing of repentance.

30. Louting—bowing. Quited—returned the greeting. After—afterwards. Quoth—said. Silly—simple and ignorant. *Now the meaning of the word has deteriorated. Trepas*—*sin.* Sits not—*i e.*, it is not seemly. Mall—meddle.

31. Homebredd evil—evil generated in country. Wasteth—ravages. Weare—spend. Space—time.

32. Wastfull—full of ravages. But......distresse—except through great risks. Forwearied—completely exhausted. For what so......might—nobody is so strong but when he is in want of rest he will be in want of strength too. Baite—rest.

33. With the Sunne take—as the sun takes rest. The way... advise—to take good counsel is the way to success. In—inn or lodging.

34. *Resort*—*haunt. Edifyde*—*built. Dewly.*—*duly.* Wont —was accustomed.

35. Entertainement—rites of hospitality. The noblest...... has—the noblest mind finds in itself the best contentment. File—polish. Ave-Mary—'Hail Mary' ; a salutation or prayer to the Virgin Mary.

36. Drouping—languid in movement. Sad humor—

dew of sleep Morpheus—god of Sleep. Riddes—conducts. Charmes—enchantments.

37. Did......frame—worked them into spells or enchantments. Plutoes griesly Dame—Proserpine, wife of Pluto, King of Hades. Reprochfull shame—blasphemy of God. Great Gorgon—Demogorgon. He is first mentioned by the 4th century Christian writer, Lactantius, who, in so doing, is believed to have broken the spell of a mystery, for Demogorgon is supposed to be indentical with the infernal power of the ancients, the very mention of whose neme brought death and disaster. In the Fourt Book of *The Faerie Queene* Spenser says that he dwells in the great abyss with the three fatal sisters. Cocytus—river of Lamentation in Hades. Styx—river of Hale in Hades.

38. Sprights—spirits. Whereto......applyes—in which he is to engage their services. Fray—frighted. Forge..... lyes—invent lies that would look like truth. Staide—kept.

39. Spersed—diffused; dispersed. Repaire—go. Tethys—wife of Oceanus. Cynthia—the Moon. Steepe—bathe.

40. Double gates—one of ivory sending forth false dreams, and the other of horn sending forth true dreams. Overcast—overlaid. Farre—at a distance. The sprite—the spirit sent by Archimago. Keepe—care.

41. Loft—roof. Sowne—sound Swowne—swoon. Carelesse—free from cares.

42. Waste—wasted. Mought—might. With paine—hard. Dryer braine—a dry brain was the cause of slow apprehension.

43. Hecate—A goddess of the dead. She combined the attributes of, and became identified with Seleve, Artemis and Persephone. Lompish—lumpish or lethargic. Intent—purpose. Sleeepers sent—the sense of the sleeper.

44. God—Morpheus. Diverse—distracting. Careful carke—oppressive cares. Starke—dulled. His Lord—Archimago.

45. That other Spright—the spirit that had remained with him. Lively—life-like. Weaker—too weak. Ravisht—captivated. Quight—quite. Beguiled—tempted. Most like ......fit—most likely to resemble Una.

46. Ydle—unsubstantial; made fair. Abuse—deceive. Fantasy—fancy or imagination. In sort as—according as. Schooled—instructed. Privily—privately. Without her dew—out of the due course of nature. Usage—manner. Hew—figure.

## CANTO II

1. By this—by this time. Northerne wagoner—the constellation Bootes ; the constellation of the seven stars, called Great Bear—the classical name is Bootes. The seven stars, connected by imaginary lines, look something like a wagon with its pole—and it was called Charles's Wain. Stedfast starre—the Pole Star. To all arre—the Pole star was a guide to mariners. Chaunticlere—cock. Phoebus fiery carre—the chariot of the sun

2. Feigning dreame—the dream sent by Morpheus. *Faire-forged Spright—the spirit that was shaped into a woman* resembling Una. Maister—master (Archimago). Bootelesse—unavailing. Deluded—confounded ; miscarried. Cast—devised.

7. Rosy fingred—the epithet, applied by Homer to the Dawn, or Aurora. Tithones—Tithonus, beloved by Aurora (Dawn goddess). Aurora conferred upon him immortality at his prayer, but he did not ask for perpetual youth the same time, and so he became old and decrepit. Titan—the name given by Latin poets to Sun-god. Discovered—laid bare ; exposed to view. Royall virgin—Una. Drowsy-hed—drowsiness. Baser bowre—too humble room. Stowre—distress.

8. Her slowe beast—an ass. Pricked—spurred on. Fiery fierce disdain—the Redcross knight was misled by the false *dream, and he left Una.*

9. Subtill—subtle ; crafty. Divided .....parts—separated from each other, such as the Redcross knight and Una. Other ......make—invents other tricks. Smarts—harms.

10. Mighty science—art of magic. Seeming wise—good semblance. Proteus—an old man and prophet, famous for the power of assuming shapes at will ; the phrase—*As many shapes as Proteus.* Fowle—bird. Fell—cruel. Herbes—herbs were used in magic.

11. Seemde—it seemed. The person to put on—to put on the disguise. Coward—cowardly. Craven—cowardly. Discolourd—many coloured ; of veriegated colours. Jolly—sprightly. Addrest—armed ; equipped. Courser—horse. Saint George—"Spenser refers to the supremacy claimed by the Romish Church over England after the Reformation, by which *the Popes sought to usurp the* position of the true Patron-England, St. George."—(H. M. Perceval).

12. **Semblaunt**—appearance. **Gealous**—jealous. **Will was .... astray**—the Redcross knight was now led by passion, and so separated from Truth. **Him......meete**—it chanced that he met. **A faithlesse Sarazin**—Saracen, the type of the infidel. During the Middle Ages a Mahomedan was called the Saracen—a general term applied by the Christians to all of the Moslem peoples fought by the Crusaders. **Sans foy**—it means 'without faith'. **Cared not......point**—so he was without faith in true God.

13. **A goodly......red**—Duessa (literally, the 'twofold'). She represents the False Faith of Rome. She also stands for Queen Mary of Scots. **Purfled**—embroidered at the edge, **Assay**—value. **Like**—something like. **Mitre**—a kind of head-dress in two sections. **Owches**—jewels. **Garnished**—adorned. **Lavish**—prodigal. **Wanton**—playful. **Tinsell trappings**—tinsel is a gauze like cloth, woven with gold and silver threads, and trappings are the harness of a horse. **Bosses**—knobs. **Brave**—showy.

14. **Disport**—playfulness. **Courting dalliaunce**—amorous sports. **Intertained**—*i. e.*, entertained. **Left off**—abandoned. **Addresse him**—prepare himself. **Fray**—battle.

15. **Hote**—furiously. **Dispiteous**—cruel. **Couch**—lower (a spear) for attack. **Daunted**—frightened. **Rigorous**—violent. **Astonied**—stunned. **Rebutte**—recoil. **Yealdeth land**—gives ground.

16. **Rich fleeced**—covered with abundant fleece. **Hanging**—impending. **Broken reliques**—fragements of spears. **Former cruelty**—late combat.

17. **Buffe**—blow. **Wards**—averts. **Quyteth**—repays. **Cuff**—blow. **Spies**—glances. **Repining**—mortified.

18. **Bitter fitt**—bitterness of death. **Ygoe**—ago. **That charme**—protection given by the enchanted Redcross. **Crest**—helmet. **Rigor**—violence. **Outrageous**—excessive. **Smitt**—smote. **From blame......blest**—(i) "acquitted him of having given but an indifferent blow"—(*Church*); (ii) "kept, preserved him from hurt"—(*Todd*).

19. **Wroth**—angry. **Native**—inborn. **Vertue**—courage. **Stroke**—struck. **Rive**—rend. **Cleft**—cut into. **Grudging**—groaning. **Flitted**—departed. **Live amis**—live a bad life.

20. **Woefull funerall**—sad death. **From him**—from the Redcross knight. **Scowre**—run fast. **Present cause**—*i. e.*, the presence of the Redcross knight.

21. **Ruefull**—sorrowful. **Subject..............mischaunce**—a victim of mishap. **Seeming**—seemingly. **Emmove**—move or agitate. **Said**—he said. **Overthrow**—misfortune. **Rueth** – grieves. **Who . part**—*i. e*, the knight who defended her cause.

22. **Unhappy howre**—misfortune or bad luck. **Thrall**—slave. **Before..... ...lowre**—before it pleased the heavens to frown. **False**—treacherous. **Sole daughter**—implies the unity of the Catcholic Church in doctrine and authority, declared at the Council of Trent. **Tiberis**—the river Tiber on which Rome stands; called after Tibrius, a king of Alba, who was drowned in it, and as a river god was its patron deity.

23. **Their onely haire.........king**—the Dauphin. Queen Mary's first husband, afterwards Francis II, is alluded to, Duessa stands here for Mary, Queen of Scots **A most mighty king**—was Henry II, father of Francis II, who married Mary, Queen of Scots. **Debonaire**—gracious **Spousall**—wedding. **Staire**—stage. **But ere . ...shone**—*N. B.* Mary, Queen of Scots was betrothed to the Dauphin in 1548, and marriage took place in 1558. In 1559, he succeeded his father as Francis II—and he died from a natural cause in 1560 The account, given here by Duessa, varies. **Fone**—foes. Archaic plural. **Mone**—moan; lament.

24. **Convaid**—secreted; concealed. **Fro**—from. **Assaid**—assailed. **Straid**—wandered.

25. **Perforce**—under compulsion **Win**—win my heart. **Sire**—father.

26. **Plight**—condition. **Fidessa**—Duessa assumes the name of Fidessa, which means True Faith. **Passion**—emotion. **Rew**—feel pity.

27. **Assuraunce**—confidence of safety. **Is said**—it is said. **Chear**—countenance **Shamefast**—modest. **Gainsaid**—contradicted **Feining**—devising. **Seemely**—well becoming. **So dainty ......derth**—"she is so coy and dainty that she creates a wish, or need, for the gratifical [illegible] seems scarcely the mean [illegible] must mean that fine and [illegible]

28. **Armes**—branches. **Trembling ..... .....bla.t**—the tree symbolizes Doubt (*Fradubio*), and therefore, the leaves tremble at every blast. **Far......round**—covering a large are[illegible] [illegible]—shunned.

29. Spie—see. Mote—might. Abide—endure. Tide—while.

30. Pleasaunce—diversion, Falsed—abused. Yit—yet. Rifte—cleaving Gory—clotted.

31. Yelling—screaming. Embard—confined. Hap--happen. Deare—costly. of poignant. Astond—astounded. Hove—stand on end. Member—limb.

32. Whenas—*i. e.*, when. Dreadfull passion—the strong emotion. Occasion—event. Limbo—from *Limbus* (*Lat.* border, fringe, edge) ; the borders of hell—the portion assigned by the schoolmen to those departed spirits whom the benefits of redemption did not apply through no fault of their own. According to Dante, Limbo is between hell and that borderland where dwell "the praiseless and the blameless dead."

33. Groning—groaning. Fradubie—a type of those who doubt, and waver between the True and the False. Wreake—accomplish, Boreas—the north wind. Yet......paines—I am *sensitive to cold and heat.*

34. Or man or tree—either man or tree. Misshaped thus—transformed into a tree. Imparts—communicates. But.........harts—when grief is concealed, it is redoubled. As raging......suppresse—*i. e.*, as raging flames, one strives to stifle, burn the more fiercely. Errant—wandering in quest of adventures.

35. Joy of chevalree—delight in knightly adventures. Me chaunced......bee—it happened that I met a knight.

36. Forged—feigned. Take in hand—undertake to defend. All......farre—*i. e.*, she excelled all other ladies in beauty. I in......stand—I defended the beauty of my lady as exceeding that of all others. Arraunged—arranged. Dye of warre—the east of dice, fortune of war. Prise martiall—a prize to the victor. At my call—at my pleasure.

37. Unlike faire—differing in their beauty. Cast for—devised. Whether—which of the two. Meede—prize ; reward. Won to bee—to be conquered. Agreed—reconciled, Fraelissa—*i. e.*, Frailty ; so Frailty is the companion of Doubt.

38. Doubtfull brilliance—the brilliance of beauty, shared by both. Cast—devised. Hellish science—magic art. Breathing on her face—blowing upon the face of Frealissa. Dimmed ......ray—obscured her beauty. Then......alone—*i. e.*, Duessa alone was fair. In place—there.

39. Bewitched—captivated. Loathly—loathsome. Visage—features. Faigned—sham. Treen—tree-like. Mould—shape.

40. Unweeting—without knowing. Wist—knew. Prime—spring. That day......prime—that day comes round every spring time. Hew—shape or figure. Origane—marjoram. This bath was a purificatory ceremony.

42. Chaunges......cheare—the change of expression in my face. Wicked herbes—magical herbs. Bereaved—lout. Pight—placed. Waste—spend.

43. In this.......house—*i. e.*, in the shape of a tree. Living well—it should be the healing power of Christianity. Spell—enchantment. Wonted—customary. Well—weal or well-being. Suffised—satisfied. Unbynd—release.

44. Hight—called. Dreriment—gloom. That—so that. Blood—blood guiltiness.

45. As—as if. Unweeting—ignorant. That—what. Reare—uplift. Carelesse—unconscious. Swowne—soon. Blew—blue. Deadly hew—death-like countenance. All passed feare—all fear having passed.

## CANTO III

1. Hollownesse—expanse More deare—more deeply felt. Unworthie wretchednesse—misery that she does not deserve. Envies snares—tricks of jealousy. Freakes—caprices. Alleageance—allegiance. Fealty—loyalty. Perst—pierced.

2. Empassioned—moved to pity. Steepe—bathe. Guylefull handeling—crafty practices. True as touch—true as gold tested on the touchstone. Divorced—separated. Her dew......shayre—love due to her diverted to the wicked witch.

3. Preace—press of crowd. Strayd—wandered. Subtily—by crafty means. Late vision—the dream that came to the Redcross knight. Wide—*i e.* far and wide. Wished—wished for.

4. Yrkesome—toilsome. Secret shadow—shadow that concealed her from the sight of others. Fillet—head-band. Undight—loosened. Eye of heaven—the sun.

5. [illegible]
of the w [illegible]
on its h [illegible]
pounce upon his prey. Salvage—savage. Salvage blood—

the blood of the beasts of the forest. Corse—body, not necessarily dead body. Ny—near. Bloody rage—thirst for blood. Aswaged—mitigated. Remorse—pity.

6. Kist......feet—a token of submission. Lickt......tong—a token of affection. As—as if. Maister—to master or overcome. And simple......wrong—the allegory suggested is that a man who follows reason, may also do wrong when he does not properly acquaint himself with what is right. The contact of the lion with Una is the contact of Reason and Truth. Whose yielded pride......compasion—Una noticed the submission of lion, though still combined with pride (*i. e.*, the pride of reason), but she was not without fear of death, while heart melted with pity.

7. Abate—lessen. Humble weake—such as Una is, compared with the lion. Prickt—urged. My Lyon—she means the Redcross knight.

8. Redounding—overflowing. Plaint—complaint. Constraint—anguish. With pittie calmd—subdued by pity. In......payne—locking her pain in her heart. Brood—race. Attayne—reach.

9. Desolate—in her lonely and dejected state. Gard—guard. Mate—companion. Kept both......ward—kept awake and on guard. Conceived her intent—guessed what she intended or wanted.

10. Shold pas—should have passed. Shew—show. Espyde—saw. Hore—grey. Slow footing—walking slowly. A damzel—it is Abessa who stands for superstition; 'slow footing' implies inertness of mind.

11. She could ....... nor understand—it implies that a superstitious person is incapable of exercising his faculties. Vew—see. Deadly hew—pallor of death.

12. Wager—stake. Her life .....lay—her safety lay in flight. Her mother blynd—Corceca, and she is blind Devotion (mother of Supersition). Eternall night—ignorance is eternal night. Suddeine......hold—her daughter suddenly catching hold of her by rushing indoors. Affray—fear. By this—by this time. Requere—seek.

13. Which......yield—when Una was not admitted. Her ......page—her attendant, the lion, who obeyed no rule. Nigh—nearly. Faint astonishment—a dazed feeling. Pent—confi-

ned. Pater noster—literally, Our Father, the first two words in the Lord's Prayer in Latin ; so it is the Lord's Prayer. Ayes—*Ave* means hail ; *it is the prayer to the Virgin, called Ave Maria.*

14. Augment—increase the severity of. Thrice every........ wore—sackcloth and ashes were adjuncts of repentance. Bitt—morsel of food. For......forgett—in her fear now she forget telling her beads. Framed......fitt—addressed to her assuring words and gave her friendly looks. Which hardly doen—which being as soon concluded.

15. Shrowded—enveloped. Wearie plight—state of exhaustion. All night she......long—the night seems to be unending to her. Light—light of dawn.

16. Aldeboran—a double star in the constellation of Taurus, called the Bull's Eye. Cassiopeias chaire—a constellation of thirteen stars, resembling a chair. Cassiopeia was the wife of Capheus, king of Ethiopia, and mother of Andromeda Fare—*pass. That.. ...call—because he was not readily admitted.* Severall—diverse. Purchas—theft. For on his backe... ..... criminall—it is Kirkrapine, the plunderer of the Church.

17. To weete—namely. Due reliefe—*i. e.*, the money put into the poor-box in the Church. It is money, collected in the Church for poor parishioners. Vestiment—garments Carelesse—without keeping due watch. Habiliments—robes. Kept—guarded. Sleights—devices. *N B.* the abuses of the abbeys and monasteries might be alluded to in the action of Kirkrapine.

18. Abessa—Lat. *Abjecta,* abject. A reference to the abbeys with all their superstitions and corrupt practices. Corceca —Lat. *Cor* heart and *Caecum,* blind ; so Corceca is Blind Heart. Gold and rings—Spenser seems to have in mind the Catholic Church, gorgeous in ritual, and corrupt in principle.

19. Bett—beat. Frayed—frightened. Advize—reflect. Wize—manner. Seizing—fastening. Supprest—overpowered.

uccour—aid.
ıbred—sepa-
nd—ground,
some read
the distribu-
tion of the hoarded wealth to the monasteries among the landed nobility of England, as was done by Henry VIII. Weare —t—

spend. Heavie hap—misfortune. It alight—has descended. Like...........might—similar misfortune might befall them.

21. Discovered—uncovered. Pas—passed. Passing—surpassing. Wandring Greeke—Ulysses. That...........deitye—Ulysses spent seven years with the goddess Calypso in the island of Ogygia, who offered him immortal life, but left her for his wife Penelope. Then......nye—when she supposed that she was going to overtake the Redcross knight soon, he was furthest away from her.

22. Parted—departed. The fearfull Twayne—Corceca and Abessa. Rend their heare—the rending of the hair and the beating of the breasts are signs of mourning. Wayld—lamented, Deare—*i. e.*, deer. Corceca and Abessa are compared to deer.

23. Hollow—dismal. Rayling—railing or abusing. Dishonesty—unchastity. She did pray—it was Corceca who prayed.

24. Nought prevaile—have no effect. Embost—encased. Bost—boast. Traynes—wiles ; artifices.

25. Passion—grief. Her fear—the object of her fear. Mone—moan or lament. Haplesse chaunce—mishap. Taught—informed.

26. Ere long—soon. Wilde champion—the lion. Turned wyde—turnen aside. Like......shield—shield resembling that of the Redcross knight. Weend—thought. It was—it was the Redcross knight. Wist—knew.

27. Abhord—hated. Or......might—or have done something that might displease you. Deare Hearte—sad heart. Light—descend.

28. Meeting—replying. Still—always. Meere—mere. Kindly—natural. Skil—power. Derth—scarcity or famine. Liefe—dear.

29. Sooth—truth. felon—cruel traitor. Deface—defeat or destroy. Good .....excuse—good reason why I should be excused by you. Embrace—accept. Appease—lay aside.

30. Recompence—repayment. Disperce—make amends for. Sowre—sour. Stowre—distress. His eyes......before—he looks forward to the future. Toyld—toiled.

31. Beaten—tempest-tossed. Soust—immersed. Tethys—wife of Oceanus. Tand—tanned. Tawney—dark brown. Proleptically used here. Blusting—noisy. Bide—abide or

endure.
. Aurora
tion. Hi
heat, associated with the dog-days. Nereus—a sea-god, and father of the Nereides, or sea-nymphs. The seamen now drink to Nereus. Pledg around—join in the health-drinking of Nereus.

32. Then—than. From ground—from shore. Watrie wildernesse—wide expanse of the Ocean. Hurles out—utters loudly. Neptune—the sea-god. Fell—befell or happened.

33. With hastie heat—in impetuous haste. Fomed—foamed. Chauffed—heated. Bloody lines—blood-red characters.

34. Burnt in fire—was inflamed with anger. Couched—lowered. Loth—unwilling. That other—Archimago. Hap—fortune.

35. Proud Paynim—Sansloy is the Lawless, brother of Sansfoy, the Faithless. Paynim means a pagan (a non-Christian) *N. B.* "In this conflict between the Pagan Sansloy and the Papal Archimago is symbolized the constant struggle between the Ottoman Power and the Catholics. Repeatedly Vienna was threatened by the advance of the Turks, who formed one of the chief obstacles to the plans of the Emperor Charles V." Sharp head—sharp-headed. Vainly crossed shield—the shield that bore a false redcross. Shronke—shrunk. Beare—*i. e.*, make the way. Puissaunce—impact. Tombling—thumbling. Rush—fall quickly. Gored—pierced.

36. Reave his life—bereave or deprive him of his life. Meed—reward ; here punishment as reward. Repining strife—fretful unrest. Lethe lake—Lethe was one of the rivers of Hades, which the souls of all the dead were obliged to taste that they might forget everything said and done when alive. Purgd ......life—*i. e.*, purified by burning the supposed Redcross knight on the funeral altar of Sanfoy. Furies—goddesses of Vengeance. The Greeks called them *Erinyes*—three in number, Tisiphone (The avenger of blood), Alecto (Implacable), and Megaera (Disputations). Aslake—appease.

37. Unlace—unfasten. Hold—without. Heavie—avenging. In place—in rank. Fayre did......field—won victo-ie in bloody battles.

38. **Hoarie head**—grey hair. **Though untold**—though it had not been narrated before. **Round lists**—enclosed ground in which tournaments used to take place.

39. **Syre**—oldman. **Yre**—anger. **Amis**—wrongly. **Traunce**—state of insensibility. **Guilefull**—crafty. **Dazed**—bewildered. **Which doen away**—the trance having passed off.

40. **Amased**—astounded. **Mockt**—deceived. **Guerdon**—reward. **Misfeigning**—shamming wrongfully or with an evil intent. **Booteth not**—does not avail. **Visage**—face.

41. **Kingly aw**—such awe as is inspired by a king—and the lion is the *king* of beasts. **High disdaine**—noble anger at a base deed. **Sovereine**—of supreme worth. **Rudely handled**—pulled down from her palfrey. **Weene**—think. **Reft**—snatched away. **Stout**—bold. **Inflame**—kindle. **Redeemed**—recovered.

42. **Salvage**—savage. **Corse**—frame or body. **Wisely**—with skill. **Chaufed**—chafed ; enraged. **Brand**—sword. **Launcht**—pierced. **Opprest**—overpowered. **Stubborne**—unyielding.

43. **From......will**—from being the victim of the passion of the lawless man. **Dismaid**—defeated **Spill**—destroy. **Spight**—spite. **Entertaines**—treats. **Will or nill**—whether will or will not. **Nought prevaile**—have no effect.

44. **Dull**—inattentive. **Riven**—rent. **Rancor**—malice. **Her servile beast**—her poor ass. **Beastly foe**—Sansloy who is more cruel than a beast.

## CANTO IV

1. **Armes professe**—bear arms. **Fraud**—deceit. **Ficklenesse**—changeableness. **Lightly**—without questioning or scrutiny. **Misweening**—misjudging. **Remove**—alienate. **Inconstancie**—faithlessness. **Ensample**—example.

2. **Lorne**—abandoned. **Misdeeming**—miconception. **Sted**—stead or place. **Garnished**—decorated. **All......feet**—trodden bare (of grass or vegetation) by human feet.

3. **Of......place**—of each rank and position. **Scaped**—escaped. **Hard**—with difficulty. **Case**—condition. **Lazars**—lepers. **Pace**—step. **Consumed**—spent.

4. **Cunningly**—skilfully. **Nothing**—not at all. **Foile**—

thin sheet. Displaid—spread. Dismaid—defeated. Diall—sundial. Told—counted. Timely Howres—hours as they passed.

5. Heape—pile of buildings. Witt—skill. Mould—form or structure. Flitt—shift about. Hinder—back.

6. Hight—entrusted. Melvenu—literally, ill-come. Who ......denide—who admitted every one. Array—furnishings. Arras—tapestry. Dight—set in order. Abide—stay.

7. Presence—presence-chamber. Confound—blur. Sumpteous—luxurious. Shew—ostentation. Persia selfe—Persia itself, once notorious for pomp and luxury. Nourse—*i. e.*, nourished. Crew—crowd.

8. Cloth of State—canopy. Brave—bravely (showily). Titans ray—light of the sun. Peerelesse—unmatched. Yet her......shone—the throne on which she sat envied her dazzling beauty.

*9. Phoebus......childe—Phaethon.* Wayne—*wagon (chariot).* Unwonted—unusually. Weaker—too weak. Rayne—control. The welkin......playne—the beaten track of the sun across the sky. Rapt—carried off. Phaethon, by driving the sun's chariot, caused Libya to be parched into barren stands, and all Africa to be more or less injured, the inhabitants blackened, and vegetation nearly destroyed, and would have set the world on fire had not Zeus transfixed him with a thunderbolt.

10. Lowly—lowliness of humility. Trayne—tail Fayne—gladly. Selfe-lov'd semblance—*i. e.*, her reflection in the mirror, of which she was very fond.

11. Pas—surpass. Wield—rule. Syre—father. Any else......excell—anyone who was superior to Jove.

12. Lucifera—she might stand either for the Romish Church or Mary Queen of Scots. Crowned to be......all—"It may be thought that here Spenser refers to the claim made by Mary to the crown of England, when she quartered the arms of England and Scotland with those of France, on her marriage with the Dauphin." Native—by birthright. Scepter—the scepter is the symbol of royal authority; so here the right to rule. Pollicie—statecraft. Six wisards—the six wizards with Lucifera make up the Seven Deadly Sins.

13. In presence came—came into the presence of Lucifera. Husher—usher; door-keeper. Rowme—room. G—

courteously. Obeysaunce—bending of the knee as an expression of obedience or submission. Cause—reason of their coming. Prove—confirm ; test the truth of.

14. Loftie—haughty. Loth—unwilling. Grace—favour. Vouchsafed—granted. Setten forth—display. Frounce—plait. Prancke—trim. Ruffes—high starched collars. Dight—array.

15. Increast their crew—added to their company. Payne. take pains. Whylome—formely. Middest crowd—the very middle of the crowd. No better countenance—no better than proud looks.

16 Coche—coach. Hurtlen—jostle. Princely pace—the bearing of a princess. Pall—robe. Brode—broad. Heapes—crowds. Ride—jostle. Glitterand—glittering ; —*and* was the original participial ending, later replaced by—*ing*.

17. Clyme—climb. Flora—the Roman goddess of flowers and spring. Array—order. Chayre—chariot. Argus—Argus had one hundred eyes, and Juno set him to watch Io, of whom she was jealous. Mercury charmed Argus to sleep and slew him, and then Juno changed him into a peacock with the eyes in the tail.

18. Unequall beasts—the beasts are Passions, and they are unequal because they are always at conflict. Beheasts—commands. With......applyde—commands corresponding to their nature. Nourse of sin—breeder of sin. Habit—dress. Amis—a priest's robe.

19. Portesse—hand prayer-book. Worne—worn by handling, though it was not actually read. Dedd—dead or unused. Wayne—wagon.

20. Esloyne—withdraw. Chalenged—claimed. Essoyne—exemption. Otherwise—not as was said. Lawlesse—wild ; unrestrained. Riotise—revelry. Lustlesse—feeble. Guise—manner of life ; pratice.

21. Up-blowne—bloated. Luxury—over-feeding. Pyne—suffer or starve. Spued..... gorge—threw up the contents of his stomach That—so that. Deteast—detest or hate.

22. Heate—heat within his body. Somewhat—something. Bouzing—boozing or drinking.

23. Meet—fit. Knew—distinguished. Dry dropsy—dropsy, is an effusion of fluid into the tissues or cavities of the

body, and it is dry when it is attended by great thirst. Misdiet —wrong and excessive feeding.

27. Precious metall—gold. As .....hold—to capacity. Told—counted. Pelfe—wealth. Usury—lending of money on interest. Ylike—alike. Right......walde—made no distinction between right and wrong.

28. Thred bare—totally worn out so that the seams of the garment were visible. Cobled—patched. Ware—wore. Both......spare - *i. e.*, he denied himself both clothes and food. Compare—gather. Unto..... unknowne—though he was unaware that his life was a wretched one.

29. Whose greedy......store—he was so greedy, the more he had the more he wanted. A vile disease—this craving for more and more is a disease of the mind.

30. Chaw—chew. Cankred—decayed. Chaw—jaw. Maw —stomach. Welth—well-being. Wexed—grew.

31. Kirtle—jacket. Discoloured—of varied colours. Say —woollen cloth. Implyes—folds round. Griple—grasping.

32. That......use -who did any good deed. His almes ......accuse—he fed the poor because he had no faith in God. God would feed the poor. Feeding the poor is claimed as a good work, but it is good work without faith in god's goodness. Backebite—slander. Spightfull . ...writt—makes the most malicious attack upon those who wrote.

33. Brond—brand (burning piece of wood). As ashes ..... ded—his eyes were like ashes, pale in colour and looking as if extinguished. Choler—anger.

34. Ruffin—ruffled. Yrent—torn. Unadvized—inconsiderate. Woxen—grown. Wood—mad. Government—control. Facts—acts. Forecast—figure out. Ensue - follo v.

35. *Tumaltuous strife—disorderly discord. Unmanly*— dastardly. Unthrifty—wasteful. Scath—injury. Despight— malice. Freeting griefe—grief that eats into the soul. Hauntire—attend anger. Splene—spleen is the seat of anger. Frenzy..... rife—violent fit of madness. Palsey—loss of sensation of power to move, or to control movement. St. Fraunces fire—St. Anthony's fire or erysipelas. Tire—row.

36. Sathan—Satan. Laesy—lazy. Teme—team. Routs— *disorderly crowds.* Band—gather. *Gone astray*—been misdirected.

37. Marchen—*en* is a plural ending. Sort—company. Solace—benefit. Traine—company. Estraunging......vaine—keeping away from such vanities. Swaine—young man.

38. Space—while. Breathing fields—fields whose fresh air they breathed. Heathenish shield—shield belonging to a *pagan (non-Christian). Hardy hed*—hardihood or bold daring. Harbour—nourish.

39. Shamed—disgraced, because it was kept reversed. Bewraying—revealing. Envious gage—pledge or sign of the hated victory. Ought—owned. Loose—lose. Fray—battle. Him recountring—scuffling with him.

40. Hurtlen—jostle. Greedily—furiously. Redoubted—terrible. Darrayne—prepare for. Sturre—stir or commotion. Paine—penalty. Ensewen—follow ; ensure. Equall—fair, Lists—enclosed space in which tournaments were fought.

41. The raines to hold—to control himself. Recreaunt—cowardly. Prowest—most valiant. Renverst—reversed ; turned front backward or upside down.

42. Of......vile—by the despicable tratior. Reapes the harvest—because he possesses himself of the Lady of Sansfoy. Requight—pay off, or punish. So be—if it be so. Equall—impartial. To plead his right—to defend his claim.

43. Gauntlet—a mailed glove. Pledge—token or guaranty. Harts on edge—hearts inflamed with rage. Bowre and hall—the bower is the inner or private apartment, and the hall is the outer apartment of medieval castles. Call—summon to dinner.

44. Coleblacke—coal black. Chace—chase. Sluggish—dull, with sleep. With leaden mace—Morpheus is pictured with a heavy club, like a police officer, so there is *arrested* in the next line.

45. Whom—the Paynim. In troublous fitt—in unrest. Annoy—defeat. Amoves—attempts to move. In mine eye—in my mind's eye. To thy......flye—I place myself secretly under your protection.

46. Litle sweet—little joy. Tempred—tested. Muchell—much. Smart—pain. Launcht—pierced. Lovely dart—love's arrow. Joyed howre—rejoiced for a single hour. Weaker—too weak to resist either the onset of love or the pangs of love. Stowre—anguish.

47. To reap......care—to get rid of all care. Unweeting—

unknowingly. Faytor—deceiver. Ware—wore. Guilefull *snare—treacherous trick. Bare—bore or carried off. That* ......gave—what I gave to Sansfoy, *i. e.*, my love.

Shrowd
her praise
of right.

Longes—belongs. From......shores –*i. e.*, the spirit of Sansfoy keeps wandering on the shores of the Styx, and can have no rest until his death is avenged. Endlesse—endlessly ; ceaselessly.

49. Their......gone – the keen feeling of sorrows departs with the sorrows of the past. Vantage—advantage or benefit. Helplesse hap—misfortune which could not be helped. It *booteth not – it is of no use. Vitall paines—the troubles of* this life. Greeved ghost—the aggrieved spirit of Sansfoy. He lives—Sansfoy lives to avenge the death of his brother.

50. Freakes – caparices. Oddes—chances. Alike—on even terms. Charmed shield—because it bears a red cross. Perce—pierce. Ferce – fiercely. I no whitt reck – I care nothing. Reherce – relate.

51. Sithens—since. Captived—make a captive of. Subdew – overcome. Sansfoyes dead dowry—the shield of the dead Sansfoy. Endew—endow ; gift. My secret aide ..... you – I shall ever help you in secret. Obaid—obeyed.

## CANTO V

1. Is with ... intent—conceives the idea of performing glorious deeds Brood—offspring. Flaming—passionate. Doughtie—where brave deeds are to be performed Turnament —tournament Wake—keep awake

2. Mate—companion Deawie—dewy. Glistring—glittering. Gloomy—obscure. Battailous—warlike.

3 Weet—know. Fall – happen. Trembling chord—vibrating string of the musical instrument Cunningly—skilfully. Chroniclers—historians.

4. *Warily—cautiously. Ynd—India. Privily—in their* breast. Oth—oath. Lawes of armes—rules regulating a duel. Assynd—prescribed.

5. Paled greene—*i. e.*, tests for a Tournament. Canapee —canopy. Hew—colour. Laurell girlands—laurel garland as the reward of victory. Dew—due.

6. Sownded—sounded. Addresse—prepare. Bleesse—wave. Heavinesse—indignation. Assayle—attack. Furrowes—grooves. Battred—shattered. Ward—avert.

7. Youthly heat—ardour of a young man. Like......threat —with the impact of thunder-stroke. That—so that.

8. *So th'......wrong*—the Paynim fights for a wrong cause. Gryfon—Griffin or gryphon is a monster whose wings and all from the shoulder to the head are like those of an eagle, the rest of the body resembling that of a lion. Ydle—(i) airy ; (ii) lonely. Ravine—prey. Rend—snatch. Smight—smite. Souce—dash. Affray—frighten. Southsayer—one who claims to have power to foretell the future. Vulgar—ignorant multitude.

9. Deadly shame—shame hated like death. Bight—bite. Into......dyde—are stained with blood. Ruth—pity. Gape—open.

10. Syre—father. Wayling—lamenting his fate. Victors hyre—prize for victory. Sluggish—slow in action. German—blood relation. Slake—relax. After-send—send after him.

11. Cative—despicable. Redeeme—release. Quit—recovered. Reeled—staggered. Tho—then. Lowd—loud.

12. Swowning dreame—swoon-like bewilderment. Quickning —reviving. Earst—before. Woxen—grown. The Redcross knight thought that Duessa's word were addressed to him. The creeping deadly cold—the shrinking sensation. Tho—then. Ladies sake—the honour of his lady. Cast—devised. Strake—struck. Stoupe—stoup.

13. Miscreant—unbeliever. Want—want your company. Reare—raise. He—the Paynim. Shrowd—conceal.

14. Prowest—most valiant. Abate—relax. Quench—assuage.

15. Thristy blade—sword thirsting after blood. Faithlesse —infidel. Fade—disappear. Heralds—the duty of a herald was to regulate a tournament.

16. Makes...... seene—offers his devotion of service to which she has been a witness. Seene—also explained as *tested*. Gree—favour. Advauncing—praising. By her—with her.

17. Sumptous—rich and luxurious. Leaches—physicians. Abide—wait upon. Salve—apply a healing ointment to. Embalme —anoint. Divide—play. Beguile—delude.

18. Seven-mouthed—Virgil's "Septemgeminus Nilus". Unweeting—ignorant. Doth weepe......sore—the crocodile's tears, proverbially hypocritical. His owne—his own peril.

19. Eventyde—evening Light—lighted. Hethenknight—Sansjoy. Slombring swownd—in a swoonlike slumber. Voyd ......spright—drained of life. Inchaunted—enchanted. Wayle—lament.

20. Griesly—hideous. Visage—face. Mew—place of confinement Hew—appearance. Charet—chariot. Brood—breed. As they were wood—as if they were mad.

21. Who—Night. Crave—pray. Abyde—stay.

22. Ancient Grandmother—Night was the daughter of Chaos, the first of things, an
Hemera (day), of Fate, Death,
gorgon—see above Unmade—
Nephewes—grand-children.

23 Shrinck—quail. Fowles—birds. Of friends—by friends.
ed by groaning mourners.
Moral : Blindness. Sansfoy,
of Aveugles ; Forlorne—abandoned or lost.

24 Reliques of thy race—remnants of our children. Let be seene—let it be seen. Deface—destroy ; undo. Prov'd—demonstrated.

25. Rew—pity Successes—issues ; results. Ensew—follow. Necessitie—identical with fate or destiny. Break the . . seat—it is implied that even the gods are subject to fate. He favoureth—Jove favours. Excheat—gain. It is a feudal term meaning forfeiture of property to the lord of the fee.

26 Pay the price of—atone for Kilt—killed. Gilt—adorned with gold.

27. False......Deceipt—the trick that deceipt can play. Wist—knew. True-seeming—bearing the semblance of reality. Discerne—distinguish.

28. Welfavourd—good-looking. Mirkesome—dark. Unlich—unlike. Stamp—set the foot down heavily. Twitch—pull with a sudden jerk. Fine element—air. Ramp—rise on their hind legs.

29. Sped—made their way quickly. Outward sence—consc-

iousness. Native—inborn. Charmed—enchanted. Cruddy—clotted. Wisely—skilfully.

30. She—Night. Bay—bark. Unwonted—strange ; queer. Griesly—hideous. Drery—dreary. Bewray—betray or reveal.

31. With easy pace—with a smooth movement. Yawning—opening wide. Avernus—a lake in Campania noted for its sulphurious and maphitic vapours, which gave rise to the belief that it was the entrance to the infernal regions. Through it Ulysses and Aeneas were said to have entered the lower world. Bace—low. Heavenly grace—favour of God. Brast—burst.

32. Direfull—dreadful. Bilive—quickly. Stony—expressionless. Brood—offspring. Feends—fiends.

33. Acheron—the river of sorrows. Phlegeton—the river of liquid fire. Fry—becom roasted. Bootelesse—in vain. The house of endelesse paine—suggested by Virgil's Prison of Tartarus.

34. Cerberus—the three-headed dog guarding the entrance of the infernal regions. Deformed—misshapen. Adders—snakes. Lilled—lolled. Felly—fiercely. Cnarre—snarl. Dayes enemy—Night. Appease—keep quiet. Suffered—allowed.

35. Ixion—king of the Lapithae, who was bound to the revolving wheel of fire in the infernal regions rolling for ever in the sky, as a punishment for attempting to seduce Hera. Queene of heaven—Hera. Sisyphus—King of Corinth, punished in the lower region with rolling a huge stone up a hill till it reached the top, which constantly rolled down. Reele—roll. Lin—cease. Tantalus—for divulging to mortals the secrets of the gods, he was plunged up to the chin in a river of Hades, a tree hung with clusters of fruits being just above his head, the water receding from him every time he tried to drink, and the fruits getting out of his reach when he tried to pluck it and satisfy his hunger with it. Hong by the chin—dipped in the water up to the chin. Tityus—A gigantic son of Zeus and Ge, whose body covered nine acres of land. He tried to defile Latona, but Apollo cast him into Tartarus, where a vulture fed on his liver, which grew again as fast as it was devoured. Typhoeus—a giant with a hundred heads, fearful eyes, and almost terrible voice. Zeus killed him with a thunderbolt, and he lay buried under Mount Etna. Gin—rack. Theseus—he was chained to a rock in Tartarus for an attempt to carry off Persephone from

Hade and finally released by Hercules. Slouth—sloth. Fifty sisters—Danaides [illegible] They married the [illegible] nestra, wife of L[illegible] dered their husbands on their wedding-night. They were punished in Hades by having to draw water everlastingly in sieves from a deep well. Leke—leaky.

36. Worldly wights—earthly persons. In place—there. Pace—move. Uneasy—full of discomfort. Aesculapius—god of medicine. Zeus killed him with a flash of lightning for his art in reviving the dead, [illegible] dilesse—from which [illegible] Theseus. He rejectec[illegible] she complai[illegible] honour her. [illegible] Neptune ser[illegible] him to piec[illegible] him by putting together his dismembered limbs. Redresse—reunite and revive.

40. Wondrous science—art of healing and even reviving the dead. Rain—reign. Avizd—considered. Fates expired—*i. e.*, the expired term of life. There were three *Fates*—Clotho who held the distaff, Lachesis who spun the thread of life, and *Atropos who cut it off when life was ended.* Salves—ointments. Slake—diminish.

41. Disarald—divested. Tho—then. Discover—uncover. Harmes—injuries. Fordonne—undone.

42. Rew—lament. Continued paine—punishment in the [illegible] y punishment [illegible] ugh—is it not [illegible]. Penaunce—punishment. For one fault—for restoring life of Hippolytus, Redoubled crime—repetition of the crime. Vengeaunce new—renewed vengeance of Jove. Eeke—increase. Defray—appease.

43. Sith—since. Excluded—debarred. Quight—quite. *Thing—anything. That ........might—i. e., Night can do more* harm to him now. Goe to then—come now. Both..... donne—neither his punishment nor his praise is to end.

44. Her words prevailed—*i. e.*, Aesculapius was persuaded to heal Sansjoy. Mother of darknesse—Night. Wonted—accustomed. Recure—refresh.

45. Noyous—harmful. Albee—although. Throughly—thoroughly. Caytive—captive.

46. Wise—manner. Mortgaging—making over by a will. Covetise—covetousness. Tyrannesse—female tyrant.

47. Proud king of Babylon—Nebuchadnezzar. Into an Oxe......yore—Nebuchadnezzar was not changed into an ox but was made to eat grass as an ox. Croesus—the last King of Lydia who was fabulously rich. Enhaunst—elevated. Antiochus—King of Syria (175—146 B. C.) ; was an enemy of the Jews. He tried to root out the Jewish religion and introduce the worship of Greek gods. He died raving mad.

48. Nimrod—described as a great hunter and ruler (*Genesis*, *x*, 89). He built the Tower of Babel. Warrayd—ravaged. Ninus—the founder of Ninevah and husband of Queen Semiramis. Being allowed to rule for five days, Semiramis cast her husband into a dungeon, where he was put to death. Pas—surpass. Mghtie Mionarch—Alexander, the Great. That name......magnified—he was not content with being the son of Philip and Olympias, but claimed descent from Jupiter Ammon, a deity of Libya. Magnifide—exalted. A shamefull death he......dide—because he died of a drinking bout.

49. Strowne—strewn. Romulus—with his twin brother Remus, he was the legendary and eponymous founder of Rome. Proud Tarquin—Tarquinius Superbus was the last King of Rome. The Tarquins were expelled from Rome when his son Tarquinius Sextus raped Lucrece. Lantulus—of the patrician family of the gens Cornelia, he joined the Catiline conspiracy, and was later strangled to death. Scipio—the conqueror of Hannibal ; being accused of speculation, he left Rome. Hanniball—he was defeated at Zama, and then he took shelter at the court of Antiochus at Ephesus. He is said to have taken poison to avoid falling into the hands of the Romans. Sylla—the Dictator who died a loathsome death as the result of debauchery. Marius—seven times consul and rival of Scylla ; he suffered imprisonment and later lived as an exile among the ruins of Carthage. Caesar—Julius Caesar ; assassinated 44 B. C. Pumpey—a rival of Caesar ; he was murdered when he reached Egypt after the battle of Pharsalia. Antonius—Marcus ; committed suicide in Egypt after the battle of Actium.

50. Their yoke—their subjectivity to men. Semiramis—founder of the Assyrian empire. Fowle reproches—Semiramis

led a disreputed life, and so Spenser says that she was murdered by her son, Ninyas. Stheuoboea—wife of Proteus, king of Lydia; committed suicide for her love of Bellerophon. For..... her will—because her love was not satisfied. Cleopatra—queen of Egypt, who was in love with Antony. After the battle of Actium she killed herself by an asp. Moe—more.

51. Routes—crowds. Wasted..... decay—impoverishment after extravagence. Wanton play—amorous adventures. Consumed—wasted. Thriftlesse howre—extravagant living. Stowres—miseries.

52. Careful—full of cares. Ensample—warning. Privy—private. Posterne—back-door. Mote be spyde—might be seen. Ensewd—followed.

53. Lay-stall—dung-hill. Remorse—pity.

## CANTO VI

1. That lay.....bewaile—which lay submerged to bring about a shipwreck. Bewaile—bring about. Foolhappie oversight—foolish neglect that turned not to the destruction of the ship.

2. His deare dreed—awe-inspiring Una His truth......... unkind—he was led to suspect the loyalty of Una. Wandred...... ynd—wandered far and wide.

6. Carefull—oppressed by cares. Importuneth—begs Molten—moved to pity by her piteous cries. Flying—shuning. Implyes—hides. Quitt—rescue.

7. Exceeding thought—beyond the reach of human thought. Where......way—where no possible remedy is visible. Lyons clawes—the grasp of Sansloy. Bray—cry out. Faunes—Faun corresponds to the Greek Pan. [illegible] up the idea of a number of fauns of satyre-like beings with tails, horns, goats' legs and feet, and furry, pointed ears Satyres—in Greek legend a race of immortal goat-men who dwelt in the woodlands. The most famous satyre was [illegible]. Rownd—[illegible] Sylvanus—the Roman god of fields and forests. Arber—[illegible] or bower.

8. Strained voice—pier[illegible] [illegible] dance. Rebownded—reso[illegible] [illegible] immediately. Rablement—[illegible]

9. Ruffled—in disorder. [illegible]

—most with tears. Outrageous—offensive and violent. Former hate—the malice of Sansloy who had now left her. Uncouth—unknown (literal sense) ; unfamiliar. Astonied.

10. Double dread—Una was afraid of those strange creatures just as she was afraid of Sansloy. Seely—innocent. Quitt—released. Lim—limb. Chaunge of feare—*i. e.* change of the cause of fear ; first the lamb was afraid of the wolf, but now it was afraid of the lion.

11. Assaid—assailed. Secret smart—mental anguish. Rustick horror—rude horror. All...lay—*i. e.*, put aside. Grenning—grinning or showing the teeth in the way of smile. Semblance—look. Backward bent knees—because they had goat-like legs.

12. Committ—entrust. Barbarous truth—sincerity of the beasts. Learnd—taught. Soverayne—supreme. Unwonted—unaccustomed. Fayne—glad.

13. Ghesseth—guesses. Yieldes........time—*i. e.*, adapts herself to the uncertain cirumstance of the moment. Suspect—suspicion. Pryme—spring. Ryme—tune. Olive—a sign of peace.

14. That—so that. Wanton—sportive. Stadle—staff. Twyne—twisted stands. Waste—waist. Girt about—encircled.

15. Bacchus—the god of wine. Cybeles franticke rites—Cybele, wife of Cronus and mother of the gods of Olympus, identified with Rhea ; her worship was celebrated by her priests (Corybantes) with orgiastic dances and loud wild music. That mirrhour—*i. e.*, the mirror of faith and beauty. Intent—desire. Dryope—daughter of king Dryops and beloved of Sylvanus. Pholoe—an invention of Spenser.

16. Bethinkes not—does not know. Sober mood—staid character. Buskins—high boots.

17. Pourtraiture alive—his image when he was alive. Cyparissus was a youth of Cea, beloved by Apollo and Sylvanus. He killed his own favourite stag, and in his grief was changed into a Cypress tree. In memory of this, Sylvanus carried a Cypress staff in his hand. N'ould—*ne would, i. e.*, would not wish. Pynd—languished. Annoy—distress.

18. Hamadryades—tree nymphs who wer supposed to live in the trees and die when the trees died. A paece—quickly.

Naiades—nymphs of fresh water. Grace—beauty. Fowle disgrace—grave dishonour. Woody kind—the Sylvan race.

*19.* Luckelesse lucky mayd—Una who was lucky in meeting such a friendly company in fauns and satyres, but was still unlucky is not meeting !
content—was well pleased.
To gather breath—to have a
Plyes—applies. Truth—divine .
blindly. Made.... Idolatryes—to worship her was idolatry; she wanted to divert them from idolatry to the worship of true God. They her Asse......fayn—it might refer to the medieval festival of the Ass, in honour of Christ's entry into Jerusalem. Spenser might have also in mind "the remnants of the old faith and practices of the Marian period still survived (1553-1558)."

20. By Just occasion—by chance at the right moment. *Lignage—lineage (family). Muchell—much. For ladies right* —in defence of the honour of women, Frayes—battles.

21. Betyde—happen Thyamis—typifies Animal Passion. Labryde—literally, turbulent; therefore typifying lower appetites. Therein—literally, wild beast. Loose—without self-restraint. Busie payne—diligent labour.

24. Ymp—child. Bastard—base. Eke— also. That— so that.

25. Maister of his guise—instructor in his way of life. Horrid vew—shaggy appearance. Learne—teach. Libbard—leopard. Earne—yearn.

26. To make......more—to test his power better. Pardale —female panther. Quell—subdue. Tyrans law—the law of a tyrant.

27. Cruell ...donne—after finishing his cruel pastime; Latin construction. Requere—demand.

28. Revokt—called back. Dally—play Toy—amusement.

29. Raught—reached. Haught—haughty. Blown—made known.

30. Offspring auncient—ancestors from whom he was sprung. Intent—purpose. Habiliment—garment. Trew sacred lore—sacred truth.

31. Whose like—anything like which. Make prooff
demonstrate. Hurtlesse—innocent.

32. This new acquaintance—*i. e.*, Sir Satyrane. Counsels—devices. In privy wise—confidentially. Arise—depart.

33. In vaine... ..hold—in vain he seeks for what he cannot keep.

34. Lingering day—day not yet gone. Whenas—when. Forwandring—straying. That .....betide—*i. e.*, news of what was going on in the world outside. For......losse—pretending as if he had lost something.

35. Silly—simple. Forworne—tattered. Tand - tanned. Jacobs staffe—a pilgrim's staff. Scrip—bag. Needments—necessaries.

36. Champion trew—the Redcross knight. Croslet—a small cross.

37. Thrild—pierce. Stony—numbing. Lightly—quickly. Reliefe—help. Process—details.

38. Rew—regret. Hew—appearance. Strife—quarrel. A sorry sight—a tragic sight. Imbrew—drench. What more what else should I add ?

39 Wonne—won in a combat. *How might......donne—how could I see the thing that could not have happened, and yet was* accomplished ? Reft—robbed. Wonne—dwell. Foreby—close by.

40. Hast—haste. Huge heavinesse—extreme grief. Ghest—guessed. Supprest—ruined. Defide—challenged.

41. Miscreaunt—villain. Knightlesse—unknightly or unchivalric. Guile—treachery Train—lure ; enticement. Vaunt—boast. Guilty wrong—wrong or unchivalric deed that makes you guilty. Thee......yield—surrender as one guilty. Amain—swiftly. Three-square—three-cornered. Soone......field—made himself ready for battle.

42. Misborn—misbegotten. Elfe—fairy. Anothers......selfe—to make you pay for wrong done to another. Wreak......selfe—avenge at the cost to your life. Ill—wrongly, Blent—connected. Traitorous intent—treacherous purpose. Perdie—by God. Had he beene—had he been slain. Where......lent—Sansloy fought Archimago who disguised himself as the Redcross knight, bearing his shield and armour, and discovered that it was Archimago when his helmet was removed. Now he supposes that the armour of the Redcross knight was lent to Archimago. Enchaunter—*i. e.*, Archimago. Errour—

error in putting of the armour of the Redcross knight Rew—regret. His errour—*i. e*, the Redcross knight's crime. You shall pay for the crime of the Redcross knight, now proved to be true.

43. Quell—kill. Perst—pierced. Plate and maile—plait armour and mail armour. Furrows—dents. Raile—flow. Chose—resolved.

44. Each .....lett—each let the other have a short breathing while. Renue—renew. Fret—chafe. Forming wrath—*i. e.*, foaming wrathfully. Whet—sharpen. Respire—breathe. Breathed—having rested. Entire—sound ; refreshed.

45. Puissant—mighty. Heaped—multiplied. Drery—horrible. Deformed—mutilated. By this—by this time. Fraught—burdened Led with—led by. Fruitless blood—bloodshed in vain (for none was victorious).

46. Newly.......eie—when he beheld her again. Staid—stopped. Other......plie—attend to other business (*i. e.*, fighting). Unspotted—blameless.

47. Incenst—provoked. Dolefull—sad. Repented .. late—*i e.*, by letting Una go to Sansloy, Satyrane might have saved his life. That .. hate—who hates himself and will lay down his life. To love another—because he loves another. Lovers token—a lover wore the badge of his lady on his crest. Sansfoy' tauntingly styles his blow on the knight's helmet a 'lover's token. Pate—head.

48. Leasing—lie Stond—the place where he stood. Apace—quickly. Decay—ruin Cace—case.

## CANTO VII

cautious.
I ›lance of
I protects
the upper part of the face. The archaic sense is a mask. In graine—*i. e.*, in a fast colour. Faine—shame. Fitting—corresponding. Frame—fabricate. Entertaine—treat Her art—art of deception. Cloked—cloaked or concealed.

2. Her hoped pray—one whom he intended to be her victim. Byde—stay. Foreby—by the side of Yron-coted plate—plait armour. Forage—food for horses and cattle.

3. Feedes upon—refreshes himself with. Bayes—bathes. Sundry kynd—various sorts. Carelesnes—neglec

unsuitable. With......faire—giving an air of plausibility to her hypocritical words. Soure—bitter. Gall—the bile, a bitter fluid secreted by liver ; so rancour or malice.

4. They... ..treat—*i. e.*, they consoled each other. Shielded—protected. Decking—adorning. Well—spring. Wont—was accustomed.

5. Phoebe—Diana. Chace—chase. Race—hunting race. Wrath—anger. Badd—bade. Dull and slow—stagnant.

6. Unweeting—ignorant. Graile—gravel. Cruddel—curdling ; freezing. Cheareful... melt—*i. e.*, the motion of his coursing blood became slow. Swelt—burnt or raged.

7. Goody court—amorous courtesy which is said by a knight to a lady. Pourd out in—gave way to way to. Loosenesse—lasciviousness. Sownd—sound. Bellowing—roaring. Astownd—stunned. Looser—to lose or dissolute. Make—companion Unready weapons—weapons which he was unready to take up, or incapable of taking up.

8. Dight—weare. Geaunt—giant (Orgoglio). Orgoglio stands for the vulgar Pride of a false religion, marked by ritual ceremony whereas Lucifera embodied spiritual Pride. Hye—tall. Threat—threaten. Groned—groaned. His living like—any living person like him.

10. Arrogant—haughty. High descent—Orgoglio was the son of 'greatest Earth'. Forlorne—lost. Losse—destruction. Snaggy—knotty. Oke—oak.

11. Mayne—strength. Praunce—prance or strut about. Pace—walk. Darrayne—prepare for. Through......fountain—for having drunk of the stream. Weeled—wield. Bootlesse—having little use for him. Single—because he had neither shield nor armour.

12. Maynly—mightly. Pouldred—powdered ; reduced to dust. Stowre—danger. Stound—stunned.

13. Divelish yron Engin—cannon. Nitre—used in making gunpowder. Ordained—destined. Conceiveth fire—bursts into fire. Breath—breathe. Smouldry—smothering. Stincking—of foul smell. Daunts—lays low.

14. Heaved up—raised. Battred—shattered. Vanquisht—conquered. Meed—Prize ; reward. Leman—lover.

15. Hearkned—listened. Guerdon—reward. Make—

companion. Slombred—slumbering. Forse—force. Remove —pity.

16. Purple pall—purple is a sign of the 'Scarlet Woman' the church of Rome. Triple crowne—the train of the Pope. Tye—bind.

17. Snake—the snake stands for Papal tyranny, exercised through the Inquisition. Which great Alcides... ...lake—the Lernaean Hydra, that was killed by Hercules, had nine heads, and as soon as Hercules struck off one of his heads, two shot up in its place. Alcides—Hercules, son of Alcaeus. Stremona—Strymon is a city and river in Thrace Embrewed—moistened.

18. *Raught—reached. Extorted—enforced.* Ever-burning lamps—stars. Of naught—worth nothing. Heastes—commandments. Foretaught—negative sense—annulled. Dreadfull... . ... . sevenfold head—compare ; "And I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns"—*Revelation*, xvii. 3.

19. Grasing—grazing Caytive—captive. Forlorne—abandoned Weed—garment. Missing ........need—failing at greater need. Poynant—piercing Moniments—relics Heavinesse—grief.

20 Pray—act of praying. Let—prevent Deadly tydinges—fatal news. Pant—heave.

21. Dead......within—*i e.*, his heart was bereft of all hope. Recovering hart - pulling himself together. Chaufe—chafe or rub, Hardly—with difficulty. Flitted—departed. Native prison—body. Ghost—spirit.

22. Dreary instruments—the armour of the Redcross knight. [illegible] death of the Redcross knight. [illegible] . Sencelesse—causing insensibili-

[illegible]

23. *He—Jove.* Breed—cause. Late—too late, and therfore unavailing. Seeled—closed. Deadly meed—reward that lies in death.

24. Deadly swownd—death-like swoon. Raine—control. Over-wrestled—overcome by wrestling. Foltring—faltering.

25. Tempestuous—turbulent. Spent—exhausted. Spight—spite. Thrilling—piercing. Harbour—nourish. The whole—the totality of grief. Each part—each detail. La[illegible]

pierced. Stound—story. More favour—more favour with *fortune.*

26. Discourse—story. Declare—narrate. Traines—wiles. Wanton—lustful. Bought with—paid for by. Paynim bold—Sansfoy. Wretched payre—Fradubio and Fraelissa.. Of life... ...doubt—he did not know whether the Redcross knight was living or dead.

27. Sorrowfull assay—the onset of sorrow. Contend—struggle with sorrow. Tway—two. Coles—coals. For........ losse—the greater love is, the greater is the sense of loss. Lady ......day—lady who loved day dearer. Tosse—torment.

28. Fervent—passionate. Slaked—assuaged. Assynd—pointed out. *Carefull—full of cares. Bale—woe. Bet—beaten.*

29. Hap—fortune. Arayed meet—properly equipped. Bare—uncovered. Athwart—across. Bauldrick—a belt, worn over one shoulder and across the breast. Brave—fine. Ware—wore.

30. Exceeding——exceedingly. Hesperus—evening star. Shapt......head—the stone was the figure of Queen Elizabeth, cut as a gem ; it shone like the evening star among the smaller lights. Mortall—death dealing. Curious—elaborate. Slights—designs. Tong—pin.

31. Haughtie—lofty. Horrid—bristling. Couched—lying with the body resting on legs and head raised. Bever—beaver, the lower part of the helmet.

32. Discoloured—of diverse colours. Selinis—a town in Sicily. Daintily—elegantly.

33. Ne......seene—might not have been by the mortal eye. Consumed—wasted. Beene—are Massy—massive. One ........mould *i. e.*, one entire piece of diamond. Engines keene—sharp implements.

34. But wheaas—except when. Unequall—over-numerous. Attaint—obscure. Cynthia—the moon. Wexed—grew. Magicke......constraint—the power of enchantment.

35. Bloody—*i. e.* causing bloodshed. Him list—it pleased him. Raskall routes—vulgar crowds. Transmew—transform. Gazing—as they gazed. Hew—shape or figure.

36. That......exceedes—that it is incredible. Merlin—the great wizard in the Arthurian legend. Wrought—made. Young

prince—prince Arthur. When......fell—when he could first bear arms.

37. Heben—ebony. Harmeful—inflicting. Head—the pointed head of the spear. Menage—ride. Curbed—bent. Canon—smoot and round. Trample......aire—curveted as light as the air. Chauft—got annoyed. Rowels—rings attached to it.

38 Court—courtesy. Loth—unwilling. Distraine—rend. Allay—soothe Storming—assailing. Feeling—sympathetic. Humor—mood. Purpose—conversation Bewray—betray.

39. Heaped with—overpowered by. Careful cold—chilling anxiety. Bale—misery Helplesse—without remedy. Yts—it is. Rip up—lay bare. Availe—be of use.

40. For......spright—your grief strikes a sympathetic chord in my heart. Maistred—overcome. Mitigates—assuages. Impart—communicate.

41. Will......tould—*i. e.*, is incommunicable. Never would—never would communicate his grief or was unwilling to communicate his grief. Will......aid—will may help a lot to do what we can. Displaid—divulged. Staid—stable. Paire—impair. Flesh .....repaire—reason can build up where flesh breaks down. Flesh is human weakness.

42. Well-guided—very sensible. Breach—separation : alienation. Prowess—valour.

43. Equal......about—while Fates revolved in their orbits equally. Their... ..envy—this happiness did not provoke the jealousy of the four rivers that encircled Eden, the others being the Euphrates and Tigris.

44. Tartary—Tartarus, the lowest pit of Hades. Ravine—rapine. Devouring might—all-destroying power. Into.. ...fall—to come under his grip. Embard—enclosed.

45. Enterpriz'd—venture. Walks—rolls. Crew—crowd. Hard achievements—daring enterprises. Shronke—shrank.

46. Yled with—led by. Doughty—valiant. That noble order—alludes to the most Noble Order of the Garter, round the Maiden Queen. Cleopolis—the city of fame, that is, London. Red—styled. Redoubted—valiant.

47. Unproved—untested. Imbrew'd—steeped. In guilty blood—*i. e.*, in shedding the blood of the innocent. Throwne to ground—demolished. Unregarded—neglected. Groning ghosts

—spirits leaving the body at death. Avenging blade—sword avenging violated truth and innocence.

48. *Stowre—contest.* Speake his prowesse—declare his valour. Earst—before. Beare—sustain. Ruefull—sad. Disadventurous deare—unhappy loss. 'Deare' is a noun here. Tosse—wield.

49. My captive languor—my parents languishing in captivity. Redeeme—rescue. Abused—deceived. Misdeeme—*misinterpret.* That.. .. despight—who prefer death to such malice. Esteeme—view. So......him—so I also thought that he loved me equally.

50. Wilde fortune—random chance. Bywaies—paths separating him from me. Balefull—full of evil. Misseeming—feigning. Inveigled—lured. Unmeet—indecent.

51. Sleights—devices. Dissolute—unnerved. Mall—club. for aie—for ever.

52. Faire bespake—spoke kindly. Certes—certainly. Plaint—complaint. Be of cheare—take comfort. Acquitt—released.

## CANTO VIII

1. Enfold—encircle. Fall—fall away from rectitude. Heavenly grace—providence of God. Stedfast......all—unfailing truth, or truth to which he strictly adheres, saves him from all perils. Sinfull bands—bondage of sin. Else—if Una had not brought Prince Arthur to deliver the Redcross knight.

2. My liege—my lord and master. Assay—test or apply.

3. Warde—guard. Bugle—wild ox. Virtues—properties or attributes. Approved—tested.

4. But......vaine—that did not feel trembling fear in every vein. Ecchoes three—it might refer to the Reformation in Europe—Luther's in Germany, Cranmer's in England, and Calvin's in France. Abide—endure. Blast—a single, prolonged sound. Void—ineffective. Brast—burst.

5. Geaunts—giant's. Of freewill—voluntarily. Dalliaunce—amorous sport. Hast—haste. Astownd—stunned. Stowre—disturbance. Dar'd—challenged.

6. Tongue—the point of a flame. Bloody mouthed—with a mouth dripping with blood. Shild—shield. Addrest—adjusted Eger—eager. Greedinesse—ardour. Thrild—coursed.

7. Buckled him—got ready. Inflamed—incensed. Snubbes—knobs. Pere—lord. Maine—might. Him nere—near him.

8. Ydle stroke—the stroke that missed the aim. *Enforcing ......way*—that came hurtling. *Misaymed*—wrongly aimed. *Sway*—impact. *Dinted*—stuck. *Furrow*—a trench made in the ground. Assay—assault.

9. Wreake—avenge. *Mortall sins*—sins of men. *Beat*—resolved Thundring dart—thunderbolt. Food—feud or hostility. *Dreriment*—dreariness. *Riven*—cloven. *Molten*—melted. Engin—the thunderbolt. Stay—stop.

*10. Boystrous*—*thundering*. Rearen—*lift*. So light—so easily. But that—except that. The Knight . ...fownd—the knight had an advantage over him. Combred—stuck in the ... ...wing with heat. ... vered.

... Rebellowed—... s of the Tauric ... y the nomadic race of the Cimmerii. Kindly rage—natural passion. Sting—urge. *Doe... , complaine*—*complain (by bellowing) that there* are no milky mothers for them.

12. *Stownd*—conflict. Danngerd—endangered. Estate—condition. Ramping – rushing. Presumpteous—arrogant. Gate—gait. Retrate—retreat. Single sword—a sword only. Bulwarke—a barrier or wall constructed for defence

13. Affronted—confronted ; met face to face. Purple beast—stands for Rome or the Church of Rome. Stop—obstacle Overthroe – sweep away. Let—hindrance. So nequall foe—so inferior an enemy as the squire. Nathemore -not for all that. Swayne—young man Outrageous—verwhelming. *Bard*—*obstructed*. *Atwixt*—*between*.

14. Golden cup—the cup of enchantments. Replete—bounding Sup—drink. *Bale*—*injury*. *After... . sayd*—*after* he had recited some spells. Weaker—too we... Quayd—rushed. ...refull

15. Seize—fasten. Stirre—move. Rize— ...autious Avise—consider. Enterprise—darir ...ondage.

16. Advauncing—lifting. Deformed ...

—power. **Ensample**—example. **Gaping**—wide open. **Gore**—blood.

17. **Bred**—caused. **Scourging**—heating. **Traine**—tail. **Grieved**—wounded. **Succoured**—aided. **Franticke**—maddening. **Yre**—anger. **Hurtling**—jostling.

18. **Disperst**—divided. **Dites**—raises. **Rigor**—violence. **Lites**—lights or descends. **Doubleth**—bends.

19. **Did .....vele**—become unveiled. **Pas**—surpass. **Mote**—might. **Heaved**—lifted.

20. **Fruitfull-headed**—many headed. **Daze**—confounded. **Durtie**—dirty. **Reeld**—staggered.

21. **Proov'd**—tested. **Redd**—perceived. **Glauncing**—glancing. **Brond**—brand. **Daunts**—confounds.

22. **Addrest**—drawn **Blest**—waved. **Tombled**—tumbled. **Hartstrings**—fibres. **Rift**—opening. **Drift**—onrush.

23. **Engins**—contrivances. **Slight**—device. **Under-minded**—sapped. **Forst**—dislodged. **Feebled**—enfeebled. **Heaped**—top-heavy. **Stedfast**—fixed in the centre. **As**—as if.

24. **Mortall**—death-dealing **Steele**—sword. **Unweldy**—too heavy. **Wallowed**—immersed. **Store**—plenty. **Of that...... was**—"the tyranny of Rome once overthrown, there is found to be no other *substance* in that religion."—Percival.

25. **Mitre**—head-dress. **Percing**—penetrating. **Stubborn**—resolute. **Stound**—misfortune. **Turned round**—intercepted.

26. **Roiall virgin**—Una **Pensive plight**—reflecting mood. **Doubtfull warre**—conflict in which neither party seemed to be assured of victory. **Sober**—restrained. **Cheare**—countenance. **Quite**—requite or reward.

27. **Fresh . ...fast**—Una addresses the squire. **Equall**—impartial. **Usuree**—interest.

28. **Sith**—since. **Handeling**—management. **Governing**—restraint. **Scape**—escape. **Bethrall**—enslave. **Better dayes**—days that might have been otherwise better spent.

29. **Forthwith**—at once. **Scarlot**—scarlet. **Keepen**—guard. **Greedle**—vehement. **Espye**—behold. **Raignd**—reigned. **Bowre**—inner appartment.

30. **Crooked**—bent. **Old old man**—the old man is ignorance. **Frame**—rest. **Gate**—gait. **Ygo**—ago. **Bounch**—bunch.

31. Uncouth—fantastic. Untoward—stiff and inflexible. Footing—step. Trace—step or advance. Aread—indicate.

32 As beseemed well—as it became him well. Layd—imprisoned. Caytive—captive.

33. Syre—father. Red—considered. Sits with—suits. Mocke—taunts. Pourtrahed—portrayed Grave degree—gravity. Aread—consider or answer.

34. Doted—foolish. Ghest—guessed. Temperance—restraint. Reach—get hold of. Breach—necessity of breaking down. Impeach—hinder.

35. *Full rich arayd—in good order; tidy.* Arras—tapestry. Blood......trew—Spenser has in mind the Bartholomew Massacre and the Massacre of the Innocents - (*Matthew*, ii. 16). Strowed—strewn.

36. Cunning ymagery—elaborate designs. On which . ...... day—compare: "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God... And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood?"—*Revelation*, vi. 9. Mone—moaning.

37 Woful thrall—*i. e*, the Redcross knight. Pight—set. Housed—lodged. Enlargen—set free.

38. Hollow—hoarse. Plaints—complaints. Dolours—griefts. Ghoyce—choice. Stound—hour. Hew—figure

39. Piercing point—sharp edge. Trembling horrour—shudder. Ruth—pity. Forlore—forlorn or abandoned. Descent—stoping steps.

40. Filthy bands—foul imprisomment. Noyous—offensive. Withhold—restrain. Entire... . ...hands—on consideration of niceties (refinement and elegance) will stand in the way of sincere affection coming to the aid of the distressed Reare—lift up. Pined corse—worn out body. Light—daylight. Ghastly drere—shocking sorrow.

41. Sunck—sunk Pits—sockets. Bits——morsels of food. Empty—shrunk. Dew—due. Rew—pity. Rawbone—gaunt ; lean. Brawned bowres—brawny muscles. Rive—sunder. Consum'd—wasted. Shronk—shrunk.

42. Visage—face Tho—then. Well—spring. On . ...... frownd—exercised adverse influence on you. Misseeming—unbecoming.

43. Wele—weal or well-being. Too long a day—for a very long time. Arowed—declared. Wreakes—injuries. Alay—lighten. Treble penaunce—threefold reparation. Priefe—proof or experience. To treaten......griefe—to have his grief treated or cured. Famine—starvation. Reliefe—relief in the form of food.

44. Grievous—painful. Renew—recall. Wote—know. Lothing ears—ear that hates music. Passed feare—fear that is no more. Ware—wary or cautious. May not abide—may not be lasting.

45. Wonted—accustomed. Patient might—power of endurance. Loe—behold. Were despight—would be spitefulness.

46. Bad—bade. Disaraid—disrobed. Tire—head-dress. Call—net for the head. Parts—limbs. Appall—frighten. Loathly—loathsome. Ill favoured—ill-featured. Secret filth—obsence acts done in secret.

47. Wondred—wondered. Such.........falsehood—falsehood is as ugly and deformed as Duessa. Borrowed light—assumed beauty. Counterfesaunce—counterfeiting or shamming. Featrue—form.

48. Discover'd—exposed. Apace—quickly. Lurkt—hid. Wearie......repaire—recover their lost strength. Store—plenty of good provisions.

## CANTO IX

1. Yfere—in company. Wize—manner. Or yore—of the past age. Allyed—bound together. Emprize—enterprise. Aid envy—grudge help.

2. Empaired—impaired. Repast—meals. Wexed—grew. Them list—it pleased them. Fare—set forth. Buried........... thought—forgotten in ungratefulness.

3. Without.........witt—which lies beyond my knowledge. Lignage—lineage. Sprong—sprang. As life.........world—as I was born into this world. Unfitt—before I was fit to be weaned. Gentle thewes—manners befitting one of gentle birth.

4. Bylive—quickly. Weene—think. Rauran—a hill in Merionethshire. Mossy hore—white with moss. Tombling—tumbling. Rore—roar. Vertuous lore—discipline of virtue.

5. Use—custom. Frame—direct. Tutors nouriture—

education given by the tutor. Of......lignage—of what parentage. In her just term—in due course.

6. Impe—child. Intent—purpose. Aread—tell me. Band—company. Read......cause—interpret correctly the ways of providence.

7. Fatal—destined. Unghest—unguessed. Fresh...... ..... wound—he refers to love for the Fairy Queen. Whilome—long since. Rancle—cause anguish. Forced fury—(i) furious force; (ii) vehemence of passion. Behest—command.

8. Sleeping sparkes—quiescent flames of love. Troubled—poked. Fervent—blazing with passion. Living moisture—humours of the living body. Sithens—since. Revele—reveal.

9. Kindly heat—the natural passion and instinct. Rage—intensity. Rew--lament. Which......new—who age with their distress, while their distress is ever renewed or grows young.

10. Strife—discord or conflict. Mournfull tragedy—sad experience of love. Blow the fire—inflame the passion of love. Brent—burnt. Warded—guarded myself against. Wary government—cautious self-cotrol.

11. Swond—in the sence of love-proof Battrie—assault. Disaventrous—disastrous.

12. Ensample—example. Haplesse—[illegible]. Mated—crossed; thwarted. Avenging body—cupid. Curbed—restricted. Looser life—too free life. Hardiment—[illegible]. With one consent—in full accord.

13. Forwearied—very much exhausted. Dight—[illegible] Displayd—laid out. Humour sweet—[illegible] sleep. [illegible]—bathed. Me seemed—it seemed to me

14. Glee—mirth. Blandishment—[illegible] [illegible]—[illegible] When .....expired—in due course of [illegible] [illegible]—[illegible] Ravisht—captivated. Hight—is called

15. Devoyd—empty. Pressed—[illegible] [illegible]—[illegible] Tyne—toil. Unbynd—loosen

16. Hew—colour. Bewray—[illegible] [illegible]—[illegible] guise. Bale—anguish. Confound—[illegible] Grow—[illegible] come to fruition.

17. Heavenly light—divine [illegible] [illegible] —surpassing that of the mortal. [illegible] me when my fortune was [illegible] [illegible]

life—my saviour. Worthy grace—favour that you rightly deserve. Prowes priefe—ths proof of valour. Liefe—lover.

18. So......loves—when they were talking of their love in different ways. Amoves—urges. Voyage—journey. Als—so too. Earned—yearned. Pledges—tokens of good will.

19. Embowd—arched over. Incontinent—immediately. Booke—the New Testament. Grace—beauty.

20. Pray—prey upon. Decayed plight—exhausted condiiton. Synewes—muscles. Hew—shape.

21. Griesly—hideous. Aghast—frightened Brast—burst. As—as if. Fole—foal. Pegasus his kynd—Pegasus's kind. Pegasus is the winged horse of the Muses, born of the sea foam and the blood of the slaughtered Medusa.

22. To be unarmed—to be without a helmet. Upstarting stiffe—standing on end. Uncouth —unknown. Nor...... appeares—his face is pale. Degree—rank.

23. Mister wight—king of person. Senceless—dazed or confused in his senses. Stayed—stopped. Arayd—dressed. Misseeming—unseemly.

24. Stony—fixed Hartless—timid. Hew—complexion. Aspide—seen Furies—avenging deities. Foltring—faltering.

25. Faine—having no other choice. Perplexitie—confusion. Hartie—encouraging.

26. Fro—from. Nye—near. Cace—case. Reft—snatched Had......place—had met the same fate.

27. That ..... affaires—who made a career for himself as knight. Intent—purpose. Languish—pine.

28. Villein—villain. Blesse—protect. Whyleare—a little while ago. Areedes—tells. So creeping close—insinuating himself into our confidence.

29. Feeble harts—weakness of our hearts. Embost—beset. Bale—misery. Launched—pierced. Wounding—hurtful. Repriefe—reproof. Plucked from us—deprived us of. Stint—put a stop to.

30. Light—life. A wide... ..made—made a deep cut. Dying feare—fear of death. Like infirmity—similar weakness. Like......beare—may run the same risk.

31. Spoyle......health—undermine his life. Whom........

teach—whom experience lately taught. Mealteth—melts. Searcheth—penetrates. Reft—robbed. Traine—wile or trick.

32. Certes—certainly. Cabin—lodging. Abide—stay. Lere—rather.

33. Ypight—fixed. Carrion—decaying. Carcases—dead bodies. Balefull—dismal. Fowle—birds.

34) Rocky knees—slopes of rocks. Teene—grief. Comforted—encouraged.

35. Musing—contemplating. Sullein—cross. Griesie—grizzled; gray. Astound—amazed. Raw-bone—gaunt; lean. Pine—drooping; languishing

36 Clouts—patches or rags. Pind—pinned. Wallowed—immersed. Luke-warme—moderately warm, tepid Passage—cut.

37. Approving trew—confirming. Fire zeal—passionate ardour. Price—pay for

38. Franticke fit—madness. Distraught—confounded. Doome—judgment None .... death—this—man was in despair, and none else drove him to death than his own guilty mind. Is......unjust—is it then unjust? Uneath—uneasy.

39. Wearie—tiresome. Stay—stop. Is......grace—is it not a great favour? Fond—foolish That .. hast—who rejoice in the misery you suffer. Upon the bancke—upon the bank of life (in order to cross the flood, i. e, the hour of death). Pas the flood—i e., step into death.

[illegible] rest. Crave—long for. [illegible] quiet grave—the grave [illegible] soul on earth. Port—harbour.

41. Watchfull sted—the post where he keeps watch. Bed—bid. Who......doome—he who limited life to a short term by his judgment which is not to be questioned. Termes established—the duration of life fixed beforehand. Centonell—sentinel. License—permit. Droome—drum.

42. In heaven and earth—i. e., pre-determined in heaven and earth. All create—create all living creatures. All .......... begonne—all that has a beginning, has an end. Time—terms. Eternall......fate—the book of fate is mentioned in *Revelation*, xx 12, but it is different, for it is a register of the names of

those who are to inherit eternal life. Here is the idea of Fate who arbitrarily controlled the birth, life and death of every man. Necessitie—fate. Ordaynd—fixed.

43. The lenger......sin—the greater is sin, the longer is life. Avengement—avenging of wrongs. Deare—grievously. Forespent—misspent.

43. Rest—rest in death. Prevent—forestall. That...... may—that may follow life. For what.........forsake—if life has anything that may make it loved by us, it will give us cause to be out of love with life and forsake it. Fickle—changeable. Rageth rife—prevails most strongly.

45. If......state...if you fairly estimate or judge your life. Dissaventures—misfortunes. Amate—overpower. Witnes—take for example. For......call—so often invoked death. Date—term of life. Forestall—anticipate.

46. To draw......degree—to prolong your life to the last day. Sinful hire—the service of sin. High heaped—accumulated. Iniquitee—wickedness. Day of wrath—day of judgment. Perjuree—breaking of oaths. Falsed—betrayed. Vild—vile. In all abuse—in acts of licentiousness. Defileed—contaminated.

47. Equal—impartial. Beares......ele—deals with justice. Sins.. ...fold—withhold your sins in his knowledge (*i. e.*, take no action against your sins which he knows). Impietie—unrighteousness. All flesh—all earthly creatures. Needs—necessarily. Glas—hour-glass. Till the glas......ronne—till the full term of his life is lived.

48. Perse—pierce. Breach—wound. Re-herse—tell. Reverse—return. Deformed—monstrous. Desperse—dissolve. As—as if. Charmed—enchanted.

49. Amazement—confusion of mind. Miscreaunt—villain. Waver—hesitate. Daunt—paralyse. Assaile—attack. Quaile—overcome. Table—picture. Feends—devils. Which......... remaine—which are everlasting.

50. Nought......saw—he could think of nothing but death. Ever......wrath—the wrath of God ever consuming him in hell for his sins. Laid—placed before his mind's eye. Righteous sentence—unerring judgment. Overcraw—insult. Perdition—destruction; also consignment to hell. God's ire—God's wrath.

51. None of them—neither sword, nor rope, nor poison,

nor fire. Raught—reach. Aspin—aspen. Tydings—message. As if......beene—as if the blood had been a message-bearer from the heart. To work......smart—to inflict the last pain upon himself. Backe......start—*i. e.*, started back at the idea that he was going to commit suicide.

52. [illegible] liv'd—brought back t[illegible] Strife—contest [illegible] agon who oppresses Una's parents.

53. Bewitch—ensnare. Constant spright—steady spirit. In......part—are you not entitled to the mercies of heaved? That......art—who are chosen to be saved by the mercy of God. An allusion to the Calvinistic doctrine of Election. Quench...... smart—abolish the punishment in hell (to be consumed in fire). Brond—brand, a [illegible] —"Blotting out [illegible] us, which was con[illegible] it to the Cross."—*Colossians*, ii. 14

54. Amounted—mounted his horse. Carle—churl. Sleight—guile. Unbid—unprayed for. But......thereby—but he could not achieve death by this means He......drest—he had made similar attempts. Till he......eternally—"Despair must live as long as Sin lives among mankind, but the time shall come when both must die, and with their death, Hope shall give place to fulfilment"—*Percival.*

## CANTO X

1. Fleshly might—physical strength. Vaine..... mortality—elusive self-confidence of man. Spiritual foes—vices and temptations which try the virtue of man. Grace—favour of God. It is to ill—it is to do ill. But.. ...will—both the power and will to do good, come from God.

2. Raw—unstrung. Enprisonment—imprisonment. Constraint—uneasiness. Restraint—imprisonment. Diets daint—dainty food. Cast—planned. Chearen—regain hope and cheerfulness.

3. Auncient house—house of Holiness. Sacred lore—spiritual discipline. Unspotted—blameless. Governed—conductap. Hore—grey-haired. Bidding of her bedes—telling of her abeds.

4. **Caelia**—the Heavenly. **As......come**—as they thought her to have come from heaven. **Thewes**—manners ; accomplishment. **Fidelia and Speranza**—Faith and Hope. **Spoused**—promised in marriage ; betrothed. **Solemnize**—*i. e.*, solemnization. **Fere**—companion. **Lincked**—united. **Pledges**—children.

5. **Warely**—cautiously. **Gate**—gait. **Wont**—accustomed. **Hight**—called. **Humilta**—Humility. **Stouping**—stooping. **For streight......show**—compare : "strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—*Matthew*, oii. 14.

6. **Francklin**—freeholders. **Became**—suited.

7. ***Fayrely***—courteously. **Demeanure**—behaviour. **Sad**—sober. **Attire**—dress. **Knew his good**—knew how to behave properly. **Meet**—proper. **Courting nicetee**—over-elegance in manner. **Unfained sweet**—simple and sincere grace of manner.

8. **Which does**—her prayer being done. **Matronely**—with the dignity of a woman in charge of "an ancient house." **Pace**—walk. **Weaker eld**—too weak ; old age.

9. **Berth**—dirth. **Head**—person. **Tyrans rage**—the violence *and oppression of a tyrant.* **Ever-dying dread**—*continual* dread of death. **Unweeting**—unknowingly.

10. **Errant**—wandering. **Bee**—are. **Narrow path**—the path leading to righteousness. **Broad high way**—compare : "Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."—*Matthew*, vii. 13. **Go astray**—lead a bad life. **Then**—than. **Haste**—hasten.

11. **Addrest**—bent. **Broad-blazed**—wide-spread. **Guyse**—manner. **Ought**—anything.

12. **Devise**—talk. **In place**—there. **Ylinked**—joined. **Demure**—sober. **Even**—equal. **Christall**—bright. **Dazd**—confounded.

13. **Araied**—dressed. **Cup of gold**—the cup of the Holy Sacrament **Serpent**—it represents the healing power of faith. **That horrour......behold**—"To him who trusts in the unaided light of reason, faith seems an unsafe and dangerous ground."—*Percival.* **No whitt**—not at all. **A booke**—the New Testament sealed with the blood of Christ. **Darke things**—truths incomprehensible.

14 **Blew**—blue. **Beseemed**—became. Blue is the colour

of Christian hope. Not all so......sight—hope does not look cheerful because it is attended by fear and "hope that is seen is not hope." A silver anchor—"which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—*Hebrews*, vi. 19. As befell—as was the case. Swarved—turned.

15. Wend—go. Joy—rejoice. Shamefast—shy. Beseeming—becoming. Glee—mirth. Quites—requites. Gest—deed.

16 Charissa—Charity. Become—gone to. Lightned...... wombe—d[illegible]ered of a child. Encreast—increased. Troublesome—causing trouble to her.

17. Wote—know. Forwearied—exhausted. Read—advise. Recoyle—withdraw. Groome—servant. Despoile—undress. Arədd—called.

18. Kindly—welcome. Repast—food. Into......plaste—placed under her instruction. Agraste—showed grace; favoured. Opened ...shine—gave him spiritual light or illumination.

19. With blood ywritt—*i. e.*, with the blood of Christ. "This is the blood of the Testament which God has enjoined unto you."—*Hebrews*. ix. 20 Every whitt—in detail. Documents—doctrines. Weaker—too weak. Witt intelligence or understanding.

20. List poure—pleased to pour. Larger spright—fuller manifestation of her spiritual power. She would... ..stay—Joshua commanded the Sun to stand still on Gibeon. during a battle with the Amorites (*Joshua*, x) Or backward......... hight—the Sun was turned from his course by Hezekiah's pray- [illegible] sometimes [illegible] ed by his [illegible] (*Judges*, vii). Dry-shod.........tway—the Israelites crossed the Red Sea, after Mosses had parted the waters with his outstreched hand—(*Exodus*, xiv. 21). And eke..... threat—Christ said that such a miracle could be performed by faith—(*Matthew*, xxi 21).

21. In little space—in a short time. Sisters lore—sister's teaching. [illegible] ishment of the highest [illegible]. As thing forlore—as [illegible] [illegible]d—grieved. Wicked wayes—sins. Prickt—stung.

22. To take......anchor—to be more firm[illegible]red in hope.

In......agony—in a mental state, characterized by doubt and remorse. Leave—permission. She......perplexity—she was so perplexed that she did not know what to do.

23. Commune plight—common condition. Sinfull horror—horror caused by sin. The which......conscience—who had much skill and experience in dealing with the disease of stricken, sin-haunted conscience.

24. Sowle-diseased—with a soul afflicted. Intreat—entreat. Noyd—annoyed. Searcht—probed or examined. Passing prief—surpassing virtue. To.... briefe—he restored him to the balance of the mind in a short time. Aswag'd......plight—mitigated the disturbed condition of his mind.

25. Inward corruption—*i. e.*, sin that tained his soul. Infected sin—sin ingrained Purg'd—purified. Festring sore—*i. e*, the very ulceration of sin. Ranckle—had the same idea as festering, accompanied by gnawing pain. Extirpe—uproot. Corrosives—corrosive is something that eats away gradually, as by chemical action ; so it is a medicine that will consume the sore or ulcer of sin. Streight—restricted. Tame—subdue.

26. Ashes and sackcloth—symbols of repentance. Corse—body. Abate—lessen. Humours—the four principal humours in the body are *phlegm, blood, choler* and *black bile*, according to the predominance of any of which the temper of the mind and body is determined. The swelling of his woundes—*i. e.*, the ulcer of sin. Superfluous flesh—the idea of the tumour or ulcer is still continued. The tumour of sin is burnt out by the corrosive of penitence, and then when the swelling is reduced, the broken, dried up skin that remains is removed by pincers. The mortification of the flesh to root out sin is described here in terms of a tumour which he removed by corrosive substance. Jott—portion

27. Disple—discipline. Embay—bathe. Health—*i. e.*, spiritual regeneration.

28. Ruefull—piteous. Guiltlesse garments—garments which had no fault or their own. Yet......beare—yet she held herself all in patience. Wist—knew. Cleare—clean.

29. Cured—redeemed. Chearish—cherish. Consuming thought—troubled thought, wearing out his soul. By this—by this time. Fruitfull nest—her numerous children. Unacquainted—stranger.

**In......agony**—in a mental *state*, characterized by doubt and remorse. **Leave**—permission. **She......perplexity**—she was so perplexed that she *did not* know what to do.

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29. **Cured**—redeemed. **Chearish**—cherish. **Consuming thought**—troubled thought, wearing out his soul. **By this**—by this time. **Fruitfull nest**—her numerous children. **Unacquainted**—stranger.

30. Bounty—goodness. Personage—personal appearance. Wanton snare—*i. e.*, unruly sensual love, inspired by cupid. Ay—ever. Yellow—colour symbolic of maternity.

31. Hong—hung. Joyde her—gave her joy. Tyre—tiara. Owches—buttons of gold set with precious stones. Passing—surpassing. Uneath—difficult.

32. Brood—children. Requites—rapays. Schoole—train. Withstood—endured. Night—gloom of mind.

33. Behest—command (rule laid down) Well to donne—right doing. Warely—carefully. Shonne—shun. Doloures—griefs. Fordonne—ruined.

34. Descryde—revealed. To be..........liberall—"justice gives the right measure and no more, Mercy gives a full measure to overflowing."—*Percival.* Righteous soul—directed to the right path, and therefore freed from sin.

35. Breares—briars. Stay—stop. Encombred—obstructed. Shrinke—recoil or hold back. Reare—hold up.

36. .
Service...
the hung...
comforting the sick and dying, burying the dead and providing for widows and orphans. Comers-by—passers-by By......pore—by the sign that they were needy and poor.

37. Entertainement—hospitality All......went—*i. e.*, travellers. Such.. ...againe—*i e.*, such as were wealthy. Quite—pay back. Harbour—protection Constraine—force.

38. Almner—almoner or distributor of aims. Grace—mercy. Hoord—hoard. Breede—rear. Stocke—fund. Seede—children.

39. Wardrobe—stock of clothes. Tyres—head-dresses . *e.*, clothes worn for ...ecently Aray—clothe. The images......clay—

40. Gratious—kindly. ...
in money. Stayd—detaine...
had their faults. Wayd—we...
That .....layd—crime for which they were imprisoned. Harrowed—despoiled. Stowre—anguish. Faulty—sinning

convicted for sin. The faulty—...bowre—redeemed the condemned souls and admitted them to heaven.

41. In......lay—who lay dying. *Most* needeth—*is most* needed. Hell—the threat of punishment in hell. Bestow—store away. If .....day—if we have no peaceful death—death without an untainted and untroubled conscience. Throw—throe; agony. As the tree......low—compare; "In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be"—*Ecclesiastes*, xi. 3. The idea is that when a tree falls it lies where it falls and does not rise again; so there will be no Resurrection for the man who has a bad ending, who dies with a tainted and troubled conscience.

42. Engrave—bury. In.........engrave—to give them a decent burial. Brydall bed—the idea of redeemed soul being united with the bridegroom *i. e*, God Heavenly spouse—God is the bridegroom for the redeemed soul. The wondrous...mould—*i. e.*, man who was made in the image of God. Whose face..... hand—*i e.*. God gave man absolute sovereignty over beasts. Graunt—grant. Defould—defiled.

43. After... done—after death and burial had been done. Charge—charge of. Ayd—aid. Undone—ruined. In .....plead—he would uphold their cause for the sake of justice. Ne ought—not at all. Fee—bribe. Their......tread—to overbear their just cause.

44. Pas—step. Upbare—upheld. Louted—bowed. Lowlinesse—humility. Albe—although.

45. Stayes—lodges. To the rest—to the rest of virtues. From . ...degree—from beginning to end. Frame—mould.

46. Painfull way—narrow pathway. Lie—live Devotion—prayers. Apply—attend to.

47. Great......had—*i e.*, he had great favour bestowed on him. All—although. Were......bad—his eyes had no clear vision. Yet .. . spright—yet his spiritual insight was quickened. Persaunt—piercing. Scale—climb. Fordonne—exhausted. Wonne—reached.

48. Hoary—white. Spangles—small pieces of glittering material. Attire—deck. Red—distinguished. Sinew—muscle. Carcas—body. Spiritual repast—food for the spirit. Pyn'd—mortified.

49. Aspide—saw. Agrieved—displeased. Moved—taken

any notice. Far afore—far away from him. Requight—repay. Clomb—climbed.

50. End—purpose. Make his marke—train himself. Glorious house—heaven. Glistreth—glistens Behight—entrusted.

51. Staggering—feeble and unsteady. Aread—show. In heavenly throne—in the bosom of God Praiers—prayers. Sead—the children of God Clemency—mercy. Incline—turn

52. Seene of—seen by That......astray—which never misleads a traveller. Joyous .. . blis—rest and happiness in heaven. A season—for a period of time. Till... . is—till the spirit is freed from the bonds of the flesh. Assoiled—freed Recur'd.. ... infirmitis—rid of all fleshly weaknesses.

53. Highest mount—top of the mount. That......God—Moses Blood-red billowes—the waves of the Red Sea. Disparted—divided His army—the Israelites Yod—went. Dwelt ......upon—Moses stayed on Mount Sinai "forty days and forty nights." Writt in stone—inscribed in stone The reference is to the two tables of the law that Moses received on Mount Sinai. By......God—for at was the writing of God Doome—judgement. Bale-full mone—sorrowful lament. The bitter ....... mone—the laws given to Moses on Mount Sinai by God on tables of stone are known as the Decalogue or the Ten commandments. Flashing fire—God or Jehovath came down to Moses on Mount Sinai in fire amidst thunder and lightning.

54 Sacred hill—the Mount of Olives. Deare Lord—Jesus Christ. Fownd—found. Pleasaunt mount—Parnassus, the abode of the Nine Muses. Ay—ever. Each where—every where. The thrise......Ladies—the Nine Muses. Lay—song.

55. Vew—view. Tong—tongue. Ditty—theme. Hight—called.

56. To and fro descend—ascend and descend to and fro. Wend—go Commonly—familiarly. There......were—lived there as inhabitants.

57. Hierusalem—Jerusalem. The new Hierusalem—"But ye are come......unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels... and to the spirits of just men made perfect."—*hebrews* xii 22 That . his—who are the Elect Pretious blood—the blood of Jesus Chris who died on the Cross for the sin of man. Cursed tree—th Cross. Unpotted Lam—Jesus Christ is call[illegible]

who takes away the sin of the world. Sam—together. Younglings—young offsring. Dam—mother.

58. Cleopolis—literally, the city of glory, the city of Gloriana—London. That bright Towre—it is called Panthea, identified with Westminster Abbey. Proofe—example. Weene—think.

59. For......frame—as far as an earthly structure goes. Peece—piece of structure. Beseemes—befits. Eternized—made immortal. Haunt—frequent. Soveraigne dame—Gloriana. Guerdon—reward. *Heaven......vaunt*—may justly claim heaven as her native land

60. Accompted—accounted ; reckoned. Desolate—unhappy and abandoned. Fordonne—ruined. Suit......conquest—knightly deeds of warfare. Shonne—shun. Blood......yield—killing is a sin and fighting can but lead to sorrows.

61. Presage—point out. Pilgrimage—journey. Ordaind—fixed. Blessed end—end of your journey and heavenly bliss. Saint George—the patron saint of England.

62. Unworthy... ......grace—a poor fellow, unworthy as I am of such great favour. Cace—condition like yours. Leave—abandon. So dearely bought—pursued at such a cost to myself. Loose—undisciplined.

63. Fruitlesse—futile. Voyage—journey. Empare—impair. Forgoe—abandon. Bequeathed care—charge entrusted to you. Quit—released.

64. Abett—assist. Disconsolate—that leaves her comfortless. Aread—tell me. Behight—called. Nominate—name. Avouchen good—prove to be true. Cradle of thy brood—source of your origin.

65. With mightie hand —with strong power. In place—in their pay and generation. Reard—set up ; established. Vanquisht them—defeated the Britons. Reft—stole away. Swadling band—strip of cloth wrapped round a new-born baby. Elfin brood—fairy child. Chaungeling—a fairy child substituted for a human child, stolen by a fairy.

66. Heaped furrow—a furrow is a trench made in the ground by a plough, and St. George was concealed in the pile of loose earth turned up, and a ploughman discovered him there when he drove his team to the spot. Teme—team. In .........state—in the condition of a ploughman. Byde—live.

*Georgos*—in Greek, means a husbandman. **Prickt with**—urged on by.

67. **Quight**—repay. **Redd aright**—interpreted rightly. **Bound**—led. **Dazed**—dazzled. **Confound**—bewilder. **Exceeding**—exceedingly.

68. **Wheneas......fynd**—when he recovered himself. **Cast ......retyre**—resolved to return. **Meed**—reward. **Thens**—thence. **For......hyre**—in payment for the troubles taken.

## CANTO XI

1. **Gan it wex**—it was. **Forwasted**—devastated. **Repayre**—recover. **High heven**—may gracious God.

2. **Feend**—fiend. **Spoyle**—depredation. **At your keeping**—on your guard. **Fell**—cruel. **Excel**—overdo; exceed.

3. **Brasen**—made of brass. **Ease**—relieve.

4. **Uneath**—uneasy. It should go with 'ground'; it seemed to make the fixed earth uneasy. **Glistring**—glittering. **Blyth**—gay or glad. **Untill**—unto.

5. **Yede**—go. **Aloof**—away from the scene of battle. **Battailles proof**—the contest. **Descryde**—seen. **Ympe**—child. **His aged bryde**—Mnemosyne (an ancient goddess early in the order of things). **That......name**—who confer immortality on warriors.

6. **Mightie rage**—what Shakespeare describes as "fine frenzy"—itensity of passion and feeling. **Infest**—inspire. **Enrage**—inflame. **Aswage**—assuage. **Trompe**—trumpet **God of warre**—Mars. **Equipage**—armour. **Scared**—frightened.

7. **Fayre Goddesse**—Muse Clio. **Furious fitt**—"mighty

[illegible]

Catholic Church everywhere in Europe. Spenser condemns him as a pagan or non-Christian. **That haughtie string**—the martial note. **Tenor**—the medium voice between the treble and the base; so a note in a minor key that will suit Spenser's purpose better now. **Blaze**—proclaim.

8. **Drew......hand**—came nearer. **F[illegible]ing**—using h[illegible]

on the ground. Measured—covered. Waste—waist. Reared —raised.

9. Couched—placed. Perce—pierce. Corse—body. Dint—blow. Rudely dight—in rough array. Rouzed scales —scales that were ruffled.

10 Flaggy—flaccid; loose in structure. Display—spread out. Worketh......way—is in full motion. Pennes—feathers. Mayne yardes—the yard on which the main sail is extended. Canvas—sail. By....... fynd *i. e.,* make his way through the air which was unaccustomed to the irresistible strokes of his wings. Threat—by the flapping of his wings.

11. Boughtes—coils. Unfoldes—displays. Slack—relax. Sweepeth—trails along. Of .. lacke—is little short of three furlongs.

12. Rending—tearing. Revenous—greedy. Darke abyss— *i. e.,* stomach Ravin—prey.

13. Ranckes—rows. Enraunged—ranged Gobbets—chunks of raw flesh Congealed—freezing. Smoothering—stifling Seare—burning. Gorge—throat. Stench—bad smell.

14. Beacons—might allude to beacon fires which announced the sighting of the Armada off the Lizard on July 29, 1588. Shyre—shire, a district or province in England. Rancorous—malicious Glade—open space in a wood

15 Pas—pace. Forelifting—lifting up. Speckled—spotted. Brused—bruised. Chauffed—irritated. Bore—boar. Upreare—raise. Drest—prepared. Nigh—almost. As—when.

16. Couch—lower. Rigorous—steady and violent. Bight —bite. Light—lightly. Did rush—came tumbling.

17. Encounter—combat Recoyld—rebounded. Enflam'd —enraged. Despight—resistance. Imperceable—impenetrable. Prov'd—tested.

18. Displayed—outspread. Divyde—part. Yielding—non-resisting. Flitting—shifting. Unsound—unstable. Stouping—stooping. Unweldy—unwieldy; bulky. Sway—swing: movement.

19. Subject—lying below. Ewghen—made of yew. Constraine—force. Hagard—untamed. Hauke—hawk. Fowle—bird. Hable might—strength of which he is capable. Pounces—claws. Trusse—secure a firm hold on.

20. Disseized—dispossessed. A legal term. A man put in

29. As Faire—fortunately. Silver flood—clear stream. Vertues—healing properties. Whylome—formerly. Defyld—made foul. Hot—was called.

30. Infected—afflicted. Aged.........renew—*i. e.*, restore youth long lost. As—as if. Silo—the pool of Siloam. Christ bade the man born blind wash in the pool of Siloam, and he got back his eyesight. Jordan—Elisha bade a leper, Naaman, wash in the Jordan seven times and he was clean. English Bath—the Hot Springs of Bath were well known to the Romans when they ruled Britain. Spau—Spa, near Liege in Belgium. Cephise—Cephissus, a river in Attica, flowing into the sea near Philerum. Nothing of the virtues of this river is known. Hebrus—a river in Thrace, "in whose waters occurred the wonder of the head and lyre of the slain Orpheus singing a dirge as they floated down."

31. Steepe—bathe. Journall—daily. Kest—cast. Discoloured—of varied colours. Wonted pitch—usual capacity. As—as if. Dwell—remain.

32. Assay—assail. Entirely—with all her heart. Turn away—avert. Watcht—kept awake. Dreriment—gloom ; dreariness.

43. Titan —sun-god. Deawy—dew-bespangled. Move......pace—walk with his manly gait.

34. Eyas hauke—young hawk. Budded—grow. Assay—try. New-borne—revived.

35. Supplied knight—another knight who had taken the place of the first one. Deaw-burning—sparkling with dew-drops. Yawning—gaping. Dismaid—confounded.

36. Holy water dew—(i) holy water of the spring, (*dew* capable of hardening the steel) ; (ii) dew of the holy water (*holy water* being an adjective). Baptized—dipped in the holy water, and therefore of renewed strength. Ensew—follow. Embrew—steep. Stownd—hour. Subtilty—clever means. Slight—sleight, artful trick. Charme—enchantment.

37. Yelded—yelled. Exceeding—extreme. Ramping—(i) rushing wildly ; (ii) raging. Traine—tail. Scourge—lash. Buxome—yielding. Ne ought—nothing.

38. Intended—aimed. Behott—promised. Seased—gripped. Ne......gott—could not be extracted. Griefe—physical

pain. Diseased—put out of ease. Ranckling—piercing. Appeased—*allayed.*

39. Wring—torment. Loose—loosen. Heft—heaved; raised. Knotty string—the knotted chain. Cleft—cut. But—only.

40. *Outrage*—uproar: tumult: *Enfouldred*—engendered with lightning and smoke Dire—terrible. Fraught—charged. Engorged—that swelled his throat. Uneven—of unequal strength. Withall—moreover

ssp. Wist—

Cerberus—the

. Then—than.

Reave—snatch. Griped gage—the prize of victory seized by the dragon. Assayed—attempted. *It booted nought*—it was of no avail.

42. Tho—then. Cald—called. Plaid—played. Andvile—anvil. Swaid—swung. Unty—loosen.

43. *Stroks*—strokes. Mote—might. Loose—loosen. War like pledge—*i. e.*, the shield. Sanstaine—endure. Hewd—cut. Minisht—diminished Pight—fixed.

44. *Infernance fournace*—*his belly, from which issue flame of fire is compared to the furnace ever burning in hell. Dimmed*—darkened. Enrold—rolling about. Duskish—dark. Brimstone blew—sulphur that burns blue. Stew—hot steaming interior. Belch—eject. Enwrapt—enveloped. Coleblacke—coal black.

45. Harmefull pestilence—harmfulness as great as that of plague. Noyd—offended. Hellish entrails—see above. Expire—breathe out. Forwearied—extremely exhausted.

*'or happy*

*The crime*

*fathers of*

*f knowled-*

*is better to*

and Eve

ate of the forbidden fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. That was their sin, and death is the fruit of sin. Now if they had been allowed to stay on at Eden, they would have eaten of the fruit of the tree of life, and could have avoided death. So they were expelled from Eden for the sake of the tre[illegible]wledge.

47. Like—thing lik[illegible]

Eden. **Incorrupted**—undefiled. **Overthrow**—destroy. **Another ......ill**—it is the Tree of Knowledge. **Mournfull memory**—the sad fact that we cannot forget, namely, the eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge that brought death into the world.

48. **That first tree**—the tree of life. **A tricking streame of balme**—balm is a resinous substance, yielded by some trees *and used for healing or soothing. N. B. Spenser* has, in mind here the balm of Gilead (*Jeremiah*, viii. 22), which could heal Israel of its "backsliding, holding, fast by deceit", to which the Redcross knight's backsliding into companionship with Duessa may be compared. **Soveraine**—supreme in effect. **Dainty deare**—of rare value. **Deawed**—bedewed ; moistened. **Ointment**—balm. **Deadly**—fatal. **Reare again**—revive. **Corse**—dead body. **Appointed......grave**—destined to the grave.

49. **Nigh thereto**—near the tree of life. **Deadly made**—hell-borne. **Detest**—hate. **Adventur'd**—ventured. **Drouping**—declining. **Sable**—black. **Her burning torch**—*i. e.*, the moon.

50. **Mov'd .....all**—remained motionless. **Dreame......... delight**—blissfull dream. **Vertuous might** - power of healing. **Alay**—subdue. **Noyous**—noxious ; harmful.

51. **Aurora**—dawn-goddess. **Tithone**—Tithonus, beloved of Aurora. **Roare**—raise **Charet**—chariot. **Chace**—chase.

52. **Doughty**—valiant. **Dight**—address. **Damnifyde**—injured. **Rage**—violence.

53. **Gaping wide**—opening his mouth wide. **Outragious**—offensive or boundless **R'encountring**—colliding with : meeting in hostility **Hauke**—hawk. **Rebutted**—recoiled. **The weapon bright**—the blazing sword. **Importune**—pressing ; violent. **Emperst**—pierced. **Maw**—jaws. **Retyrd**—withdrawn.

54. **Grone**—groan **As feeble .... lift**—being too weak to bear such a weight. **Clift**—cliff. **Fals**—insecure. **Poyse**—force. **Rift**—torn ; cleft.

55. **Misdeemd**—mistook. Una thought that the Redcross knight might have been crushed under the weight of the dragon's body. **That joyous end**—the destruction of the dragon which filled her with joy.

## CANTO XII

1. ***Haven***—port. **Wearie course**—weary as I am from the long voyage. Spenser is bringing the First Book of *The*

*Faerie Queene* to an end. Vere......shete—change the course of [illegible] rd. Beare......land— [illegible]. Afore—ahead. Kend [illegible] [illegible]ure. Barke—vessel.

2. Glooming—gloaming ; twilight. Teeme—team of horses. Creast—crest (name of the horse). Steeme—pass as steam. Last... . life—the life of the dragon that breathed out. Deeme—*think*. Lowd—*loudly*. Fatal fall—fall resulting in his death.

3. That aged sire—Una's father. Weet—know. Tryall—test or proof Out of hand—at once. Forrayd—ravaged.

4. Triumphant—proclaiming victory. Trompets—trumpets. *Tort*—*wrong*. Sieged—besieged. Feast—festival. Consort—company. Bondage—ravages.

5. Downe... ...... ..ground—trailing the earth. Sad habiliment—solemn garments. Beseene—seemly. Crew—crowd. Peres—peers (lords). Gownd—gowned (dressed in gowns). Hable—able. Sound—wield Laurell—symbol of victory.

6. Doughtie conqueror—the Redcross knight. Dight—decked. *Medow*—*meadow*. Timbrels—tambourines.

7. Fry—crowd. Wanton—*playful*. Song—sang. Well attuned—melodious. Lay—*song*. Enraunged—*arranged*.

8. Chearefull vew—cheerful countenance. Humblesse—humility. Twixt ..game—*half in earnest and half in jest*. Self resemblance—the figure of king's daughter as she really is. Beseene—seemly.

9. Raskall many—vulgar multitude. *N. B.* The phrase here shows Spenser's contempt for the common, ignorant people. Heaped—massed. Rude rablement—disorderly crowd. Gaping—wide-mouthed. Monstrous.........extent—enormous length. Idle—senseless. Assay—attempt.

10. Well it faynd—made a show of fear. Lingring life—the last spark of life. Lurke—*i. e.*, hidden. Bad—bade. Take heed—be cautious.

11. Foolehardy—rash. Talants—talons. Revyld—rebuked Gossips—cronies. In counsell—as a secret ; confidentially. Rend—tear. Fray—frighten.

12. Hoarie—white-haired. Tra[illegible]endants. saunce—defe[illegible] Yeelds—yields. Im[illegible]ce.

13. Shaumes—clarionets. Strowes—spreads. Purveyaunce—provision. Meet—proper. Became—befitted. Scarlot—scarlet cloth. Of great name—of great value. Purpose—conversation. Frame—make.

14. Needs—impersonal use, *i. e.*, what is the need for me? Guize—manner. Riotous—indulging in revelry. Divize—talk. Comely—graceful. Services—attendance of servants. Trayne—company. Narrow leaves—limited pages. Discourse—conversation or intercourse. Bare—informal and unsophisticated. Excess—riotous living. Is wollen up—has been enlarged. Late—lately.

15. Fervent—strong. Quenched—satisfied. Renowmed—renowned. With.........grave—in solemn words. Sad—serious. Exprest—described. Discorst—narrated. Voyage—journey. According—in compliance with.

16. Regard—looks. Passionate—express feelingly. Importune—troublesome. Wreakes—misfortunes. Gentle—of gentle birth. Tossed—hurled about. Freakes—caprices. Salt—bitter. Bedeawd—wetted.

17. Pere—peer (lord) In sober wise—solemnly. Whether.........more—whether to pity or praise you more. Seised—reached.

18. Devize—contemplate. Faith—vow. Plight—pledged. Emprize—enterprise. Advize—inform. In.........wize—in fighting battles. Teene—injury; insult.

19. The troubler......peace—your hard necessity of going back to the Fairy Queene troubles my peace and happiness. Preace—press. Band—obligation or duty. Release—loosen; waive off. Doen undo—undo what is done.

20. Covet—desire eagerly. In sort as—according as. Deforme—deformed. Hardy—hazardous. To his dame—as his bride. Heyre apparent—heir apparent; one whose right to inherit property cannot be annulled if he outlives his ancestor. Perteynes—belongs. Dew—due. Desert—merit. Chevalree—chivalry.

21. Cheare—look. Bedight—decked. Morning starre—Venus.

22. Stole—long, loose, outer garment. Wimple—veil. Pride—ostentation. Neare—closely.

23. Sunshyny—radiant. Were .... ...streame—would be difficult task as going up-stream. Ragged rimes—unpolished

verses. Rude—uncultivated. Bace—base. Lineaments—featu
Enchace—set off in fitting terms. All—although. In plac
wherever his adventures had taken him.

24 In pesence came—put in an appearance. That.........
became—which was so seemly in her. Grace—beauty. Exce
ence—virtue. Eare—ere ; before. Seeming—seemingly. P
tence—importance.

25. Unwary—unlooked-for. He......right—he would sto
for no consideration. Kist the ground—as an act of grea
reverence. Pight—placed. Betake—deliver.

26. Be-advized—deliberate. Linck......band—unite i
marriage. Plighted......hand—betrothed himslef

27. Affyaunced—bound by promise of marriage. Sacred
pledges—solemn oaths. Forswore—forsworn ; of broken faith.
Burning altars—altars add burnt offerings were a part of the
marriage ceremony in ancient Greece. Duessa being a pagan
refers to a pagan rite. Guilt......perjury—heavens being made
guilty of his breach of faith, since he swore by burning altars.
Polluted—desecrated. Of yore—in the past.

28. Of free or bond—either free or contracted for
marriage. *N. B.* "The whole letter from Fidessa is meant to
symbolize the never-ceasing attempts of the 'Paynim'—Spanish
party, in league with Archimago, the Pope, against the freedom
and peace of England under Elizabeth. This policy lasted for
years after the defeat of the Armada." knitting......him—
contracting marriage with him. Aread—advice. With.........
tread—to override my right. Plead—uphold. Bids . ..... fare
—bids you farewell.

29. Byting—sharp and piercing. Abashed—surprised
Muse—meditation. Redoubted—valiant. Exprest—divulged

30. Bloody vowes—for example, vows by burning altars
Idle—meaningless. Enraged heates—passions flouted. Love—
unkind—love outraged. My .....bynd—*i. e*, fetter my innocent
conscience. Faulty—guilty. Wrapped—entangled. Cover—
hide.

31. Intendiment—deliberation. What woman—what kind
of woman. I......way—I wandered and lost myself (he means
that he fell away from virtue). That......me—th[illegible] of day
stands for truth which should have guided [illegible]
fallen away from virtue. Declard—literal

Ere...declard—before he had things made clear to him as lately in the training and discipline he had been put through.

32. Fownd of—caught or ensnared by. On grownd—on earth. Inveigle—impose upon : deceive. Weaker—too weak. Wylie—cunning. Too......might—not to be repelled without divine aid (as it later happened in the case of the Redcross knight). Wrought—subdued me. When......ill—when I was free from all suspicion.

33. Wrought—accomplished. Earst—before. Death...... wretchednesse—he faced death every day in his misery.

34. Suborned—hired. Craft—cunning. Unprovided—unlooked for. Scath—injury. Band—the marriage bond. Practicke plain—cunning labour. Clokt......simplenesse—wearing the mask of simplicity. Discover—expose. Ghesse—guess. Who—he who. Tries—tests the messenger. Shall...... lesse—shall find him no less than the falsest man alive.

35. Fraight—charged. Gard—guard. Wait—attend. Attached—arrested. Faitor—deceiver. Strait—fast. Chauffed—irritated. Bait—harass Faine—feign : pretend. Withstand—resist. Semblaunce—sham effort. Scape—escape.

36. Warely keepe—guard with great vigilance. Trains—tricks. Bains—preclamation of marriage. Tyde—betrothed.

37. Holy knots—sacred ties of marriage. Turne—purpose. Housling—sacramental. Bushy—spreading like a bush. Teade—torch. The torch is usually carried before the bride, but is not set up to burn for ever in an interior chamber. Some commentators notice this departure from the usual custom. But, as we are told here, the torch was set up in the interior chamber to burn for ever to avert evil fate. Quenched—extinguished.

38. Perfumed—scented. All the house—members of the house. Sweat—sweated. With great aray—making great arrangements. Curious—elaborate.

39. Eternall majesty—God the king of heaven. Trinall triplicities—the three orders of angels. The first order consists of Seraphim, Cherubim and Thrones ; the second, Dominations, Virtues and Powers ; the third, Princedom, Archangels and Angels. Wist—knew. Sweet—sweetness. Refte of his sences—kept out of himself ; tranced. Ravished—enraptured ; delighted.

40. Of......old—by both young and old. Merth—mirth, Told—described. Heare—here. Hold—consider. Melt—flow.

41. In full content—(i) in abundance; to the full: (ii) in all contentment. Gealosy—jealousy. In case—if.

42. Strike—lower. The sails are to be lowered, because it is the end of the voyage. Rode—rodestead; harbour. Light—lighten. Lode—load. And light......lode—the vessel is to be *lightened of its load which means that the story of the Redcross* knight and Una is disposed of here. She—the ship. Here...... abode—Spenser means that he will rest for a while before he begins the Second Book of *The Faerie Queene*. Tackles—pulleys and ropes for manipulating the sails. Wants—provision. A ship is provisioned before sailing out of harbour. Bend—bound. Well...intent—a fresh voyage to describe the events in Book II —the story of Sir Guyon, or Temperance.

# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q, 1. Give a short sketch of the time of Spenser and his own reaction, with reference to political and social cross-currents of the age.

Ans. See Introduction (*Spenser and His Time*). The following points may be noted :—

(1) For a hundred and fifty years after Chaucer's death poetry was in a decadent stage in England. In the dawn of the Renaissance came Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey ; they did something to revitalize poetry. Blank verse and sonnet-writing were introduced, and metrical measure was reformed. This was just the beginning. Poetry had to wait for its full blossoming until Spenser published the first three books of *The Faerie Queene* in 1590.

(2) The political condition of the time was anything but favourable to the cultivation of letters. The Wars of the Roses during the last half of the fifteenth century seriously upset settled order and tranquillity and changed the social structure too. The Wars of the Roses spelled the death of feudalism. The country was in a disturbed condition during the reign of Henry VIII, Edward IV, and Mary. Order seemed to have been finally restored under Elizabeth, even though, her reign was cut into by Popish counter-plots. The Queen was the rallying cry of the people ; they were never better united than now in defence of their Queen and their country—and they were able to repel the Armada and defeat the counter-plots at home. It is this feature of life which is particularly reflected in Spenser's *Faerie Queene.* Spenser pictures the court of Gloriana as the centre of knightly deeds for the redress of wrongs from which the country suffered. He introduces some of the political figures of the day as his knights—Sidney, Leicester, Lord Grey of Wilton, etc. The patriotic feeling that swept through the country was no doubt generated in the court of Elizabeth. And Spenser himself was personally introduced to the Queen, and intimately connected with the court too. England, for the first time, was now a great

and united country. Her sea-faring activities, her trade and commerce were a natural result of this epoch of revival.

(3) Spenser readily reacted to the outburst of national feeling in the country, which particularly, centred on the Queen. And in *The Faerie Queene* there is the triumphant note, singing the glory of the Queen and the greatness of her courtiers, statesmen and soldiers. Politics and religion were mixed together in those days—and the issues of politics and religion came into *The Faerie Queene*. England had to fight against the Papacy which also threatened her political sovereignty. Philip II of Spain was the champion of the Papacy, and the religious autonomy that was secured by Henry VIII would have been destroyed if the people had not rallied round the throne of Elizabeth. The counter-plots against Elizabeth were organized by the Catholics at home and abroad—and they had to be put down to secure the safety of the Queen and her throne. In the First Book of *The Faerie Queene*, Archimago is the caricature of the Pope of Rome, and Duessa stands for the Romish Church In the allegory of the First Book of *The Faerie Queene*, the main interest of the poet is the defence of the Church of England; Una is Truth, and therefore, stands for the Church of England. The Redcross knight is Holiness which means the love of God; and he is severed from Una (truth), and is exposed to trials and temptations. The Redcross knight's final deliverance is wrought by Truth until he has submitted to all the necessary discipline. The defence of Truth and the Church of England seems to be then the principal motive of the First Book of *The Faerie Queene*.

(4) The political issue is not, however, made so prominent. The enemy of England is represented in the pagans Sansfoy, Sansjoy and Sansloy. At the end of the Twelfth Canto the Redcross knight is returning to the court of Gloriana —(St. 18.)

> "And her to serve sixe yeares warlike wize,
> Gainst that proud Paynim king that works her teene."

The paynim king is Philip II of Spain who continued hostilitie against England, after the defeat of the Armada.

(5) There seems to be a link-up between the present an the past in the poet's use of the old romance of chivalry—i *his introduction of knights and ladies, dragons monsters, etc* It can but suggest his yearning for the days of ch[illegible] are gone. Does he desire to revive the old chivalric [illegible]

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(2) The political condition of the time was anything but favourable to the cultivation of letters. The Wars of the Roses during the last half of the fifteenth century seriously upset settled order and tranquillity and changed the social structure too. The Wars of the Roses spelled the death of feudalism. The country was in a disturbed condition during the reign of Henry VIII, Edward IV, and Mary. Order seemed to have been finally restored under Elizabeth, even though, her reign was cut into by Popish counter-plots. The Queen was the rallying cry of the people ; they were never better united than now in defence of their Queen and their country—and they were able to repel the Armada and defeat the counter-plots at home. It is this feature of life which is particularly reflected in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. Spenser pictures the court of Gloriana as the centre of knightly deeds for the redress of wrongs from which the country suffered. He introduces some of the political figures of the day as his knights—Sidney, Leicester, Lord Grey of Wilton, etc. The patriotic feeling that swept through the country was no doubt generated in the court of Elizabeth. And Spenser himself was personally introduced to the Queen, and intimately connected with the court too. England, for the first time, was now a great

and united country. Her sea-faring activities, her trade and commerce were a natural result of this epoch of revival.

(3) Spenser readily reacted to the outburst of national feeling in t[illegible] on the Queen. And in [illegible] note, singing the glor[illegible] courtiers, statesmen and [illegible] xed together in those days—and the issues of politics and religion came into *The Faerie Queene*. England had to fight against the Papacy which also threatened h[illegible] II of Spain was the champion [illegible] autonomy that was secured by Henry VIII [illegible] stroyed if the people had not rallied round the throne of Elizabeth. The counter-plots against Elizabeth were organized by the Catholics at home and abroad—and they had to be put down to secure the safety of the Queen and her throne. In the First Book of *The Faerie Queene*, Archimago is the caricature of the Pope of Rome, and Duessa stands for the Romish Church In the allegory of the First Book of *The Faerie Queene*, the main interest of the poet is the defence of the Church of England; Una is Truth, and therefore, stands for the Church of England. The Redcross knight is Holiness which means the love of God; and [illegible]

The defence of Truth and the Church of England seems to be then the principal motive of the First Book of *The Faerie Queene*.

(4) The political issue is not, however, made so prominent. The enemy of England is represented in the pagans Sansfoy, Sansjoy and Sansloy. At the end of the Twelfth Canto the Redcross knight is returning to the court of Gloriana —(St. 18.)

> "And her to serve sixe yeares warlike wize,
> Gainst that proud Paynim King that works her teene."

The paynim king is Philip II of Spain who continued hostilities against England, after the defeat of the Armada.

[illegible] the present and [illegible] of chivalry—in [illegible] ns monsters, etc. [illegible] of chivalry that [illegible] chivalric ideal with

Gloriana as the object of knightly adoration ? There is Prince Arthur (Leicester) who tells his story of love for the Fairy Queen in the First Book of *The Faerie Queene* and undertakes his adventures in her honour. Spenser adopts a convention that is dead or dying, and we may question whether it harmonizes well with the allegory he intends.

Q. 2. Write a note on Spenser as a child of classical Renaissance. [*Agra University 1936.*]

*Or*

Indicate the interaction of the Renaissance and the Reformation in Spenser.

Ans. See Introduction (*The Renaissance and the Reformation*). The following points may be noted :—

(1) The Renaissance or the revival of learning may be said to have started in Europe after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. It led to the dispersal of Greek scholars; they mostly migrated to Italy—and Italy became the home of the Renaissance. It meant the revival of the study of Greek art and literature with a new perspective, and it resulted in the liberation of human mind and intelligence from the dogmatism and inhibition of the Middle Ages. It marked a total break-away from the medieval conception of life. People now began to be more interested in the world in which they lived than in the world to come. It was a revolt against the monastic spirit of the Middle Ages. *Individualism*, not in a bad sense certainly, was the gift of the Renaissance A man began to think for himself and of himself too. So there was the spirit of rebellion in the sense that the rites and doctrines of the Church began to be questioned, and even rejected, that earthly passion with all its intimacy, its freedom, its variety, its subtlety began to be studied, cultivated and analysed, and physical beauty worshipped. A free play of human intelligence, a love of beauty, a critical and analytical attitude, and a rational and essentially human way of thinking and approach to the recurring problems of life were fostered by the Renaissance. Spenser was born to the heritage of the Renaissance—and we find in him a passionate love of beauty, and it is beauty both sensuous and spiritual, a free exercise of his intelligence (so he revolted against the irrational dogmas of the Catholic Church), knowledge of the ancients—Greek, Latin, Italian, that is, the full possession of Renaissance culture which must have a liberalizing

[illegible] influence upon any individual—and we understand why Spenser is called a Humanist (a Humanist was like all a Renaissance scholar with a broad outlook on life and a consciousness of its unlimited potentialities).

(2) The Reformation was a parallel movement started by Luther in Germany in 1517 by publicly protesting against the sale of indulgences. In fact it was a challenge to the practices and doctrines of the Catholic Church. It began in Germany and spread to Switzerland, and [illegible] It seemed to have sprung up in England as a matter of accident. Henry VIII had [illegible] to break away from the Papacy on the issue of divorcing Catherine and marrying Anne Boleyn. It was a bold step taken by him, declaring himself to be the head of the Church. The translation of the Bible into English which was substituted for the Latin Bible in the Church, and the issue of the Book of Common Prayer [illegible] important stages in the Reformation in England. Mary, who came to the throne in 1563, reversed the policy of her predecessors, Edward VI, and of Henry VIII, [illegible] Catholic [illegible] and imprisoned some of the leading reformers who were later executed, and received a papal legate, and [illegible] was effected with the Pope of Rome. But Elizabeth came to the throne with a definitely Protestant bias, and she [illegible] the Reformation in England.

The impact of the Renaissance upon Spenser has been already indicated. Here we shall have to consider the position Spenser actually took in respect of the issues of the Renaissance and the Reformation. He is a poet with Renaissance culture, with the Renaissance love of beauty and freedom of [illegible]—a poet richly sensuous and melodious, with a wide-ranging imagination. But for the Renaissance he would not have been the poet he was. In this sense he is the true child of the Renaissance. The Reformation has quite a profound influence upon him. It seems to have an almost [illegible] effect when we see that he moralizes, as he openly declares his purpose, a romance of chivalry. Milton calls him "our sage and serious poet;" and may be right too in a sense. He wrote *The Faerie Queene* with a very serious purpose indeed, and when we analyse the allegory of the First Book of *The Faerie Queene*, we find that it is practically a defence of the Church of England against the Papacy, and therefore it is upholding the case of the

Reformation. As a poet his pronounced leanings are Renaissance leanings. He seems to have deliberately chosen the preacher's role, but when we read *The Faerie Queene*, we find that it does not come easy and natural to him. We might say that he sought to mediate between the two. In Spenser there is the happy blend of Renaissance humanism and Protestant zeal.

It should be noted here that Spenser had nothing of a Puritanic trend, as we understand it. He was a Protestant, and a zealous Protestant too. And so we see that in the First Book of *The Faerie Queene* his purpose is to maintain the purity and integrity of the Church of England against the Papacy. Defence of the Crown and the Church—that seems to be his motto ; it is worked out in the First Book of *The Faerie Queene* and elaborated in later Books. We discover in Spenser nothing of the narrowness, fanaticism, cant and hypocrisy of a Puritan.

Q. 3. Write a note on Spenser's Puritanism.

[*Agra University, 1940.*]

Ans. See Answer to Q. 2.

Perhaps it will not be right to say that Spenser was a Puritan. Milton might greet him as our sage and serious poet, but that cannot mean that he has a Puritanic cast of mind. Milton was a Puritan, but his Puritanism was tempered by his Renaissance culture, by his passionate love of freedom, political and religious, by his intoxicating sense of beauty. He might have sought to justify the ways of God to men. He did not share the bigotry, the narrowness and the self-righteouness to a Puritan. Milton was a Puritan with a difference, and this ought not be overlooked. Spenser says, "Fierce, warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song." Is that a ground for thinking that Spenser is a Puritan ? He is going to tell stories, as he does in *The Faerie Queene*, but he reads a moral meaning into them. Any story may have moral. All that Spenser does is to make the moral of story manifest. But that does not and cannot make him a Puritan. His aim is to blend allegory with romance, but he has not been able to keep up the allegory without a break. The story seems to be the main thing, and the allegory is subordinate. His moral seriousness has led some critics to assume that he is a Puritan. But, as we see, he often discards his moral seriousness, even his moralizing, when he goes on with his story. Self-righteouness is a sort of obsession with a Puritan. To none of his characters in *The*

*Faerie Queene.* Spenser ascribes this sense of self-righteousness not even to Prince Arthur who is the perfection of virtues. And [illegible]
and [illegible]
again [illegible]
We may ta[illegible]e the Redcross knight who lapses, but who has *little sense of sin until his eyes are opened. A Purtian could* not have drawn such a character. The penance that the Redcross knight goes through—sackcloth and ashes— smacks rather of Catholicism that of Puritanism. Spenser denounces the Romish Church, but he has not been able to renounce the parphernalia of its ritual and ceremony. He seems to have more leanings towards Catholicism which he denounces than towards Puritanism. What he does in the First Book of *The Faerie Queene* is to vindicate the Church of England, and the Church of England did not discard all the ritualism of the Romish Church if it dropped some of its doctrines. Then again Spenser draws freely upon classical myths and legends, and makes use of the idea of Plato and Aristotle; a conscientious Puritan could not have done that. Perhaps Spenser could have nothing to do with Puritanism; in his time Puritanism was not [illegible] it the right way, [illegible] paganism; neither [illegible] Milton's Puritanism saw no beauty in paganism; the Epicureanism of the neo-pagan sees no truth in religion; in Spenser, the beauty of paganism exists side by side with, but distinct from, the truth of religion. Having drawn this sharp line in essentials Spenser leaves his fancy to range without restraint, but always on the right side of the line To him; therefore, as to Dante, the confusion of heathen mythology with the mere names or imagery of Christianity, gives no shock."

Q. 4 How was Spenser influenced by Plato? Do you trace any such influence in *The Faerie Queene*?

Ans. See Introduction (*Platonism in Spenser*).

Q. 5. Write a note on Spenser's diction.

[*Agra University, 1943*]

*Or*

Comment on Ben Jonson's remark "That in affecting t[illegible] ancients Spenser 'writ no language'."

Ans. See Introduction (*Spenser's Style or Diction*).

Q. 6. Consider the appropriateness of calling Spenser "the poet's Poet." [*Agra University, 1951.*]

Ans. See Introduction (*Marked Characteristics of His Poetry*).

Q. 7. Write a note on Spenserian stanza and examine its suitability for the purpose of narration. [*Agra University, 1935.*]

Ans. See Introduction (*The Spenserian Stanza*).

Q. 8. Write a note on Spenser's debt to Ariosto and other foreign writers. [*Agra University, 1944.*]

Ans. See Introduction (*Spenser, Tasso, Ariosto and Others*).

Q. 9. Write a note one Spenser's art as a story-teller. To what extent is the Spenserian stanza suitable for purposes of narration ? [*Agra University, 1935.*]

*Or*

Estimate Spenser's merits as a master of description and narration. [*Agra University, 1936.*]

Ans. A reader is generally preoccupied with the normal purpose or allegory of *The Faerie Queene*, and often forgets that he is pre-eminently a story-teller. The critic of Spenser is after all responsible for this attitude A critic will exhaust his powers in discussing and analysing the allegory of the poem. Spenser might have declared that it was his purpose to moralize his song, but a proportionate attention should have been paid, as has often been not paid by critics and readers, to other elements of his poetry. Why Spenser should have been directed to the use of the allegorical method is a question that cannot be settled to our satisfaction. Perhaps it is temperamental with him. In his *Shepheards Calender*, or *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, or *Ruines of Times*, or *Tears of the Muses*, there is always an underlying meaning. The inner meaning a reader need not neglect, but it is the story that attracts him first—and Spenser, whatever may be his preoccupation, knows the art of story-telling. Pope was first interested in Spenser as a poet by his gift of story-telling, and experienced the same thrill in reading his poetry in his old age as in his boyhood. Cowley confesses that Spenser made him a poet, and was first attracted to him by his stories : "I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never

since left ringing there ; for I remember, when I began to read and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion), but there was
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ywhere there
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dance of the
twelve years
old, and was thus made a poet". Cowley was captivated by the story and poetry of *The Faerie Queene*, and not by its allegory of moral purpose.

Let a reader bring an open mind to bear upon *The Faerie Queene*, he will be mainly taken up with the story, and his interest does not flag as he goes on. He will rather be disconcerted if he is told that Spenser means something else than the story. Hazlitt suggests the right mood—and the mood that is natural to a reader when taking up *The Faeire Queene*—in which the poem should be read. He tells us not to mind the allegory ; the allegory won't bite us nor meddle with us if we do not meddle with it. The best thing is to leave the allegory alone, and read the story as it unfolds itself before our imagination.

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Then the sky is suddenly overcast with clouds, and they have to seek shelter when a shower of rain comes. They enter a grove, and here the poet gives a minute description of the trees and of their particular virtues, and of the uses to which they are put. It seems to be a little digression after all. The poet might have spared all the details here. But he cannot resist describing men and things, and all their equipments and physical and mental qualities ; he cannot help describing scenes and landscapes in all their details, and even fantastic creatures—dragons and monsters. We must necessarily think that he is pre-eminently a descriptive and narrative poet who has in addition melody of

verse, imagination and vision—and that is why he is esteemed at the most peotical of poets. To go on with the story, when the storm and rains are over, the knight and his lady wander about until they stumble upon a cave. It is the Error's dens. Though warned by the lady and the dwarf, the knight, with his love of adventure, enters the cave. Here we may note the description of the monster, Error, half-woman and half-serpent, with a huge tail full of knots, and armed with a mortal sting. There is a fight between the knight and the monster, and it is described in all details. The monster spewed out of her filthy maw a flood of poison and lumps of flesh, and the knight seemed to be choked with the stench. She finally ejected from her stomach a multitude of small serpents, deformed creatures, foul and black as ink, which crawled about. Here is a description of things, loathsome and hedeous. Spenser can describe things, pretty and lovely, as well as things that fill us with loathing and shudder, with equal art. However, the knight finally overcomes the monster. The elaborate description which Spenser cannot, by his flair for it, avoid, often holds up the story, but we are no less interested in his descriptive sketches than in his story. The knight has just adventure, and he is going to have another when he meets on the way an aged sire, clad in long black weeds. The interest of the story that Spenser tells us in the series of adventures with varied fortunes that the knight encounters. And the story, as it is, keeps the reader's attention engaged, however it may be interrupted by digressions, even of an elaborate character. It is a tribute to Spenser's marvellous descriptive and narrative power.

reflective poetry. The best effect of it is that it produces little sense of monotony. Other poets, such as, Thomson, Beattie, Burns, Byron, Shelley, have used the Spenserian stanza, all to good purposes.

Q. 10. Write an essay on Spenser's versification and metrical art. [ *Agra University, 1936.* ]

*Or*

Write a short note on Spenser's powers as a metrical artist. [ *Agra University, 1955.* ]

Ans. See Introduction ( *The Spenserian Stanza*).

Q. 11. Write a note on Spenser's poetic diction. [ *Agra University, 1943.* ]

*Or*

Write a short essay on the diction of Spenser. [ *Agra University, 1955.* ]

Ans. She Introduction (*Spenser's Style or Diction*).

Q. 12. Estimate the place of Spenser in the history of English poetry. [*Agra University, 1957.* ]

Ans. See Introduction. Refer to last paragraph of (*Life and Works*) and (*Marked Characteristics of his Poetry*).

Spenser was the first g [illegible] a hundred and fifty years a[illegible] iny poet worth the name. Si[illegible] s a contemporary of Chaucer. [illegible] oral Gower'. He first wrote French and Latin verses. His English poem, *Confessio Amantis*, was of courtly love, and draws upon stories, classical and medieval, and upon chronicles. He was a great collector of stories, but he is now neglected, though his [illegible] of the manner, grace, tolerance and humour of Chaucer, nor bring anything new in theme and treatment. Lydgate assayed [illegible] *mage of Man,* [illegible] th the tradi- [illegible] allegory too. [illegible] VII, was also [illegible] *Roman de la Rose*. In his allego[illegible] *Pastime of Pl*[illegible]

of the training and practice of the knight both in learning and chivalry, but Hawes had little magic of poetry that could touch things into beauty and transform vague abstractions into living persons, for which we have to wait till Spenser, while both are dealing with the similar subject—the romance of chivalry. John Skelton discarded allegory and romance, and made his fame in one of his stinging, stires *Colin Clout*, written in his ragged but effective verse—and it was an attack on Wolsey, 'Why come ye not to court ?' and it seems to have a link with Spenser's *Colin Clout's Come Home Again.* Alexander Barclay attempted the pastoral eclogue. These poets are interesting because they attempted the very forms of poetry—allegory, romance, stair, eclogue, in which Spenser was later to distinguish himself. The Scottish Chaucerians—Robert Henryson, William Dunbar and Gavin Douglas—have to true accents of poetry, and their productions are more varied in character. Ballad poetry was written between the twelth and sixteenth century; ballads might have been the offshoots of romances—they were narrative in character, sometimes attaining epic proportions. The notable group of ballads centres round Robin Hood and his adventures, and there are some which quaintly tell the stories of sad and tragic love. The Scottish Chaucerians and ballads might have little influence upon Spenser. At the advent of the Renaissance came Wyatt and Surrey ; they were known as 'courtly maskers.' They were the pioneers of Italian fashions in verse. Wyatt introduced the sonnet, and soon there was a sonneteering craze, to which Shakespeare too was a party ; he also standardized the English accent. Surrey was a lesser man, but proved a more graceful writer, and he was the first to use the blank verse in translating the *Aeneid.* Spenser followed the sonneteering craze in his *Amoretti.* Except that he used the traditional forms of poetry—allegory, romance, satire, eclogue and sonnet (the last two being later added), he did not owe much to his predecessors. He might not have invented any new form of poetry, but he combined allegory and romance in *The Faerie Queene*—and it was an epic of romance with an ambitious project, left incomplete. *The Faerie Queene*, incomplete though it was, would have by itself established his greatness. He emulated Ariosto and Tasso, but he far outdid them.

Sidney Lee writes : "In all senses the work is great. The scale on which Spenser planned his epic allegory has indeed no

other, the most exquisite sense of beauty, united with a command over all resource of language, in their vivid and musical expression—these are the great distinguishing characteristics of Spenser's poetry."

Q. 13. Elucidate the remark that Spenser's feeling for from, colour and sound is that of a great poet. Illustrate your answer from the poems you have read. [*Agra University, 1958.*]

Ans. See *Answer to Q. 12*, and refer to the last two paragraphs. For illustration may be taken the description of Queen Lucifera in Canto IV, Stanza 8 :

> "High above all a cloth of State was spred,
> And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day ;
> On which there sate, most brave embellished
> With royall robes and gorgeous array,
> A mayden Queene that shone as Titans ray,
> In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone ;
> Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
> To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
> As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone."

An analysis of form, colour, and sound elements will show the great art of Spenser. The varying music of the verse unfolds itself as we read on ; the pause occurs at the end of the second foot usually ; the marvellous effect is produced by his combination of liquid sounds (*l*, *m*, *n*, *r*,) and vowels with consonantal sounds ; in the first two lines there is a predominance of liquid sounds. The effect of alliteration as in *glistring gold, perelesse pretious, bright blazing beautie* is equally arresting. The lingering, languorous music of the lines is clinched off in the last line, which abounds in labials and dentals, set off against liquid and vowel sounds above. The suggestion of colour is in such words as *sunny day*, *Titans ray*, but some of the words are colourful, such as, *royall robes*, *gorgeous array*, *glistring gold*, *bright blazing beautie*. Here we have the magic of colour and sound.

Q. 14. Comment on and illustrate the remark that *The Faerie Queene* is the epic of the English race at one of the greatest moments of its history. [*Agra University, 1958.*]

Ans. Refer to *Spenser and His Time* (paragraphs 4 to 6) in the Introduction, and also answer to Q. 12 (paragraph 2).

allegory. It might be an ingenious idea with him—at least he struck out a path for himself while he emulated the latest epic of Ariosto and Tasso. In doing so, he had plenty of scope exercising his vision and power of invention, his narrative and descriptive power which he possessed in considerable degree, and though he was dominated by his moral intention, his rich and prodigal sensuousness he did *not* suppress, and it had a free play too. It means that he was extraordinarily sensitive to things of beauty, both physical and spiritual, and he portrayed them with exquisite art. We are justified in saying that he is a poet and prophet of beauty, and that if he had been less trammelled by his moral prepossession, he could have given still freer expression to his sense of beauty. Keats, a poet of more restricted range than Spenser, but equally endowed with sensuousness, chose the right path for himself by self-dedication to beauty :

> "Beauty is truth : truth beauty—that is all
> Ye know, and all ye need to know."

Keats is simply overpowered by his passionate love of beauty, but Spenser seeks to maintain a sort of balance between his moral ideas and his love of beauty, though it must be confessed that the latter often runs away with him. In his sketches of scenes and landscapes, in his portraits, of characters, in his narration of incidents, even in his description of the grotesque, fantastic, and hideous, his sense of beauty is manifested. We may take Una, forsaken, woe-begone, seeking for the Redcross knight in wild and desert places, when at last, quite exhausted, she lays herself down in a shady covert. There is but a touch—and we see Una in all her grace and innocence :

> "......Her angels face,
> As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
> And made a sunshine in the shadie place ;
> Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace."

We may take the Redcross knight when Una meets him after he has been rescued by Prince Arthur :

> "Whome when his Lady saw, to him she ran
> With hasty joy : to see him made her glad,
> And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
> Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
> Tho, when her well of teares she wasted had,

> She said 'Ah dearest Lord ! what evill starre
> On you hath frownd and pourd his influence bad,
> That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
> And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth marre?"

The feeling of Una could not have been expressed in more beautiful and melodious words while her depth of character could not have been better revealed.

[illegible] the First Book [illegible] :d in achieving [illegible]

*[Agra University, 1957.]*

Ans. See Introduction (*Scheme and Purpose of 'The Faerie Queene'*).

The aim set forth by Spenser in his letter to Ralegh is—"to fashion a gentleman or noble person in the vertuous and gentle discipline." The scheme of the poem is not unfolded in the beginning. It is this : Gloriana, the queen of the fairies, holds her annual court and feast for twelve days, and on each day a new wrong is complained of, and a new adventure proposed, and on each day a knight volunteers, and is chosen to right the wrong Each wrong represents a vice, and each knight represents one of the chief or cardinal virtues. The adventures of each knight were to fill one book, and the whole poem was to have consisted in twelve books That poem was not completed. Only six books exist.

The first book deals with the adventures of the knight of the Redcross, who represents Holiness ; the second, the deeds of Sir Guyon, who is Temperance ; the third has a lady, Britomart, as heroine and she represents Chastity ; the fourth tells the story of Triamond and Cambell—it is all concerned with Friendship, and also includes the tale of Sir Scudamore who wins the shield of Love ; the fifth book is the most complicated one, having a direct bearing upon the Court of Elizabeth—it contains the adventures of Artegall, the Knight of Justice, with allegorical reference to such historical events as the defeat of the Spaniards in the Netherlands, the recantation of Henry IV of France, the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the administration of Ireland of Lord Grey the Wilton ; the sixth book has to do with the adventures of Sir Calidore who represents Courtesy.

Prince Arthur who is the hero of a cycle of romances, is chosen by Spenser as the very perfection of virtues—the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private virtues, as devised by Aristotle. Arthur is to be a link between the other knights and Gloriana. Spenser's idea was, if he could have completed the poem, to bring all the twelve knights with Arthur to the Court of Gloriana after the completion of their adventures. Arthur is brought in into the Seventh Canto of the first book. He rescues the Redcross knight who has been made captive by the giant Orgoglio who is Carnal Pride. As desired by Una, Arthur tells her his own story—his love for the Fairy Queen and how his quest brought him where he met Una :

> "Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
> Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,
> With forced fury following his behest,
> Me hither brought by wayes yet never found,
> You to have helpt I hold my selfe yet blest." —(IX. 7).

The first Book of *The Faerie Queene* tells the story of the Redcross knight. The trend of allegory is properly kept up. He goes through a series of adventures, all directed to his trials and temptations. The Redcross knight is Holiness which means love of God, which needs the aid of Truth, and he is accompanied by Una, and Una is truth. In the First Canto the Redcross knight fights with and defeats Error, and it is right that he should defeat Error when he has Truth to aid him. But he falls into the trap of Archimago who is Hypocrisy—and then there is his parting from Truth Deluded by a dream, sent by Archimago, he deserts Una, and he is then taken possession of by Duessa (Falsehood) when he kills Sansfoy (Infidelity) in battle ; Duessa who is in the company of Sansfoy offers herself to the Redcross knight under the name of Fidessa (which means Faith). The Redcross knight is now in the grip of Falsehood. Una while she wanders about in search of her knight, meets a lion, and the lion is Reason. She comes in contact with Abessa and her mother, Corceca—Abessa is Superstition and Corceca is blind and ignorant Devotion, and they are put to rout by the lion (Reason). The Una meets Archimago in the disguise of the Redcross knight, but he is unmasked when he is encountered by Sansloy (Lawlessness). Una falls into the hands of Sansloy. In the meantime, the Redcross knight and Duessa arrive at the Palace of Pride, and Pride with her six counsellers—Idleness,

Gluttony, Lechery, Avarice, Envy, and Wrath—form the Seven Deadly Sins. Here the Redcross knight meets Sansjoy (Joylessness), and they fight, for Sansjoy must avenge the death of his brother—Sansfoy. The Redcross knight defeats Sansjoy. Warned by the Dwarf (who typifies Prudence) who has accompanied the knight, the latter escapes from the Place of Pride, and leaves Duessa behind. Una is then rescued by fauns and satyrs under Sylvanus (and they represent the primitive condition of life with its simplicity and ignorance). These fauns and satyrs readily respond to the teaching of Una (Truth) Then Una is beguiled by Archimago disguised as a pilgrim, who reports the

[illegible]

Now by drinkings of a stream, the Redcross knight loses all his manly strength—and it means his total surrender to the power of Duessa. Then follow his defeat and captivity by Orgoglio, and Orgoglio represents the Pride and Tyranny of the false religion The Redcross knight is first ensnared by Hypocrisy and Falsehood, and then falls a victim to the Pride and Tyranny of the false religion. The release of the Redcross knight is made by Prince Arthur (who is Magnificence); Duessa is exposed and expelled. The Redcross knight is reunited with Una, but the final and stable alliance of Holiness or Love of God and Truth is to be effected by a process of spiritual training and discipline, which purges the Redcross knight of his defilements. He meets a knight, Sir Trevisan, and the latter leads him to the Cave of Despair The result is that the Redcross knight is in the grip of Despair, and would have killed himself if he had not been restrained by Una. Una then brings him to the house of Caelia (Heavenly Wisdom), where he meets Fidelia (Faith), and Speranza (Hope), and Charissa (Charity), and is aided by them. He is later initiated into the practice of all Christian virtues—and then the vision of the New Jerusalem (heavenly life) revealed to him. After the period of discipline, he is fit to rescue the imprisoned parents of Una—and it is the accomplishment of the mission on which he has been dispatched from the Court of Gloriana. He has a ve[illegible] tough fight with the dragon (Satan) who has kept Un[illegible] parents imprisoned—and he would have the w[illegible] is revivified by the Fountain of Life and the T[illegible] finally conquers the dragon. In the release [illegible]

is envisaged the release of the human race from bondage of the Devil—and this is to be effected by the union of Holiness and Truth, which is signified in the wedlock of the Redcross knight and Una at the end of the First Book. The interaction between the story and allegory had been closely maintained in the First Book; it has been successfully done in the Second Book, but later it breaks down. There is the episode of Fradubio and Fraelissa in the Second Canto which may have some connection with the story. But the other one in the Fifth Canto where Duessa and Night carry the senseless body of Sansjoy in the chariot of Night to hell to be cured by Aesculapius has nothing to do with the main story of the Redcross knight and Una.

Q. 22. "The cloth of gold is an occasional decoration. Most of the coat is homespun" Elucidate with reference to the medieval and Renaissance elements in *The Faerie Queene*.

[*Agra University, 1953.*]

Ans. See Introduction (*The Renaissance and the Reformation*). Refer to the last two paragraphs of the section.

The quotation seems to suggest that the splendour of colour in which *The Faerie Queene* is dressed up is more or less extrinsic and alien: the real stuff is native. The poem is affiliated to the medieval cycle of romances in which knights fight the dragons and monsters, and the dragons and monsters are but symbolical of evil powers. There is, thus, the element of allegory in medieval romances. The light of the Renaissance flashes across the poem: and it seems to owe all its brilliance to Renaissance culture; but Spenser seems to stand closer to the Middle Ages in bringing in the traditional figures and the contest between good and evil, as we find in the romances of chivalry. He declares his aim—"Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song." But he seems to have little altered the essential charater of these medieval romances, crude and unregenerate as they often are in their concept and content. He has simply adapted them to illustrate the virtues, that have been suggested to him by Aristotle, and Aristotle was a philosopher who was much exploited by Schoolmen for the solution of questions of morality and the theology, later to be replaced by Plato. Of course the influence of Plato, who seemed to have come to his own with the Revival of Learning, had his influence upon Spenser particularly in the four *Hymns* that

he wrote, and also incidentally in *The Faerie Queene*. The c
cipline that the Redcross knight is made to go through for
purification, including even penance in sackcloth and ash
is based upon the fundamental doctrine and teaching of Chr
tianity—and there seems to be hardly any difference in wh
it was in the Middle Ages. Renaissance culture with all i
colour and brilliance seems to be then a superimposition
"Most of the coat is homespun." It is the native material—th
ideas and conception (relating to Chivalry and Christianity)
ingrained in the Saxon race, which form the groundwork o
*The Faerie Queene*, Renaissance culture and all the light it shed,
do not seem to absorb and transform the native stuff. This is
all that the quotation will mean.

It should be pointed out that it is rather an extreme view. In form *The Faerie Queene* is a blend of medieval romance and medieval allegory. But it transcends its original limits, and the allegory or the moral purpose; and even the knightly deeds and the virtue, which they embody, are forgotten, and the reader is led from one panoramic scene to another, and it is all a vision of beauty—be it the portraying of a human character (such as Una), or the sketch of a landscape. The passionate love of beauty, both physical and spiritual, is the gift of the Renaissance. *The Faerie Queene* is saturated with the spirit of the Renaissance, and medieval allegory and medieval romance seem to be but an intrusion. J. A. Hammerton has the right judgment ; "Edmund Spenser stood at the literary parting of the ways, for he lived at a time when the culture of the Renaissance and the new national aspirations to which the Reformation had given birth in England, were rapidly gathering strength, but when the memory of the Middle Ages was still strong. His masterpiece, *The Faerie Queene*, amply illustrates his position. In form it is an old medieval allegory, symbolic from beginning to end ; the Knig
of the Redcross ...
... ams
... the
...ance, with the ideals an
English Reformation that had Spenser
lying meaning of the allegory in his
tion, it might well have been
apply conscious artistry and
culture to the developm

an epic on the plane of national exaltation, and his followers discarded the lingering traces of medievalism and concentrated on the new and vital qualities inherent in everything that Spenser wrote."

Q. 23. Discuss the remark that Spenser's women are more distinctly drawn than men. [*Agra University, 1952.*]

Ans. The remark that Spenser's women are more distinctly drawn than men, will have to be taken with some qualification. If we consider only Una and the Redcross knight, the remark seems to be justified. The Redcross knight seems to be a shadowy figure by the side of Una. He has all the courage and fighting spirit that a knight should possess, he is not even wanting in love adventure—for he readily rushes into the den of Error and fights with him. But he has not the strength of character and personality that we find in Una. There is a weakness in his character—and this we can see in his being lured away by a dream, and in his deserting Una, and taking up with Duessa. He falls an easy prey to Duessa. Una is of genuine stuff. Archimago plays a trick upon her ; Sansloy captures her, but she keeps herself wholesome. Then she finds herself in the midst of fauns and satyrs—and we may say that they are but savages, and Una tames them. She never for a moment loses her self-possession. And she finally rescues the Redcross knight from the dungeon of Orgoglio with the help of Prince Arthur. And before she takes the Redcross knight to her own country to liberate her imprisoned parents, she, on her own initiative, gets her knight disciplined in Christian virtues. She knows the necessity better than her knight. Similarly Duessa and Lucifera are drawn in clearer outline than their male companions. They are certainly superior in intelligence, which they show in devising means and executing their purposes, in meeting a crisis. The male companions of Duessa and Lucifera would have failed where they could succeed. We may instance all that Duessa does—paying a visit to Night and interceding with her until she agrees to seek the help of Aesculapius to revive Sansjoy.

But there is Archimago—a character, fully drawn, self-sufficient—one who can stand on his own. If he stands for Hypocrisy, as he does, Hypocrisy seems to be almost unbeatable. Archimago leaves his impress wherever he treads—a character with individuality. Compared to him, Sansjoy, and Sansloy

are undeveloped characters. Then again there is Prince Arthur; he is a well-defined, finely poised character—a master of himself, who knows what he has got to do for himself and for others who may need his help. He seems to be equipped with human knowledge and understanding and none but he could have tackled [illegible]
to discl [illegible]
Spenser [illegible]
men. [illegible]
attractiveness, whether they are good or bad. It is their personal charm which make them so distinctive. Even Duessa who is a witch has some attractiveness about her. Lucifera is noted for her dignity and majesty. The woman have their distinctive traits while the men do not have always such—for example, when we think of Sansfoy, Sansjoy and Sansloy.

**Q. 24.** For what purpose is the machinery of the romance of chivalry utilized in *The Faerie Queene*?

**Ans.** See Introduction ('*The Faerie Queene*' *as a Romance of Chivalry*). Refer to paragraphs 1 to 3.

**Q. 25.** How do you account for the neglect of Spenser's poetry in the present time?

**Ans.** Refer to *Critical Estimates of 'The Faerie Queene'*.

# EDMUND SPENSER : A CHRONOLOGY (1552—1599)

## 1. His Life and Career

1552—Spenser born in London.
1561—Joined the Merchant Taylor's School as a poor scholar.
1569—Joined the Pembroke College, Cambridge, as a sizar.
1573—Obtained the degree of B. A.
1576—Obtained the degree of M. A.
1578—His first acquaintance with Sir Philip Sidney, to whom he dedicated *Shepherd's Calender*.
1580—Made Secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton of Ireland.
1581—Rewarded by Lord Grey Wilton 3000 acres of land in Munster, and Kilcolman castle in carb, for writing a prose book *View of the State of Ireland* defending his Lord's policy against Desmond's rebellion.
1582—Returned from Ireland.
1589—Sir Walter Releigh brought him to thepresence of Queen Elizabeth as a great poet, who awarded him a pension of £50.
1591—Returned to Ireland.
1594—Married a lady named Elizabeth Boyle.
1597—Returned to Ireland to take up the part of Sherif of Cork.
1598—His castle burnt down in October in rebellion.
1598—Returned to England in December.
1598—Died, January 16.

## His Works

1579—Published *The Shepherd's Calender*.
1579—Began the *Faerie Queene*.
1590—Published the first three books of the *Faerie Queene*.
1591—Published a collection of poems entitled *Complaints*.
1592—*Daphnaida*, an elegy.
1592—*Amoretti* and *Epithalamion*.
1595—*Colin Clout's Come Home Again*.
1596—The next three books of the *Faerie Queene*.
1596—*Prothalamion*.
1596—*Astrophel*, an elegy on the death of Sir Philip Sidney
1596—*Four Hymns*.
1609—Remaining Cantos of *Faerie Queene*.